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From Vertue's engraving of the painting by G. Kneller, 1715

Athenæum Press Series

SELECTIONS

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

JOSEPH ADDISON

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

BARRETT WENDELL

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AT HARVARD COLLEGE

AND

CHESTER NOYES GREENOUGH

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## PREFACE

The text of this volume is precisely that of Tickell's edition of 1721, except for the correction of misprints. Such corrections have been inclosed in square brackets, with references to the reading which has been displaced and to the sources of the better reading. In these references the original sheets are indicated by S; the first collected editions, by C; Tickell's edition, by T.

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CAMBRIDGE,  
September, 1904.

B. W.  
C. N. G.



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Asterisks indicate the *Spectator* papers in which Sir Roger de Coverley appears or is mentioned.

## INTRODUCTION

### I

Joseph Addison was born on May 1, 1672, at Milston, near Amesbury, in Wiltshire. His father, the Reverend Lancelot Addison,<sup>1</sup> was at that time rector of Milston. Earlier he had been, during the Commonwealth, a sort of secret chaplain to country families who adhered to the Church of England; and after the Restoration he had been chaplain to the garrisons first of Dunkirk and then of Tangier. He wrote several books, of which the most notable deal with Moorish affairs. He died Dean of Lichfield in 1703. Of Addison's mother, Jane Gulston, little is known beyond the fact that one of her brothers became Bishop of Bristol.

In 1686, after several years of country schooling, Addison went for a year to the Charterhouse, where Richard Steele was his fellow-student. In 1687 he went to Oxford, where in various capacities he remained for about twelve years, in 1698 becoming a Fellow of Magdalen College. Meanwhile he had

<sup>1</sup> There are biographical notices of Lancelot Addison (1632-1703) in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, I, 131-132; *Athenæ Oxonienses*, ed. Bliss, IV, 517-519; *Biographia Britannica*, I, 43-44. His chief works are: *West Barbary, or, A Short Narrative of the Revolutions of the Kingdoms of Fez and Morocco*, 1671; *The Present State of the Jews*, 1675; *The First State of Mahumedism*, 1679; *The Life and Death of Mahumed*, 1679; *The Moors Baffled, being a Discourse concerning Tangier, especially when it was under the Earl of Teviot*, 1681. For further bibliographical details, see Watt, *Bibliotheca Brit.*, I, 7 l-n. Lancelot Addison is supposed to be the "learned person" of the *Spectator*, 600. He is also spoken of in the *Tatler*, 235 and in Steele's letter prefatory to the second edition of Addison's *Drummer*.

distinguished himself as a writer of Latin verse,<sup>1</sup> and had published a certain amount of verse in English, mostly laudatory of those in power. In return for this, which was held to prove him a promising candidate for public service, he was granted by the Crown, in 1699, a pension of £300, on which he might travel, to supplement his learned attainments by experience of the world. He remained abroad for some four years, chiefly in France and Italy. The death of William III in 1702 brought to a temporary end the fortunes of the Whig politicians who were Addison's patrons. For the following year he seems to have remained on the Continent in straitened circumstances. While his pension lasted, he had generally travelled like a gentleman, and lived in very good company. The change in his fortunes, while seriously limiting his means, seems to have affected neither his habits nor his temper.

In 1704 he returned to England. He was immediately elected to the celebrated Kit Cat Club,<sup>2</sup> a select little body of clever Whigs, where men of all ranks met on equal terms. On August 2, 1704, Marlborough won the battle of Blenheim. The government wished a poem in celebration of this victory. At the suggestion of Lord Halifax, who was a constant friend of Addison, the Chancellor of the Exchequer personally called on the poet in his very plain lodgings, with a request that he undertake the literary work in question. The result of this invitation was *The Campaign*, which made Addison's political fortune. From that time forth, when the Whigs were in power, he had pretty much what places he wanted; and when they were out he seems to have been provided with money enough to live, on the whole, as he pleased.

He was an Under-Secretary of State for a time; he was in Parliament; he was Chief Secretary to the Marquis of Wharton,

<sup>1</sup> For Addison's verse before 1698, Latin and English, see Bibliography, pp. xlv–xlvii.

<sup>2</sup> See Notes, p. 116, l. 6.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; he was Keeper of the Irish Records; he was a Lord of Trade; and finally he became full Secretary of State. When he retired from public life in 1718, he was granted a retiring pension of £1600. So far as is known, too, he performed his public duties faithfully and well.

All the while he remained a man of letters. In 1705 he published an account of his travels on the Continent. In 1707 he brought out an English opera, *Rosamond*. The failure of this is generally attributed to the badness of the music which was set to it;<sup>1</sup> whoever has had the courage to read the lines, however, must have found their flat triviality quite enough to account for their reception. All along, too, he published more or less political writing, of which the interest, if any, is merely historical. The writings which have made his name permanent in English literature were wholly different from those yet mentioned.

In April, 1709, Steele began to publish the *Tatler*. Originally meant to be a newspaper, in the form of gossipy notes on whatever transpired, and purporting to emanate from one Isaac Bickerstaff, an astrologer, lately invented by Swift,<sup>2</sup> the *Tatler* gradually developed into a series of periodical essays. Addison's first contribution to this series bears date of May 26, 1709. From that time until the last number of the *Spectator*, the periodical which succeeded the *Tatler* in 1711 and was published daily until December, 1712, Addison kept constantly producing essays, on all manner of topics, which

<sup>1</sup> The music for *Rosamond* was composed by Thomas Clayton. For an account of his life, with further references to notices of him, see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, XI, 20-21. Hawkins (*History of Music*, V, 137 ff.) gives a technical criticism and some specimens of the score.

<sup>2</sup> See Steele to Maynwaring, Steele's Letters, London, 1787, II, 293 ff., and also Steele's preface to the *Tatler*. On Swift's use of the name Bickerstaff and on the Swift-Partridge controversy, see Arber's *English Garner*, VI, 469-502; for John Partridge, see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, XLIII, 428.

remain, by common consent, the masterpieces of this kind of literature.

In 1713 he brought out a tragedy called *Cato*. Though vastly admired at the time as a model of classic elegance, and popular for political reasons, it nowadays seems very dull. In 1714 the *Spectator*<sup>1</sup> was revived for a few months. Addison's subsequent writings are generally similar in character to those which have already been named.

In August, 1716, he was married to the Countess Dowager of Warwick. Tradition has it that he was henpecked. He died at her residence, Holland House, on June 17, 1719.

## II

The writings of Addison have a distinct individuality, traceable alike in the commonplace poems, travels, political works, *Dialogues upon Medals*, and so on, and in the far from commonplace essays which have made his name permanent. Apart from the individuality thus revealed, we have surprisingly little trace of his real temperament. The chief fact about it is that his friends were generally sincerely attached to him. Swift's *Journal to Stella*,<sup>2</sup> for example, shows that Addison firmly retained the personal affection of a man who was at once far from amiable in disposition and generally a political opponent. Steele's letters, too, now and again show Addison in a friendly light;<sup>3</sup> but then Steele was a winning kind of person who at some time or another was sure to like everybody. What

<sup>1</sup> See Bibliography, p. lii.

<sup>2</sup> Friendly references to Addison in Swift's *Journal* (Swift's Prose Wks., ed. Temple Scott, London, 1897 ff., vol. II): p. 7 (9 Sept., 1710); p. 75 (14 Dec., 1710); p. 242 (14 Sept., 1711); p. 447 (28 March, 1712-1713). See also two letters from Swift quoted in Miss Aikin's *Life of Addison*, I, 245, and in Aitken's *Steele*, I, 101.

<sup>3</sup> Friendly references to Addison in Steele's letters: *The Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele*, ed. John Nichols, London, 1787, II, 290, 340, 389, 479, 495-496, 499.

chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift and from Steele is that while their journals and letters are so frank that before long we feel as if we knew the writers well, the extant letters of Addison are more impersonal than his published writings. Many of them, to be sure, are to people with whom he was on rather formal terms, and are therefore full of empty, conventional compliment. One, to an otherwise unknown gentleman, shows a spirit akin to that displayed in the more familiar one in which, on June 16, 1703, Addison declined to become travelling tutor to a son of the Duke of Somerset for so small a sum as a hundred guineas a year and expenses. The letter to the stranger runs as follows :<sup>1</sup>

BLOIS, December, 1699.

Sir,

I am always as slow in making an enemy as a friend, and am therefore very ready to come to an accommodation with you; but as for satisfaction, I do not think it is due on either side when the affront is mutual. You know very well, that, according to the opinion of the world, a man would as soon be called a knave as a fool, and I believe most people would be rather thought to want legs than brains. But I suppose whatever we said in the heat of discourse is not the real opinion we have of each other, since otherwise you would have scorned to subscribe yourself, as I do at present,

Sir, your very, &c.

J. ADDISON.

To Monsieur L'Espagnol.

Occasionally, too, one comes across pleasantly humorous passages, like the following from a letter of 1702 thanking one Mr. Dashwood for the gift of a snuffbox :

You know Mr. Bays<sup>2</sup> recommends snuff as a great provocation to wit, but you may produce this letter as a standing evidence

<sup>1</sup> Bohn, V, 328.

<sup>2</sup> A character in the Duke of Buckingham's burlesque play *The Rehearsal*. Addison's memory, however, is at fault. See *The Rehearsal*, ii, 1 : " *Bays.* But I must give you this caution by the way, be sure you never take snuff, when you write.—*Smith.* Why so, Sir?—*Bays.* Why, it spoil'd me once, egad, one of the sparkishest plays in all England."

against him. I have, since the beginning of it, taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude that wit and tobacco are not inseparable, or to make a pun of it, though a man may be master of a snuff box,

Non cuicunque datum est habere Nasum.<sup>1</sup>

In general, however, one may say that no surviving letter of Addison's is informal.

This fact is probably in itself characteristic. The trait for which Addison stands supreme in English literature is politeness ; and one element of politeness is courteous personal reticence. To bother people with one's own little affairs, though always tempting and sometimes amusing, is never precisely civil. At best it is the habit of confidential chat, not of society. That Addison even in his own time was what he remains in tradition, — far more of a personage than one might have expected from his rank, — seems partly due to the fact that he never permitted himself the luxury of unrestrained intimacy.

To some degree this may have been a matter of deliberate policy ; to a greater extent it was temperamental. All accounts agree that he was naturally shy ; though in a small company, where he felt at ease, he was often the best talker of all, he was silent in general society. There is a tradition,<sup>2</sup> too, that under such circumstances he sometimes observed that custom of his time which sanctioned the use of wine as a mental stimulant to such a degree that honest gentlemen frequently went to bed with their boots on. Against this tradition, to be sure, may be set the familiar note of somebody who saw Addison at the first performance of *Cato*, and recorded that though "a very sober man," he was compelled by the nervous depression which preceded the rise of the curtain to keep up his spirits

<sup>1</sup> Not everybody can have a nose. — MARTIAL, *Epigrams*, i, 41, 18.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Swift's *Journal to Stella*, 1 Jan., 1710-1711; Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. 1820, pp. 199, 286; *Tatler*, ed. Nichols, London, 1797, IV, 300.

with burgundy and champagne.<sup>1</sup> The one thing which seems clear is that Addison was constitutionally self-contained. Whatever his merits, he could never have been the sort of good fellow with whom everybody feels instantly at ease.

Such a temperament often gives rise to misunderstanding. Particularly when a shy man happens to be successful, he is often supposed to be far more deliberately self-seeking than is really the case. The very diffidence which is his burden is mistaken for cold-blooded prudence. Misunderstanding, however, is too mild a word for the best known contemporary attack on Addison—for the verses of Pope were certainly malicious. In Mr. Courthope's *Life of Addison*,<sup>2</sup> the circumstances of the quarrel with Pope are adequately discussed. The real trouble appears to have been that Pope was jealous of Addison's literary success, and with characteristic malignity expressed his jealousy in these lines :

Yet then did *Gildon*<sup>3</sup> draw his venal quill;  
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still:  
Yet then did *Dennis*<sup>4</sup> rave in furious fret;

<sup>1</sup> See *Spectator*, ed. Gregory Smith, New York, 1897-1898, II, 323. But note that Dr. Johnson says (*Lives*, ed. Cunningham, II, 138), on the authority of Mrs. Porter, who played Lucia, that the author "wandered through the whole exhibition behind the scenes with restless and unappeasable solicitude."

<sup>2</sup> Chap. vii. See also Blackstone's note under "Addison" in *Biographia Britannica*; Disraeli, *Quarrels of Authors*; and the references under "Addison" and "Pope" in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

<sup>3</sup> Charles Gildon (1665-1724) published anonymously, in 1714, *A New Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger; containing . . . a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock*. Pope's accusation that Gildon had abused him in a life of Wycherley is apparently untrue. See Elwin's ed., III, 234, 537. Pope attacked Gildon in the *Dunciad*, iii, 1, 173.

<sup>4</sup> John Dennis (1657-1734), critic and playwright. He attacked Pope in various "Reflections" and "Remarks" on the *Essay upon Criticism*, *Rape of the Lock*, *Dunciad*, and the translation of Homer. Dennis's attack on Addison in *Remarks on Cato* (1713) is well known.

I never answer'd, I was not in debt :  
 . . . . .  
 Peace to all such ! but were there One whose fires  
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,  
 Blest with each Talent and each Art to please,  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :  
 Shou'd such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne,  
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise ;  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;  
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,  
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend,  
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,  
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged ;  
 Like *Cato* give his little Senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;  
 While Wits and Templers ev'ry sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise.  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?  
 Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The portrait of *Atticus* was, as Pope himself said of the whole poem, "a Sort of Bill of Complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches." The version here given is from *An Epistle from Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot . . .* London: . . . 1734. For previous versions, see (1) Pope's letter to Craggs, July 15, 1715, by some thought to be fictitious ; (2) *Cythereia*, 1723 ; (3) the Longleat MS., written some time before 1724 ; (4) Curril's *Miscellany*, 1727 ; (5) another fragment, published in the *Miscellany* of 1727. For the first, see Pope's Works, ed. Elwin and Courthope, X, 171-172 ; for the other four, III, 536-539. The last lines of the various versions run :

- (2) "Who would not weep, if Addison were he ?"
- (3) "Who would not weep if A——n were he ?"
- (4) "Who would not weep if Addison were he ?"
- (5) "Who would not weep if A——n were he ?"

"Dr. Trapp, who was by at the time of this conversation, said that he wondered how so many people came to imagine that Mr. Pope did

If this stood alone, we might fairly deem it a maliciously false libel. A less known caricature of Addison, however, from a far more trustworthy hand, tends to confirm it. In 1743 Fielding, who when Addison died was twelve years old, published a fragmentary book called *A Journey from This World to the Next*. On his arrival in Elysium<sup>1</sup> he has hasty interviews with Leonidas, Orpheus, Sappho, and Homer; and then comes the following passage :

Virgil then came up to me with Mr. Addison under his arm. "Well, Sir," said he, "how many translations have these few last years produced of my *Aeneid*?" I told him I believed several, but I could not possibly remember; for that I had never read any but Dr. Trapp's.<sup>2</sup> — "Ay," said he, "that is a curious piece indeed!" I then acquainted him with the discovery made by Mr. Warburton<sup>3</sup> of the Eleusinian mysteries couched in his sixth book. "What mysteries?" said Mr. Addison. "The Eleusinian," answered Virgil, "which I have disclosed in my sixth book." — "How," replied Addison, "you never mentioned a word of any such mysteries to me in all our acquaintance." "I thought it was unnecessary," cried the other, "to a man of your infinite learning: besides, you always told me, you perfectly understood my meaning." Upon this I thought the critic looked a little out of countenance, and turned aside to a very merry spirit, one Dick Steel, who embraced him

not write this copy of verses till after Addison's death; since so many people, and he himself for one, had seen it in Addison's life-time."

— SPENCE (ed. Singer, 1858), p. 113.

<sup>1</sup> Chapter viii.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Trapp (1679-1747) published *The Aeneis of Virgil, translated into blank verse*, 2 vols., London, 1718-1720; and *The Works of Virgil: translated into English blank verse*, 3 vols., London, 1731.

<sup>3</sup> See Warburton, *Divine Legation of Moses*, Bk. ii, sect. 4, especially pp. 210 ff. See also Warburton's dissertation prefixed to Warton's *Virgil*, vol. III; and cf. Gibbon's "Critical Observations on the Design of the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid*," *Miscellaneous Works*, London, 1814, IV, 467 ff. Compare Tom Folio's allusion to the matter, in the *Tatler*, 158 (p. 39, below).

and told him, he had been the greatest man upon earth ; that he readily resigned up all the merit of his own works to him. Upon which, Addison gave him a gracious smile, and clapping him on the back with much solemnity, cried out, " Well said, Dick ! "

Fielding was too young, of course, to have known Addison personally. At the same time he was as near to him in years as men now in middle life are to Thackeray. Though not quite contemporary, this satirical portrait may accordingly be held fairly to represent contemporary tradition. Fielding was never ill-natured ; and with all his faults he really hated humbug. Very clearly, in his opinion, the late Mr. Addison was by no means free from this trait.

So far as we may now judge, it seems to follow that Addison was one of those men, at once shy and prudent, whose very diffidence makes them incapable of unrestraint. The real goodness of his nature combined with the peculiarly poised sense of humor evident in his essays to endear him to those who really knew him. To others, particularly if they were of a free and open nature, he was bound to seem self-conscious, a bit pretentious, and generally more respectable in phrase and conduct than any full-blooded human being could possibly be by instinct. In brief, the worst faults which those who liked him least could find with him seem traceable to his misfortune of shyness.

### III

In Macaulay's essay on Addison, in Mr. Courthope's *Life of Addison*, in Mr. Perry's *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, and in M. Beljame's *Le public et les hommes de lettres en Angleterre au dix-huitième siècle*, may be found detailed accounts of the general circumstances of English literature during Addison's career. The gist of these is that until the *Spectator* began to sell by thousands there was hardly any literary public in England. Men who lived by their pens

were accordingly obliged to depend on patronage ; and this patronage, in the times of William III and Queen Anne, came chiefly from political parties who needed professional literary advocates. Such a public career as Addison's would have been possible under no other circumstances. As the author of some promising verse, he received a travelling pension of £300. His later writings brought him public offices of which the emoluments fairly amounted to a fortune. While in this respect, too, his career was probably the most successful of his time, it was broadly typical. Whoever wrote effectively was apt in consequence to get some part of the public funds.

Admirable as tradition has sometimes declared this state of affairs, it can hardly command the approval of an age like our own, which advocates general reform of the Civil Service. The times when English taxpayers were compelled, willy-nilly, to patronize such literature as happened to suit the Ministry involved a carnival of spoils such as has hardly yet delighted the United States. Nor yet was this state of affairs really favorable to literature. Literature, far from being independent, remained, as in the preceding generation, at the feet of patrons ; the only difference was that patronage, once social, had become political.

In view of this, Addison's poems become more interesting than they at first appear. Though intrinsically commonplace, by no means such as enrich world-literature, they at once throw light on the artistic temperament of their writer and indicate the sort of writing which in the times of King William and of Queen Anne attracted the patronizing approval of Whig politicians.

#### IV

At least in English literature, writers who have become distinguished for excellent prose have generally served their apprenticeship in verse. A true poet never stops versifying. Whoever, on the other hand, at once lacks the divine

spark and possesses strong good sense ultimately confines himself to something nearer the dialect of life. Though in themselves insignificant, however, the verses of the great prose writers are almost indispensable preliminaries to the excellent prose which follows them. The honest maker of verse gains even from unfruitful efforts an acuteness of literary perception hardly to be acquired by any less arduous means than laborious experiments with rhyme and metre.

It is by no means fair, either, to intimate that Addison's verse is valueless. Had he never written anything else, he would have remained among the literary notables of his time. Only the great merit of his essays in prose obscures the respectability of his essays in poetry. Coming to these, as we come to them here, by themselves, we may find them well worth attention.

Though Addison's first poetical production was a short, formal address to Dryden, and though his first publication was *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*,<sup>1</sup> which was published, together with translations from the *Georgics* and from Ovid, in 1694,<sup>2</sup> the most notable verses of his earlier years were in Latin. These, which are still pronounced by some critics to be the best Latin verses ever made by an Englishman, and which certainly commanded the approval of so sharp a critic as Boileau,<sup>3</sup> remain admirable types of a kind of composition always dear to conservative England. The making of Latin verses is an art which almost anybody can acquire by painful study, and which, without painful study, is at once unattainable and unintelligible. In the whole range of scholarship, accordingly, there are few tests which can more immediately separate the learned from the vulgar than a taste for Latin versifying. The world may be precisely classified into

<sup>1</sup> Adequately discussed by Perry, pp. 131 ff. Addison omits to mention Shakspere, but speaks highly of "Sprat's successful labours."

<sup>2</sup> See Bibliography, p. xlvi.

<sup>3</sup> Tickell, ed. 1721, I, vi; Miss Aikin's *Life*, I, 89-93.

people who can make and enjoy Latin verses, and people who cannot. The former group is very small, and — at least in the matter of formal culture — very select. As such it is clearly a group thoroughly congenial to such temper as Addison's.

In this group Addison's position is acknowledged to be among the highest. Early in life he thus proved himself able to excel other men in a kind of polite, intensely artificial accomplishment which has a double value. First, it distinctly removes its possessor from low company; as much as any single thing, indeed, it has helped to maintain the aristocratic isolation of the great English universities: secondly, it persistently cultivates and develops a fastidious sense of literary form. A modern writer of Latin verse is not expected to say anything new; what he strives for is the utmost possible felicity of expression. He is constantly hampered, too, by the precedents from which the rules of his art forbid him to stray. He must know his classics so well that no word or syllable shall invade his work without indubitable classical authority; he must imitate incessantly; yet he must never plagiarize. In short, he must play the most difficult literary game which centuries of ingenious scholarship have invented. Success in this game is said still to attract in England admiring attention, somewhat akin to that attracted by athletic prowess.

In Addison's time, too, this peculiarly civilized amusement had a certain patriotic value now long obsolete. On the Continent England was commonly thought rather barbarous. To accomplished people there it presented itself — partly because of their own polite ignorance — much as America still presents itself to untravelled Europeans. The same feeling of national pride which now and again leads our Presidents to give diplomatic appointments to college professors led the British politicians of King William's time to look with marked favor on promising youths who could make fluent verses in Latin.

So to Addison himself these Latin poems had practical value. Apart from this, they had a decided influence on both his literary and his personal development. Their literary effect pervades his whole work ; no English writer has ever had a more fastidious sense of technical form. Their personal effect is palpable both in his English poems and in many of his later writings. As Macaulay points out, Addison's knowledge of classical Latin poetry was wide and accurate ; apart from this, his technical scholarship seems not to have been extraordinary. When he went to Italy, the things which most engaged his attention were consequently things which Roman poets had written about. Take, for example, the following passage :<sup>1</sup>

We saw the lake Benacus in our way, which the Italians now call Lago di Garda : it was so rough with tempests when we passed by it, that it brought into my mind Virgil's noble description of it.

Anne lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, teque  
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino.<sup>2</sup>

Here vexed by winter storms Benacus raves,  
Confused with working sands and rolling waves ;  
Rough and tumultuous like a sea it lies,  
So loud the tempest roars, so high the billows rise.

This lake perfectly resembles a sea when it is worked up by storms. It is thirty-five miles in length, and twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we crossed the Mincio.

— Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat  
Mincius, et tenerâ praetexit arundine ripas.<sup>3</sup>

Where the slow Mincius through the valley strays ;  
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,  
And reeds defend the winding water's brink. — DRYDEN.

The river Adige runs through Verona ; so much is the situation of the town changed from what it was in Silius Italicus his time.

<sup>1</sup> Bohn, I, 376 ff.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil, *Georg.*, ii, 159, 160.

<sup>3</sup> Virgil, *Georg.*, iii, 14, 15.

— Verona Athesi circumflua.<sup>1</sup>

Verona by the circling Adige bound.

This is the only great river in Lombardy that does not fall into the Po; which it must have done, had it run but a little further before its entering the Adriatic. The rivers are all of them mentioned by Claudian.

— Ventosque erectior amnes

Magnâ voce ciet. Frondentibus humida ripis  
Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, et Addua visu  
Cærulus, et velox Athesis, tardusque meatu  
Mincius, inque novem consurgens ora Timavus.<sup>2</sup>

Venetia's rivers, summoned all around,  
Hear the loud call, and answer to the sound :  
Her dropping locks the silver Tessin rears,  
The blue transparent Adda next appears,  
The rapid Adige then erects her head,  
And Mincio rising slowly from his bed,  
And last Timavus, that with eager force  
From nine wide mouths comes gushing to his course.

His Larius is doubtless an imitation of Virgil's Benacus.

— Umbrosâ vestit qua littus olivâ  
Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu.<sup>3</sup>

The Larius here, with groves of olives crowned,  
An ocean of fresh water spreads around.

At Naples, somewhat later, Addison even pressed Horace into the service of sound Whig Protestantism. Writing of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, he proceeds as follows :<sup>4</sup>

I had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle, and must confess I think it so far from being

<sup>1</sup> Silius Italicus, *Punica*, viii, 597.

<sup>2</sup> Claudian, *VI Cons. Hon.*, 194-198.

<sup>3</sup> Claudian, *De Bell. Get.*, xxvi, 319-320.

<sup>4</sup> Bohn, I, 424 ff.

a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the most bungling tricks that I ever saw: yet it is this that makes as great a noise as any in the Roman Church, and that Monsieur Paschal<sup>1</sup> has hinted at among the rest in his marks of the true religion. The modern Neapolitans seem to have copied it out from one, which was shown in a town of the kingdom of Naples, as long ago as Horace's time.

— Dehinc Gnatia lymphis

Iratis extracta dedit risusque jocosque,  
Dum flammâ sine thura liquefcere limine sacro  
Persuadere cupit: credat Judæus apella,  
Non ego — <sup>2</sup>

At Gnatia next arrived, we laughed to see  
The superstitious crowd's simplicity,  
That in the sacred temple needs must try  
Without a fire the unheated gums to fry;  
Believe who will the solemn sham, not I.

One may see at least that the heathen priesthood had the same kind of secret among them, of which the Roman Catholics are now masters.

The traits here evident appear in a more compact and studied form in Addison's first considerable English poem, the *Letter from Italy to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax in the year MDCCI*. After a politely apologetic address, he sets himself to his task thus :

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,  
Poetick fields encompass me around,  
And still I seem to tread on Classic ground;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pascal, *Pensées sur la religion*, chap. ii ("Marques de la véritable religion"), § 3.

<sup>2</sup> Horace, *Sat.*, i, 5, 97-101.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Aikin (*Life of Addison*, I, 119-120) supposes this to be the first use of this now hackneyed phrase. The Oxford Dictionary mentions no earlier case.

For here the Muse so oft her Harp has strung,  
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung,  
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,  
 And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.<sup>1</sup>

Somewhat later, after comparing the glories of the Tiber to those of the Boyne, he thus bursts forth in enthusiastic address to Charles, Lord Halifax :

Oh cou'd the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire  
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,  
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,  
 And *Virgil's Italy* shou'd yield to mine!<sup>2</sup>

Virgil's Italy, not the Italy which lay before his eyes, was what Addison instinctively saw, after his long course of classical study. Of the painters he names only "Raphael's god-like art."<sup>3</sup> He has a word for music :

Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound  
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound.<sup>4</sup>

He has a word, too, for domes and temples which "rise in distant views."<sup>5</sup> In modern Italy, however, he preferred to remark chiefly the absence of political freedom :

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
 The red'ning Orange and the swelling grain :  
 Joyless he sees the growing Oils and Wines,  
 And in the Myrtle's fragrant shade repines :  
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,  
 And in the loaden vineyards dies for thirst.<sup>6</sup>

Then comes a tremendous panegyric of

O Liberty, thou goddess, heavenly bright,  
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ll. 9-16.

<sup>8</sup> l. 93.

<sup>5</sup> l. 103.

<sup>7</sup> ll. 119 ff.

<sup>2</sup> ll. 51-54.

<sup>4</sup> ll. 101-102.

<sup>6</sup> ll. 113-118.

Finally, after some forty lines about the joyous liberties of Britannia, — which to this day might serve British or American campaign orators, — he thus returns to Halifax :

But I've already troubled you too long,  
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.  
My humble verse demands a softer theme,  
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;  
Unfit for Heroes; whom immortal lays,  
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, shou'd praise.<sup>1</sup>

Extravagant as these compliments sound, they were merely the conventional civilities of an age when literature depended for its bread on patronage. As Macaulay remarks,<sup>2</sup> too, they were not written until Halifax was out of power — a circumstance certainly creditable to the heart and the principles of Addison. These compliments, however, together with the polished smoothness of the verse, the superficial scholarship, the sensitiveness in matters of art merely to what is polished, and the innocent cant about British freedom, make this poem very typical of what patrons thought worth encouraging. Throughout the poem, too, appears a restrained personal note. Addison's sense of humor, sometimes momentarily evident in his notes of travel, kept him, at least as compared with other panegyrical poets of his time, free from absurdity, and he never for an instant forgot his permanent habit of polite self-control.

*The Campaign*, the poem in honor of Blenheim, which made Addison's political fortune, displays the same traits as the *Letter from Italy*. With a far more definite subject, however, it is naturally a far more specific piece of work : it remains a fine bit of versified history. In view of the relations of the

<sup>1</sup> ll. 163-168.

<sup>2</sup> *Works*, ed. 1875, VII, 72.

Churchill<sup>1</sup> family to King James II, perhaps, there is nowadays a certain irony about such lines as these :

Thy<sup>2</sup> fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,  
Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;  
On the firm basis of desert they rise,  
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy tyes.<sup>3</sup>

After all, however, this is only such formal panegyric as custom demanded ; a poet of Queen Anne's time would have been little more conscious of its cant than we are of the affectionate insincerity involved in the prefatory address to every letter we write. The British cant which pervades *The Campaign*, indeed, resembles that which pervaded the passages about liberty in the *Letter from Italy*. To foreigners it is bound to seem insincere, just as our own talk about the blessings of freedom seems to foreigners far from heartfelt. The truth is that Englishmen and Americans alike are at once very morally disposed and rather slow of wit ; when they believe a thing right, they believe that they ought to assert it true ; and if an assertion be right, the truth of it seems to follow. Meanwhile they never think of inquiring whether a comparison of the assertion with observable facts will confirm it. Wherefore those who do not understand them are apt to call them hypocritical, when really they are only innocently stupid in sincere moral fervor.

*The Campaign* thus shows Addison profoundly British. Meanwhile, more than what we have seen before, it shows him quietly sensible. Macaulay points out the pseudo-mythological absurdities into which seventeenth-century panegyric was apt to run. Yet Addison is throughout direct, sensible,

<sup>1</sup> Marlborough's sister was the king's mistress ; and Marlborough himself deserted James when fortune turned to William.

<sup>2</sup> "Happy Britain's."

<sup>3</sup> *Campaign*, ll. 37-40. See p. 8.

dignified ; what he really gives us is a sustained versified narrative of fact, adequately described in its own closing passage :

Thus wou'd I fain *Britannia's* wars rehearse,  
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse ;  
 That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,  
 May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.  
 When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,  
 Cities and Countries must be taught to speak ;  
 Gods may descend in factions from the skies,  
 And Rivers from their oozy beds arise ;  
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,  
 And round the Hero cast a borrow'd blaze.  
 MARLBRO'S exploits appear divinely bright,  
 And proudly shine in their own native light ;  
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,  
 And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most.<sup>1</sup>

Polite, sane, polished, restrained, kept from absurdity by a latent sense of humor, and within the limits of their good sense conventionally admirable, lines like these are what made Addison's fortune.

We have seen enough of them to understand both what manner of thing Whig politicians thought fit to patronize, and what manner of man Addison showed himself. What the politicians approved was a superficial pseudo-classic civility. With cool head, with excellent heart, with dulness enough to be innocently canting, with humor enough never to be ridiculous, Addison, as revealed in this earlier work, was almost the ideal of such critics.

## V

So much for the work which established Addison's personal position. In 1709, when the *Tatler* began to appear, he was already Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Meanwhile his published writings had given little more.

<sup>1</sup> *Campaign*, ll. 463-476.

evidence of the traits which have made him permanent than appear in the accounts of Monaco and of San Marino<sup>1</sup> in his *Remarks on Italy*, or than such an occasional passage as the following, from the same book :

I remember when I was at Chateaudun in France, I met with a very curious person, a member of one of the German Universities. He had stayed a day or two in the town longer than ordinary, to take the measures of several empty spaces that had been cut in the sides of a neighbouring mountain. Some of them were supported with pillars formed out of the rock, some were made in the fashion of galleries, and some not unlike amphitheatres. The gentleman had made to himself several ingenious hypotheses concerning the use of these subterraneous apartments, and from thence collected the vast magnificence and luxury of the ancient Chateaudunois. But upon communicating his thoughts upon this subject to one of the most learned of the place, he was not a little surprised to hear that these stupendous works of art were only so many quarries of free-stone, that had been wrought into different figures, according as the veins of it directed the workmen.<sup>2</sup>

In passages like these one feels both the polish of Addison's style and the peculiar quality of his humor. In passages like those about St. Peter's<sup>3</sup> or Siena one feels the conventional civility of his culture. Throughout one feels implied the principles of a stoutly Protestant Whig gentleman of the early eighteenth century. To feel these traits, however, one must study them out from the midst of pretty dry material. Had Addison written no more than we have as yet considered, it is hardly probable that posterity would have turned to him for a literary pleasure which the lapse of generations has not lessened.

In Courthope's *Life of Addison* and in Perry's *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century* may be found considerable

<sup>1</sup> Bohn, I, 361, 403 ff.

<sup>2</sup> Bohn, I, 432.

<sup>3</sup> Bohn, I, 417, 418; 489.

accounts of the origins of journalism in England.<sup>1</sup> For our purposes it is enough to remark that when Steele produced the first number of the *Tatler*, on April 12, 1709, no such thing as a modern newspaper existed. The new periodical, which appeared three times a week, was projected to combine, together with other duties, the offices now performed by journals so various as the *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, *Truth*, and the *Queen*. The *Tatler*, in short, represents periodical literature in almost the earliest stage of evolution. It was differentiated from other literature by the fact of its periodicity. Otherwise, at least for a while, it remained amorphous and heterogeneous. It had not even developed the idea of editorial impersonality. Whatever was written, the good sense of the time held, must be written by somebody. At the same time, Steele was not disposed to write in his own person; the instinct which has ultimately made every editor impersonal was already awake. He accordingly assumed the name and character of Isaac Bickerstaff, a mock astrologer, who had lately been invented by Swift to torment an astrologic charlatan named Partridge. In his first *Tatler*, Mr. Bickerstaff promised to divide his papers into five parts, as follows :

All accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure, and Entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-House; Poetry under that of Will's Coffee-House; Learning under the title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestic News you will have from Saint James' Coffee-House; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own apartment.

“What else” ultimately swallowed all the rest. Before the *Tatler* came to an end, at the beginning of 1711, it had become

<sup>1</sup> See also Andrews, *History of British Journalism*, 2 vols., London, 1857; Fox Bourne, *English Newspapers*, 2 vols., London, 1887; Grant, *The Newspaper Press*, 3 vols., London, 1871-1872. Cf. too Gay's *Present State of Wit* (1711) in Arber's *English Garner*, VI, 503 ff., and John Dunton's *Life and Errors*.

the sort of polite periodical essay which would now be represented by articles in a magazine, and of which the lasting type is the *Spectator*.

In discussing Addison's essays, which remain unsurpassed, we are therefore justified in regarding his contributions to the *Tatler* as essentially preliminary, and the *Freeholder*, with his other later works, as merely supplementary. For our purposes the *Spectator* tells the whole story.

This periodical first appeared on March 1, 1711; it continued daily until December 6, 1712; and it was revived, three times a week, between June and December, 1714. Addison, who had contributed to the *Tatler* since May, 1709, wrote decidedly less than half of the *Spectator*; Steele wrote almost, if not quite, as much; and a number of other less celebrated wits wrote a good deal. Throughout the *Spectator*, however, there runs a personal note as strong as that which pervades a modern newspaper whose editor has vigorous individuality. Tradition is probably right in referring this to the great personal influence which Addison had on his collaborators. In permanent literature the names of Addison and of the *Spectator* seem really identical.

To appreciate both the periodical and the man we must remind ourselves of the age which produced them. Broadly speaking, we may say that the men of letters who flourished under Queen Anne were born in the reign of King Charles II. The very name of that sovereign suggests the state of fashionable morals which surrounded Addison's youth. Quite to understand the Restoration, however,—and understanding of the Restoration is essential to understanding of the *Spectator*,—we must glance back at the century which preceded it.

Whatever else this bewildering century was, it was a period of fiercer passion than the English race had known before or has known since. England remained mediæval so much longer than the continent of Europe that she felt at the same moment

the influences of the Renaissance and of the Reformation. The former, as everywhere, aroused not only susceptibility to the graces of culture and of art, but a slumbering power of pagan enjoyment whose lasting literary expression is to be found in the lyrics, and still more in the great dramas, which are commonly called Elizabethan. At the same time the solemn enthusiasm of the Reformation developed a passionate fervor of religious feeling which ultimately masked itself beneath the formal austerities of the Puritans. These devotees have been more misunderstood than any other figures in English history. Superficially grim, narrow, bigoted, and often extremely practical in conduct, they have been reputed by tradition inhumanly devoid of any traits which should make comprehensible the admitted intensity of their convictions. Only after intimate study of their lives and their records does one begin to perceive the intense idealism of their faith. It was because to them the only realities were the ineffable glories of the unseen world that they at once so palpably neglected the charms and the beauties of earthly life, and spoke in symbols which to those who do not sympathize seem canting and unimaginative. Once force yourself into a mood which actually, intensely believes that this earthly life is only a fragment of eternity in which the unmerited mercy of an offended God may perhaps grant to some of us the free grace of salvation from the damning consequences of sin, ancestral and personal alike, and you will begin to understand how to the Puritans every instant of human existence was pregnant with a meaning such as the less secure faith of later times can hardly suspect.

The pagan recklessness of the Renaissance clashed with the Hebraic fervor of the Puritan Reformation. In such a storm of passion as nowadays seems incredible, Cavaliers and Puritans met and fought. The king's head fell; driven into exile or obscurity, the Royalists languished for twelve years

under the grimly formalizing masters of the Commonwealth. Sincere fervor on both sides was burning itself out. In place of passionate idealism the Puritan temper was actually growing into that decadent unloveliness which has often been held to embrace all Puritan history. In place of pagan recklessness, meanwhile, the Royalists, many of them idle among the fascinating vices of continental corruption, were developing shameless licentiousness. With the return of Charles II this decadent paganism came into a power which was checked by nothing more vital than the decadent formalism of the later Puritans. When Addison was born the English race was exhausted by a century of passionate striving for the realities which lie unattainably behind the phenomena of life; good forces and evil alike were weakened until they showed themselves only in the decadent forms of heartless phrases and shameless sensuality.

In the years of Addison's youth and of his early manhood this state of things had persisted. With occasional amelioration, the personal morals of the Reformation remained the ideals of fashion. Whatever vigor the more serious feeling of the time may have declared meanwhile, it never took the form of passionate idealism, of sincere effort to perceive and to master the realities which lie beyond human ken. Superficially, up to the time of the *Spectator* itself, the exhausted traditions of the passionate past still maintained the incompatibility of goodness and pleasure, of graces and virtue.

The English race, which had been undergoing this spiritual experience, preserved meanwhile an instinct which has been constant throughout its history, and which remains generally characteristic of English-speaking Americans as well. Continental nations have always laughed at English propriety—at the persistency, for example, with which decent English 'travellers are presumed to repeat the adjectives "shocking" and "improper." Such opinions, continental scoffers hold,

cannot be spontaneously sincere ; wherefore the English are declared a nation of hypocrites. One can see why : to everybody, in reckless moods, shocking and improper things offer temptation ; and an instinctive recoil from them, as distinguished from courageous rejection, often seems to imply pretence to more than human excellence of motive. Any normal Englishman, however, and any normal American of true English stock, who will honestly look within himself, will discover somewhere in his moral nature a distinct propensity not common in people of alien blood. As a race we sincerely like to be respectable. Of course we all know that it is very pleasant to do a great many things which we ought not to do. With equal instinctiveness, however, we know that it is also pleasant to be and to be recognized as something like what we ought to be. At the same time, too, we are instinctively aware that the delights of true respectability do not involve anything approaching such trouble as must come to whoever would conceal habits of devouring forbidden fruit. Quick-witted races perhaps enjoy being one thing and seeming another. The intellectual activity demanded by such a course, on the other hand, is painfully unattractive to the sluggish temperament of our native stock. Throughout history, accordingly, men of English blood have generally preferred to be respectable. What foreigners call our hypocrisy is really a spontaneous manifestation of our profound mental inertia.

The precise function of the *Spectator* was honestly to proclaim afresh this ideal to which the English race has always remained on the whole loyal. The *Tatler* had begun as a newspaper. In less than two years it had unwittingly changed into something like a censor of morals, which maintained a more normally English standard than that which had fashionably prevailed since the Gallicized times of Charles II. Now the rather dubious Isaac Bickerstaff, who so far as he had any personality was a charlatan, proved by no means a convenient

censor. Accordingly, he faded out of the *Tatler*; and, when the new periodical began, his place was taken by the nameless *Spectator*.

Some such personage was really an artistic necessity. For a good fellow in early middle life, who walked about in a huge wig, and often went to bed the worse for wine, to lecture his contemporaries would have been unseemly. For Addison, besides, an assumed personality was needful as a matter of temperament. The man was always shy, self-conscious. In every line of the writing which he did in his own person this trait is palpable. So long as in his own imagination he remained Mr. Joseph Addison, with his public career to look after as well as his private morals, he was really incapable of such abandonment of himself to his art as must underlie any lasting artistic achievement. As an imaginary *Spectator*, on the other hand, he was free to say and to do whatever he felt to be in accordance with his assumed character. No small part of the charm of Addison's *Spectator*, in short, may be traced to the happy accident of this underlying bit of private theatricals.

The character of the *Spectator*, too, gave Addison and his fellow contributors to the famous paper an additional advantage. Their real object was to preach, to affect thought and conduct by bringing philosophy down to daily life. Their philosophy, to be sure, amounted to little more than urbane respectability; but that made no difference. Preaching, to be effective, demands one of two visible sanctions—either the authority of a divine commission, which sometimes reveals itself in the shape of priestly orders, and sometimes in that of inspired fervor; or else the authority which comes from prolonged and wide experience. On March 1, 1711, when the first *Spectator* appeared, Addison was two months short of his thirty-ninth birthday. Steele was only a little older, and most of their coadjutors were younger still. To have preached in

their own persons, would evidently have been to assume an authority beyond their years. In no one point does the fine humor which always preserved Addison from absurdity appear more plainly than in the assumption by these men in early middle life of an age which should give their utterances weight.

The age of the *Spectator*, as well as the sketch of his personal career in the first paper, was a deliberate fiction. The broader traits which he displayed through the whole career of his journal were very probably genuine. Addison certainly wrote the passage in which the *Spectator* introduces himself; with equal certainty he had no direct hand in more than half of the papers which followed. Very clearly, however, the character of the *Spectator* was generally maintained throughout the series with a consistency which has been less remarked than it deserves. One still hears much of the characters of Sir Roger de Coverley and of Will Honeycomb, but little concerning the personal character of the *Spectator* himself. As one reads his lucubrations, however, one grows insensibly to feel that he is as distinctly individualized as any personage in English fiction; his individuality is generally unrecognized only because it is so contemplatively unobtrusive.

As such it has much in common with Addison's own. Characteristic, too, of Addison as well as of the *Spectator* are the traits which define themselves for whoever reads paper after paper. The full effect of these papers may best be appreciated nowadays by a deliberate effort to revive the conditions under which they originally appeared. Keep your *Spectator* at hand. Turn to it once a day, and read, in the order of their appearance, one paper at a time. A fortnight of such daily intercourse with the *Spectator* as was the delight of London in the time of Queen Anne will teach you more about him than months of elaborate, detailed study. You will grow to know him as people knew John Leech thirty years ago, as more lately we

ourselves knew George du Maurier. You may not be able precisely to define what sort of personage this friendly old *Spectator* is ; but you will know him much as you know real people. You will feel his constant good-breeding — a trait in which he has never been surpassed ; you will learn to appreciate his peculiar humor, which never quite makes you laugh, but always engages your sympathy, and always keeps him from becoming ridiculous ; you will feel his extremely English conventionality, his superficial philosophy, his avoidance of anything transcendental or passionate ; yet, for all his limits, you will by and by feel a dim regret that the gentlemen of to-day can never be quite what was incarnate in the gentlemen of the old school. You will find for yourselves, no doubt, other traits than these ; for each human being must find in every other whom he comes to know something peculiar to himself. Insensibly you will make for yourself a new and a lasting friend. And this friend will be Joseph Addison.

Through his eyes, meanwhile, you will have seen, with a vividness hardly before paralleled in English literature, what the actual surface of life was like in the days when he wrote. Earlier writers and later have seen much farther than he into the depths of human nature and of spiritual experience. None before him, and few since, have so admirably noted those things in human affairs which meet the eye, and which must give the data from which more profound philosophizing should start. Quietly approving simple virtues, quietly making fun of petty vices, generally gliding over the surface of deeper things, he will always put you in a temper that shall do you good. Nowadays, we presently see, such literature would surely take a more elaborate form. Between Addison's time and ours has grown, and flourished, and begun to decay that notable literary fact, the English novel. In those traits of the *Spectator* on which we have touched one may find the germs not only of the periodical literature which was to come but also of a great school of fiction.

Perry's *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*<sup>1</sup> admirably sets forth the general traits of Addison's criticism. Independent in motive, personally sincere, it is in substance limited by the conventional traditions of his time. His literary criticism<sup>2</sup> was essentially Aristotelian: there were ideal standards with which whatever you should judge must be compared — to stand or fall accordingly. While Addison's own remarks are throughout of historic value, symbolizing with more than usual precision the conditions of life which produced them, Addison seems never to have dreamed that literature could be regarded as a phase of history, varying with the course of human affairs. To him literary merit was a positive, dogmatic thing. As much as any man, indeed, he reveals the historical limitations of his time. It was a time, as we have seen, when fervid passion had burned itself out. In seeking for transcendental perception, men had long neglected the plain facts of life. Now at last, even in philosophy and in religion, they were not only content but delighted with the simple facts of superficial, unspiritual good sense.

The style of Addison meanwhile was peculiarly agreeable. Dr. Johnson's criticism of it is masterly:

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour.

<sup>1</sup> Chap. iv. See also Nathan Drake, *Essays*, II, 117–167; and A. S. Cook's preface to his edition of Addison's papers on Milton (Ginn & Company, Boston, 1892).

<sup>2</sup> The most notable examples of this — the papers on Milton — have been thoroughly edited by Professor Cook of Yale University. They are therefore not included in this volume.

It was apparently his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction ; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation ; yet if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted, he performed ; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic ; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity : his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.<sup>1</sup>

The better one knows Addison, the more exhaustive that celebrated criticism seems. In just two pages of the pocket volume in which it first appeared, it tells the whole truth about a style which has been traditionally held the standard model of English prose ; and it tells that truth, too, with the judicial firmness involved in a studied effort to be scrupulously just to a writer with whom the critic could feel small personal sympathy. Like Addison himself, however, Johnson was a man of the eighteenth century ; and to that century, from beginning to end, all ideals of artistic excellence remained positive. If classic architecture, for example, were excellent, it followed beyond peradventure that Gothic was barbarous. If Addison's style was excellent, it followed that throughout all time to come excellent style must resemble Addison's.

At this moment we happen to think otherwise. The essence of life in any language shows itself in the subtle, idiomatic changes which reveal themselves as generation succeeds generation. Only the disappearance from among mankind of living thinkers in Latin rendered possible that final precision of Latin style so faithfully exemplified in the Latin verses of Addison. To-day, accordingly, the style of Addison, in spite

<sup>1</sup> Johnson's *Lives*, ed. Cunningham, II, 177-178.

of all its excellence, is a thing of the past ; for to-day we who speak and write English must perforce speak and write the language not of Queen Anne but of Queen Victoria. In 1852 Thackeray published *Henry Esmond*, a novel which one sometimes inclines to believe the most beautiful in our language. In this Thackeray, than whom no English writer was ever more thoroughly a man of his time, deliberately endeavored to express himself in Addisonian manner. The result is full of charm ; yet in every page you must surely feel that this English is a work of elaborate imitation. Simple, easy, idiomatic, fluent, it remains artificial. Such style as this is not a style in which any man of Thackeray's day would have expressed himself concerning contemporary life.

In reading Addison himself, on the other hand, one never has this feeling. Not the least charm of his style is that somehow it seems normal. For all their deliberate felicity, his simple, idiomatic words and phrases never seem laboriously studied. For all the elusive subtlety of their almost inimitable rhythm, his clauses, his sentences, his whole essays have the unmistakable grace of spontaneous ease. Really, of course, words and rhythm alike were studied with the faithful care of a literary artist trained for years in the exacting school of Latin versification. This studied care, however, seems a part of the man ; were he not deliberately polite in every detail, he could not have been completely the literary model of his time. Were he not this, he could not have been truly himself.

The true difference between Addison's time and ours, and so the true secret of the difference between Thackeray's English and his, lies in the change of artistic ideal on which we have more than once touched. In our time the ideal of style may perhaps be stated as those words and phrases which shall most exactly symbolize the immaterial reality of thought and emotion for which they stand. In the eighteenth century the ideal of style was rather those words and phrases which should most

nearly approach an abstract ideal of excellence. At either epoch the ideal of the other might have been striven for, but not with that fulness of instinctive faith which makes artistic effort normal. Such a style as Addison's was possible only at a moment when not only the writer but his public retained unshaken, spontaneous faith in the permanent excellence of classical models.

## VI

We have now considered the early works which made Addison's personal fortune and the essays which have won him a lasting place in English literature. Of his other writings only one need detain us, and that rather for historical than for artistic reasons.

In Macaulay's essay on Addison is a full account of the circumstances which conspired to make the tragedy of *Cato* the most brilliant success of Addison's career. This play, begun during Addison's Italian travels, was neither completed nor produced until 1713. Dr. Johnson's criticism admirably defines the admiration it still commanded after the lapse of seventy years :

Of a work so much read, it is difficult to say anything new. About things in which the public thinks long, it commonly attains to think right; and of "Cato" it has been not unjustly determined that it is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama, rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life. Nothing here "excites or assuages emotion; here is no magical power of raising phantastic terror or wild anxiety." The events are expected without solicitude, and are remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care: we consider not what they are doing, or what they are suffering; we wish only to know what they have to say. Cato is a being above our solicitude; a man of whom the gods take care, and whom we leave to their care with heedless confidence.

To the rest neither gods nor men can have much attention ; for there is not one amongst them that strongly attracts either affection or esteem. But they are made the vehicles of such sentiments and such expression, that there is scarcely a scene in the play which the reader does not wish to impress upon his memory.<sup>1</sup>

At the present moment, more than a century after Johnson wrote, it is hard to imagine any surviving reader who should share this wish. Historically, however, *Cato* retains a certain interest. In Addison's *Remarks on Italy* occurs the following passage :

The opera that was most in vogue during my stay at Venice, was built on the following subject. Cæsar and Scipio are rivals for Cato's daughter. Cæsar's first words bid his soldiers fly, for the enemies are upon them. "Si leva Cesare, e dice a Soldati. A la fugga. A' lo scampo." The daughter gives the preference to Cæsar, which is made the occasion of Cato's death. Before he kills himself, you see him withdrawn into his library, where, among his books, I observed the titles of Plutarch and Tasso. After a short soliloquy he strikes himself with the dagger that he holds in his hand, but being interrupted by one of his friends, he stabs him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs, so that he is forced to despatch himself by tearing up his first wound.<sup>2</sup>

This opera is believed to have suggested to Addison the plan of making the story of *Cato* into a drama which should be a model of form. Four acts of it are said to have been virtually finished before his return to England. The fifth act was almost certainly written shortly before its performance — a moment when political contingencies rendered of apt value the patriotic and liberty-loving sentiments which pervade the tragedy. This accident of the moment certainly helped greatly toward the extraordinary success of *Cato* on

<sup>1</sup> *Works*, ed. Cunningham, II, 161-162.

<sup>2</sup> Bohn, I, 392.

the stage. To a great degree, however, this success was due to the very traits in the play which now render it obsolete. Addison, as we have seen, found a hint for his plot in an ephemeral opera of obvious absurdity. The subject thus suggested he proceeded to phrase and to compose according to the strictest rules of that pseudo-classic art which, in common with the best scholarship of his time, he believed permanently excellent. There is perhaps no play in English which more rigidly observes the unities and the other rules of literary decorum which, to our thinking, make the classical tragedies of France such drearily artificial things. Voltaire thought *Cato* an admirable work of dramatic art. So did the century whose taste Voltaire may stand for.

To us *Cato* groups itself with the earlier works on which Addison's political fortunes were based. His unquestioning faith in the traditional standards of classical scholarship made this tragedy, where with all the self-consciousness of his own personality he felt bound to do his best, a tissue of tedious and lifeless amenities. Only when masquerading as the imaginary scribbler of essays could Addison ever so abandon himself to his subject as to be a writer of lasting human interest.

## VII

Of lasting human interest, however, his essays must always remain. So pleasant have they proved to generation after generation of readers that we are apt now to forget the real work which they did when they were new. The precise function of the *Spectator*, as we have seen, was to proclaim afresh, after the reckless license of the Restoration, that simple ideal of respectability to which the English race has generally remained loyal. So fully did it accomplish its task that to this day we retain something like a personal memory of its traditions. The eighteenth century, one sometimes feels, survived longer in America than in Europe. At all events a good many

people in America, not yet past middle life, can vividly remember among the older figures who surrounded their youth many an amiable old friend whose thoughts and phrases seemed more in accordance with the England which reveals itself in the literature of Queen Anne and of the early Georges than with that which expresses itself in the literature of Victoria. The traditions of the *Spectator* are hardly yet extinct in the quieter regions of New England.

What they were in their own day a familiar tragic story of the period reminds us. Among the younger contributors to the *Spectator* was one Eustace Budgell, a kinsman of Addison's, and to some degree a favorite of his. After Addison's death Budgell went wrong. A wretched career of folly and crime ended in suicide under the arches of London Bridge. The unhappy man, however, retained to the last his reverence for his great kinsman ; and after his death there were found in his handwriting these lines, which he had left to justify his self-destruction :

What Cato did, and Addison approved,  
Cannot be wrong.

What Addison approved was the test of right to the generation that loved him ; and to this day traditional criticism can pay no higher compliment to a prose style than to call it Addisonian.

# BIBLIOGRAPHY

## I. FIRST EDITIONS.

- A.* First editions of Addison's undoubted works published during his lifetime.
- B.* First editions of Addison's undoubted works published after his death.
- C.* Doubtful works.

## II. COLLECTIVE EDITIONS.

## III. BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM.

## IV. FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PERIOD.

The abbreviations in parenthesis after each of the rarer titles indicate some of the libraries where that edition is to be found; the star indicates the library whose copy has been used in making this bibliography. Bodl. = Bodleian Library; B. M. = British Museum; B. P. L. = Boston Public Library; H. = Harvard College Library; T. C. D. = Trinity College Library, Dublin.

### I. FIRST EDITIONS

#### *A. Undoubted Works, 1690-1719*

1690. *Academiæ Oxoniensis | Gratulatio | Pro Exoptato Serenissimi | Regis Guilielmi | Ex | Hibernia Reditu. | [cut] | Oxoniæ, | E Theatro Sheldoniano Anno Dom. 1690.*

Addison's poem "Cum Domini," etc. (Bohn Edition, VI, 547), begins at the top of p. [y2 recto] and continues to the middle of the next page [y2 verso]. The poem is signed "Joh. Addison, è Col. Mag." (Bodl.; B. M.\*)

1693. *Theatri | Oxoniensis | Encænia, | Sive | Comitia Philologica. | Julii 7, Anno 1693. celebrata. | [cut] | Oxonii, | E Theatro Sheldoniano, An. Dom. MDCXCIII.*

This volume contains an oration, "Nova Philosophia Veteri præferenda est," which has usually been placed among Addison's doubtful works. That it is unquestionably Addison's appears as soon as one examines the "Ordo commisionum Philologicarum in *Encæniis prædictis*" which follows the title-page:

"I. Johan. Pelling Incept. in Art. ex *Æde Christi*. *Encænia aperuit*. Oratione soluta. . . . xiv. Jos. Addison, Rich. Smallbrook, Edv. Taylor, A.BB. è Coll. Magd. Lemma habuerunt. *Vetus & Nova* [sic] *Philosophia*. Oratione soluta."

The book is not paged. On L 2 back — N 2 back are the three orations in the following order:

"Nova Philosophia Veteri præferenda est."

"Vetus Philosophia Novæ præferenda est."

"Quæritur utrum Vetus Philosophia, an Nova sit præferenda." The first, which is Addison's, begins on the back of the twenty-fourth sheet. (Bodl. #)

1693. Examen Poeticum : | Being | The Third Part | Of | Miscellany Poems. | Containing Variety of | New Translations | Of The | Ancient Poets. | Together with many | Original Copies, | By The | Most Eminent Hands. | Haec potior soboles : hinc Cœli tempore certo, | Dulcia mella premes.—Virgil. Geor. 4. | In medium quaesta reponunt. Ibid. | London : | Printed by R. E for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges | Head in Chancery-Lane, near Fleetstreet. | MDCXCIII.

Contains the verses "To Mr. Dryden. By Mr. Jo. Addison," which occupy pp. 247-249, and at the end are dated "Mag. Coll. Oxon, June 2, 1693."

(Bodl. ; H.\* ; T. C. D.)

1694. The | Annual Miscellany : | For | The Year 1694. | Being | The Fourth Part | Of | Miscellany Poems. | Containing Great Variety | Of | New Translations | And | Original Copies, | By The | Most Eminent Hands. | London : | Printed by R. E for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges | Head near the Inner Temple-Gate, in Fleetstreet. | MDCXCIV.

This includes the following poems by Addison: "2. Fourth Book of Georgics (except the story of Aristeus)." "11. Song for St. Cecilia's Day at Oxford." "12. Story of Salmacis, from the fourth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses." "47. An Account of the Greatest English Poets. To Mr. H. S. Apr. 3d. 1694." (B. M. ; H.\* ; T. C. D.)

1695. A | Poem | To His | Majesty, | Presented to the | Lord Keeper. | By Mr. Addison, of Mag. Coll. Oxon. | London. | Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judge's-Head | near the Inner-Temple-Gate in Fleetstreet, | MDCXCV. (B. P. L.\*)

1697. The | Works | Of | Virgil: | Containing His Pastorals, | Georgics, | And | *Æneis*. | Translated into English Verse; By | Mr. Dryden. | Adorn'd with a Hundred Sculptures. | Sequiturque Patrem non passibus *Æquis*. Virg. *Æn.* 2. | London, | Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges-Head in Fleetstreet, | near the Inner-Temple-Gate, MDCXCVII.

To this Addison contributed "An Essay on the Georgics," (pp. 6) between pp. 48 and 49. (Bodl. ; B. M. ; H.\* ; T. C. D.)

**1698.** Examen | Poeticū Duplex: | Sive | Musarum Anglicanarum | Delectus Alter; | Cui subjicitur | Epigrammatum | seu | Poematum Minorum | Specimen Novum. | Londini: | Impensis Ric. Wellington, ad insigne chelyos in | Cœmeterio Divi Pauli. MDCXCVIII.

Two parts, octavo; pp. 219 + 56. Part i contains the following poems by Addison:

- “8. Sphæristerium. Jo. Addison. Col. Magd. Oxon.” (p. 34).
- “9. Resurrectio, delineata ad altare Col. Magd. Jo. Addison” (p. 38).
- “10. Machinæ Gesticulantes, Anglicè. A puppet-show. Jo. Addison” (p. 44).
- “11. Insignissimo viro Thomæ Burnet. Jo. Addison” (p. 49).
- “15. Barometri Descriptio. Jo Addison” (p. 75).
- “29. Prælrium inter Pygmæos & grues commissum [sic]. Jo. Addison” (p. 158).

Part ii, the last fifty-six pages of the book (numbered separately 1–56), is entitled “Epigrammatum | seu | Poematum Minorum | Specimen Novum”; it contains one hundred and two epigrams, of which the authors are not indicated. (B. M.\*)

**[1692–]1699.** Musarum | Anglicanarum | Analecta: | Sive, | Poemata quædam melioris notæ, seu | hactenus Inedita, seu sparsim Edita, | In duo Volumina congesta. | Vol. II. | [*cut of Sheldonian Theatre*] | Oxon. | E Theatro Sheldoniano, Impensis Joh. Crosley, | An. Dom. M.DC.XCIX.

This volume contains the following poems by Addison; the numbers which precede them give their place in the table of contents, although they are not actually so numbered.

- [1.] “Pax, Gulielmi Auspiciis, Europæ redditæ, 1697. J. Addison, A.M. Coll. Magd. Soc.” (p. 3).
- [9.] “Barometri Descriptio, Jo. Addison, A.B. è Coll. Magd.” (p. 44).
- [12.] “ΠΤΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ, sive Prælrium inter Pygmæos & Grues commissum, Jo. Addison è Coll. Magd.” (p. 56).
- [30.] “Resurrectio Delineata ad Altare Coll. Magd. Oxon. Jo. Addison, è Coll. Magd.” (p. 157).
- [35.] “Sphæristerium, Jo. Addison, è Coll. Magd.” (p. 187).
- [37.] “Ad DD. Hannes Insignissimum Medicum & Poetam, Jo. Addison, è Coll. Magd.” (p. 199).
- [45.] “Machinæ Gesticulantes, Anglicè, A Puppet-show. Jo. Addison, è Coll. Magd.” (p. 243).
- [53.] “Ad Insignissimum Virum D. Tho. Burnettum, Sacræ Theoriarum Telluris Autorem, Jo. Addison, A.B. è Coll. Magd.” (p. 284).

The Dedication of this second volume (pp. 1-2) is "Honoratissimo Viro Carolo Mountague Armigero," etc. It is signed "Humanitatis Tuæ Cultor Devotissimus Josephus Addison."

The first volume, . . . "Oxon. E. Theatro Sheldoniano, Impensis | Joh. Crosley & Sam. Smith, | Bibliopol. Lond. | M.DC.XCII," contains thirty-two poems, of which none are anonymous and none said to be by Addison. (Vol. I, B. M.\*; Vol. II, B. M.; H.\*)

[1703?] The first edition of Addison's *Letter from Italy*, which seems to have been published in 1703, has thus far escaped our search. That there was an edition of 1703 seems clear from the fact that the poem as printed in Tonson's *Miscellany* for 1704 (Part V, the first edition) has a separate title-page which says that it was "Printed in the year 1703." There is, however, no such edition in the catalogues of any of the libraries mentioned at the beginning of this bibliography.

1704. Poetical Miscellanies: | The | Fifth Part. | Containing a | Collection | Of | Original Poems, | With Several | New Translations. | By the most Eminent Hands. | London, | Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn | Gate, next Grays-Inn Lane. 1704. | Where you may have the Four former Parts: Pub- | lish'd by Mr. Dryden.

To this Addison contributed:

"The Story of Phaeton, beginning the Second Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses. Translated by Mr. Joseph Addison" (pp. 45-66).

"Notes on the foregoing Story" (pp. 67-75).

"Europa's Rape: Translated from Ovid. By Mr. Joseph Addison" (pp. 87-91).

"Notes on the foregoing Story" (p. 92).

"Milton's Stile imitated, in a Translation of a Story out of the Third Aeneid. By Mr. Joseph Addison" (pp. 109-117).

"The Third Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses. By Mr. Joseph Addison" (pp. 509-583).

"Notes on the First Fable" [Fab. II, Fab. III, &c.] (pp. 584-592). (B. M.; H.\*; T. C. D.)

1705. The | Campaign, | A | Poem, | To His Grace the | Duke of Marlborough. | By Mr. Addison. | — Rheni pacator & Istri. | Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit | Ordinibus; lætatur Eques, plauditque Senator, | Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori. | Claud. de Laud. Stilic. | London, | Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next | Grays-Inn Lane. 1705. (Bodl.; B. P. L.\*; H.\*; B. M.)

1705. The | Tender Husband; | Or, The | Accomplish'd Fools. | A | Comedy. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. | By Her Majesty's Servants. | Written by Mr. Steele. | Oportet ut is qui Audiat Cogitet plura quam | Videat. | Tull. de Oratore. | London, | Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next | Grays-Inn Lane. 1705.

Addison wrote the Prologue.

(B. M.; H.\*)

1705. Remarks | On Several | Parts | Of | Italy, &c. | In the Years 1701, 1702, 1703. | Verum ergo id est, si quis in cælum ascendisset, | naturamque mundi & pulchritudinem si- | derum perspexisset, insuavem illam admi- | rationem ei fore, quæ jucundissima fuisset, | si aliquem cui narraret habuisset. | Cicer. de Amic. | London, | Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays- | Inn Gate next Grays-Inn Lane. 1705.

(B. M.; H.\*; T. C. D.)

1706. The | British Enchanters: | Or, | No Magick like Love. | A | Tragedy. | As it is Acted at the | Queen's Theatre in the | Hay-Market. | By Her Majesty's Sworn Servants. | London, | Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next | Grays-Inn Lane. 1706.

By George Granville (or Grenville), Lord Lansdowne. Addison wrote, but did not sign, the Epilogue.

(B. P. L.; B. M.; H.\*)

1707. Rosamond. | An | Opera. | Humbly Inscrib'd to Her | Grace the Dutchess | Of | Marlborough. | Hic quos durus Amor crudeli tabe peredit | Secreti celant Calles, & Myrtea circùm | Sylva tegit. Virg. Æn. 6. | London: | Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next Grays- | Inn Lane. 1707.

(Bodl.\*; H.\*)

1708. The | Present State | Of The | War, | And The | Necessity | Of An | Augmentation, | Consider'd. | London: Printed, and Sold by J. Morphew near | Stationers Hall. 1708. (Bodl.; B. M.\*; T. C. D.)

[1709.] Phædra | And | Hippolitus. | A | Tragedy. | As it is Acted at the | Queen's Theatre | In The | Hay-Market, | By Her Majesty's Sworn Servants. | By Mr. Edmund Smith. | London, | Printed for Bernard Lintott at the Cross-Keys be- | tween the two Temple-Gates in Fleetstreet. [N. D.]

Addison wrote, but did not sign, the Prologue.

(Bodl.; B. P. L.\*; B. M.; H.\*)

1709-1710.

Numb. I.

## THE TATLER.

By Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;  
Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.

Tuesday, April 12, 1709.

... [text of paper] ... London: Printed for the Author, 1709.

Nos. 1-40 keep the same motto; later numbers have various mottoes; the first number is dated as above; the second, third, and fourth, and each succeeding series of three, are dated "From Tuesday — to Thursday —," "Thursday — to Saturday —," and "Saturday — to Tuesday —"; with No. 5 the colophon changes to "Sold by John Morphew near Stationers-Hall; where Advertisements are taken in."

(B. M.; H.\*)

1710-1711. The | Lucubrations | Of | Isaac Bickerstaff Esq; | Vol. I. | Οὐ χρή παννύχιον ὕδειν βαληηρόφον ἀνδρα. Homer. | London, | Printed: And to be deliver'd to Subscribers, by | Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beau- | ford-Buildings in the Strand; and John Morphew | near Stationers-Hall. MDCCX.

First collected edition. Four volumes: I and II, 1710; III and IV, 1711.

(B. M.; H.\*)

1711-1712.

Numb. I.

## THE SPECTATOR

Non fumum ex fulgare, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat. Hor.

To be Continued every Day.

Thursday, March 1, 1711.

... [text] ... London: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane.

With changes of number, motto, and date, this is the form of the daily issue except that (a) all numbers after the first omit the notice "To be Continued every Day"; (b) the numbering is irregular, — No. 155 is not used (Aug. 27, 1711, is No. 154 and Aug. 28 is 156), No. 164 is called No. 162, No. 166 is called No. 165, No. 286 is called No. 186, No. 388 is called 390, No. 390 is called No. 392; (c) the colophon changes, — Nos. 3-15 add "where Advertisements are taken in"; Nos. 16-498 add "as also by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand"; with No. 499 the colophon is changed to "London: Printed for S. Buckley and J. Tonson: and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick Lane."

(B. M.; H.\*; T. C. D.)

1712. The | Medleys | For the Year 1711. | To which are prefix'd, | The Five Whig-Examiners. | London, | Printed by John Darby, and sold | by Egbert Sanger at the | Posthouse in Fleetstreet, near Temple-Bar. M.DCC.XII.

(H.\*)

1712-1713. The | Spectator. | Vol. I. | London: | Printed for S. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little- | Britain; and J. Tonson, at Shake- | spear's-Head | over-against Catherine-street in the Strand. 1712.

Seven volumes, octavo; an eighth was added in 1715. The dates of the separate volumes in this first collected edition of the *Spectator* have been much confused. It is certainly wrong to say (as Mr. Aitken does: *Steele*, II, 400) that vols. III-VII were published in 1713; it is equally incorrect to say (as Mr. G. Gregory Smith does: *Spectator*, 1897-1898, vol. I, p. ix) that vols. III and IV appeared in 1712. The present editors have been able to gain access to only four sets of this edition; all of these, however, agree in dating vol. III, 1713 and vol. IV, 1712. Inserted in vol. III is a list of subscribers to the whole work. It is possible that, for the sake of receiving that list, vol. III was held over until it was too late to date it 1712; there is also to be considered the frequent practice of dating books ahead. But why vol. III should have been dated ahead or why it should have been held over to receive the list of subscribers is difficult to imagine, for the intention was certainly to print vols. I-II and vols. III-IV in pairs: see the advertisements of Nos. 227, 488, and 547. Note also that No. 555 (6 Dec. 1712) says, not as an advertisement, but in the body of the paper, that four volumes "are already published," and compare (Bohn VI, 630) the publisher's contract, dated November 10, 1712, which begins "Whereas there is already printed four volumes of Spectators."

The correct dates, then, so far as one may generalize from four sets, are: vols. I and II, 1712; vol. III, 1713; vol. IV, 1712; vols. V-VII, 1713; (vol. VIII, 1715).

(B. M.\*; H.\*; T. C. D.\*)<sup>1</sup>

1713. Cato. | A | Tragedy. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, | By | Her Majesty's Servants. | By Mr. Addison. | Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, | Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ | compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupi- | ter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quâm ut spectet | Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ru- | inas publicas erectum. Sen. de Divin. Prov. | London: | Printed for J. Tonson, at Shakespear's Head over- | against Catherine-Street in the Strand. MDCCXIII.

(B. M.; H.\*; T. C. D.)

1713. The Late | Tryal | And | Conviction | Of | Count Tariff. | London: | Printed for A. Baldwin, near | the Oxford-Arms in Warwick- | Lane. | MDCCXIII. | Price Threepence.

(B. M.\*)

<sup>1</sup> The fourth set examined was that owned by Miss A. I. Appleton, of Winchester, Massachusetts, to whose kindness in copying the title-pages the editors are much indebted.

1713.

Numb. I.

## THE GUARDIAN.

Ille quem requiris. Mart.  
To be Continued Every Day.  
Thursday, March 12, 1713.

(Price Two Pence)

(B. M.\* )

1714. The | Guardian. | Vol. I. | [cut] | London: | Printed for J. Tonson, at Shakespear's- | Head over-against Catherine-street in | the Strand. MDCCXIV.

Two volumes. The second volume is the same as the first except that it has "Vol. II," and a different cut. (B. M.\*; T. C. D.)

1715. The | Lover. | To which is added, The | Reader; | By the same Author. | Phyllida amo ante alias: nam me descedere flevit. | Virg. | London: | Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand, J. Brown | without Temple-Bar, and O. Lloyd near the | Church in the Temple. MDCCXV.

Although the paging is continuous, *The Reader* has the following separate title-page: *The | Reader: | London: | Printed for J. Tonson. MDCCXIV.* This is the 12<sup>o</sup> edition; there were also copies in 8<sup>o</sup> (v. Br. Mus. catalogue). According to Mr. Aitken (*Steele*, II, 388), both editions were published December 18, 1714. Steele edited both *Lover* and *Reader*; Addison is thought to have written *Lover* 10 and 39 and *Reader* 3 and 4. (H.\* )

1715. The | Spectator. | Vol. VIII. and Last. | [cut] | London: | Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's-Head | over-against Catherine Street in the Strand. | MDCCXV. (H.\*; T. C. D.)

1716. The | Free-Holder, | Or | Political Essays. | [cut] | London. | Printed for D. Midwinter at the three | Crowns in St. Paul's Churchyard; and | J. Tonson at Shakespear's Head in the | Strand. 1716. (B. M.; H.\*; T. C. D.)

1716. The | Drummer; | Or, The | Haunted House. | A | Comedy. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, | By | His Majesty's Servants. | — Falsis terroribus implet | Ut magus — Hor. | London: | Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's-Head, over-against | Katharine-Street in the Strand. MDCCXVI.

(B. M.\*; H.\*; T. C. D.)

The British Museum copy is of interest because the title-page has the words "by | Joseph Addison esq" written just above the word "London" and below the cross ruling which separates the motto from the imprint. The handwriting looks like that of Addison himself; indeed one of the copyists in the British Museum writes: "This is in Addison's own handwriting." The probability of

that, however, seems very small. First of all, it is unlikely that any author should thus acknowledge a work which, as all the other evidence goes to show, was intended to be anonymous. Secondly, the inscription, whether considered as an autograph or as autograph copy for a title-page, is open to objections: as an autograph, it is discredited by the unnatural "esq" and by the fact that in almost every case Addison abbreviated his first name to J. If the signature be considered as a part of the title-page, — in which case the full first name and the "esq" would be natural, — it is, as Professor Kittredge has pointed out to the editors, strangely placed: it ought naturally to be above the cross ruling, if not above the motto, where the name of the author is placed in every title-page mentioned in this bibliography. Furthermore, had Addison thus publicly acknowledged *The Drummer* some time before June 17, 1719, it would seem that the fact, in the small literary world of that day, should speedily have become known. The result would be that *The Drummer* would be included in collective editions of Addison's works, and that if separate editions of the play were printed, Addison's name would appear upon the title-pages. But after two years, in 1721, Tickell was in apparent ignorance of any such evidence as an autograph would afford, for he does not include *The Drummer* in his collective edition of Addison's works. Neither is it included in the second collective edition (1730) or the third (1741). Again, Steele did not mention, and so presumably did not know of, this autograph, which would have been essential to his case, when in 1722 he prefaced the second edition of *The Drummer* with an arraignment of Tickell for not including the play in his edition of the year before. Giles Jacob did not know it, or at least makes no use of it, in 1723, when (in his *Poetical Register*, vol. I, pp. 3 and 309) he omits *The Drummer* from his list of the dramatic works of Addison, but shows that he knew of it by including it in his list of anonymous plays.

1716. To Her Royal Highness the | Princess of Wales, | With the  
Tragedy of Cato. Nov. 1714. | To | Sir Godfrey Kneller, | On His |  
Picture of the King. | London: | Printed for J. Tonson, at Shake-  
spear's-Head over- | against Catherine-street in the Strand. 1716.

(Bodl. \*; B. M.)

1717. Ovid's | Metamorphoses | In | Fifteen Books. | Translated  
by the most Eminent Hands. | Adorn'd with Sculptures. | London: |  
Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's-Head | over-against Kath-  
arine-Street in the Strand. | MDCCXVII.

Addison did the second and third books.

(B. M. \*)

1719. The | Old Whig. | Numb. I. | On The | State of the Peer-  
age. | With | Remarks upon the Plebeian. | — quod optanti Divum  
promittere nemo | Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultrò. | Virg. |  
London: | Printed: And Sold by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane; | and  
A. Dodd at the Peacock without Temple-Bar. | MDCCXIX. [Price 6 d.]

(B. M. \*)

*B. Undoubted Works, 1721-1864*

1721. Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals. (In Tickell's edition of Addison's works, 1721, I, 435 ff.)  
 1721. Of the Christian Religion. (*Ibid.*, IV, 55 ff.)  
 1864. Some Portions of Essays Contributed to the Spectator By Mr. Joseph Addison Now first Printed from His MS. Note Book. I. Of Imagination. II. Of Jealousie. III. Of Fame. Done at Glasgow M.DCCC.LXIV.

*C. Doubtful Works, 1692-1739*

1692. The *Dissertatio de Insignioribus Romanorum Poetis (Auctore Jos. Addison)* the editors have been unable to see. The above is the title given in Bohn's sixth volume, p. 587. The Dissertation is mentioned (pp. 285, 628) in the *Bibliotheca Parriana*. Dr. Parr owned the work and considered it important as well as genuine. According to him the first edition was in 12°, London, 1692. Other editions mentioned are of 1698, 1718, 1725, and 1750.

[1699,] 1720. The poem which at p. 147 of *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, Vol. II, 1699, is printed as *Cursus Glacialis, Anglicæ, Scating. Phil. Frowde, Coll. Magd. Superioris Ordinis Commens.* was in 1720 reprinted as *Scating: | A | Poem. | By Mr. Addison. | [cut] | London: | Printed for E. Curll in Fleetstreet. | M.DCC.XX.*

The preface, signed by one T. N., is as follows: "This Poem, though under the Name of another Gentleman, (in the *Musæ Anglicanae*) was certainly written by the late Excellent Mr. Addison. There needs no Proof to a learned Reader that this is fact, since the Sameness of Stile and Expression is a convincing Argument, that it could be wrote by no body but by that Author."

The poem is included in the collected volume of Addison's Latin poems, with translations, London, 1724; in *Addison's Miscellaneous Works*, London: Cogan, 1750; and in Bohn's edition (VI, 585 ff.). Although the matter has never been thoroughly investigated, there seems no good reason to believe that the verses were not by Frowde.

(Bodl.; B. M.; H. #)

1712. The | Distrest Mother. | A | Tragedy. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre-Royal | in Drury-Lane. | By Her Majesty's Servants. | Written by Mr. Philips. | London: | Printed for S. Buckley at the Dolphin in Little-Britain; and | J. Tonson, at Shakespear's-Head over-against Catherine-street | in the Strand. MDCCXII.

The Epilogue, which in this edition has the title "Epilogue | written by Mr. Budgell of the Inner-Temple," has been attributed to Addison. For the evidence,

which seems very slender, see Bohn's edition, VI, 679: "It was known, . . . in Tonson's family, and told to Mr. Garrick, that Addison was himself the author of this epilogue; and that when it was actually printed with his name he came early in the morning before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to be given to Mr. E. Budgell, that it might add weight to the solicitation which Addison was then making for a place for Mr. Budgell." . . .

(Bodl.; B. M.; H.\*; T. C. D.)

1716. In Abel Boyer's *The Political State of Great Britain*, April, 1716, there appeared for the first time a pamphlet entitled *Arguments about the Alteration of Triennial Elections of Parliament. In a Letter to a Friend in the Country.*

In his prefatory note Boyer says (p. 484) that this letter was "generally gathered on the ingenious and judicious Joseph Addison, Esq." It is included in *Addison's Miscellaneous Works*, London: Cogan, 1750, and in Bohn's edition (Vol. VI, pp. 614 ff.). There is a good article on it by James Crossley in *Notes and Queries*, V, 577.

(B. P. L.\*; B. M.)

1739. A | Discourse | On | Ancient and Modern Learning. | By the late Right Honourable | Joseph Addison, Esq.; | Now first published from an Original Manu- | script of Mr. Addison's, Prepared and Cor- | rected by himself. | London: | Printed for T. Osborne, in Gray's Inn. | M.DCC.XXXIX. | [Price One Shilling.]

This reached a sixth edition in 1739.

(B. M.\*)

## II. COLLECTIVE EDITIONS

1721: Tickell. The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.; In Four Volumes, London: . . . Jacob Tonson . . . MDCCXXI.

This edition is valuable because it contains Tickell's preface, and because it prints for the first time the *Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals* (I, 435 ff.) and *Of the Christian Religion* (IV, 559 ff.). In 1730 and again in 1741 this edition was reprinted with few changes.

1761: Baskerville. The Works Of The Late Right Honorable Joseph Addison, Esq.; With a Complete Index. Birmingham: Printed by John Baskerville, for J. and R. Tonson, . . . , London. MDCCCLXI.

Has plates and is beautifully printed. Contains *The Drummer*, which Tickell had not included. On this, of course, see Steele's preface to *The Drummer*, second edition, 1722.

1811: Hurd. *The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, A New Edition, With Notes.* By Richard Hurd, D.D. Lord Bishop of Worcester, London: Cadell and Davies, 1811. Six volumes.

The notes are unimportant.

1856: Greene. *The Works of Joseph Addison*, including the whole contents of Bishop Hurd's edition, with letters and other pieces not found in any previous collection; and Macaulay's essay on his life and works, edited with critical and explanatory notes, by George Washington Greene, New York: G. P. Putnam & Co., 1856. Six volumes.

1856: Bohn. *The Works of the Right Honourable Joseph Addison.* With notes by Richard Hurd . . . With large additions chiefly unpublished. Collected and edited by Henry G. Bohn, London: Bohn, 1856.

Six volumes; in Bohn's "Standard Library." Frequently reprinted. On the whole this edition, bad as it is, gives us the best text of Addison.

Annotated editions of importance are: of the *Tatler*, Nichols's in 6 vols., London, 1786, with notes by Bishop Percy and Dr. Calder; of the *Spectator*, Nichols's (8 vols., London, 1789), Professor Morley's (1 vol., London: Routledge, 1868, reprinted in 3 vols., London: Routledge, 1883), and Mr. G. Gregory Smith's (8 vols., London: Dent; and New York: Scribner, 1897-1898); of the *Guardian*, Nichols's in 2 vols., London, 1789.

### III. BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM

Addisoniana. In Two Volumes. Printed for [Sir] Richd Phillips, [London], 1803.

Aikin, Lucy: *The Life of Joseph Addison*, 2 vols., London: Longmans, 1843.

Aitken, George A.: *The Life of Richard Steele*, 2 vols., London: Isbister, 1889.

Very valuable, especially Bk. iv, Ch. i (on *The Tatler*); Bk. v, Ch. i (*The Spectator*); Bk. v, Ch. iv (*The Guardian*).

Beljame, Alexandre: *Le public et les hommes de lettres en Angleterre au dix-huitième Siècle . . .* Paris: Hachette, 1881.

Pages 225-338 concern Addison.

Courthope, W. J.: *Addison*, London: Macmillan, 1884. In the series of "English Men of Letters" edited by Mr. John Morley.

Drake, Nathan: *Essays, Biographical, Critical, and Historical, Illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian*, 3 vols., London: John Sharpe, 1805.

Johnson, Samuel: *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*, London: John Murray, 1854.

In this edition — Cunningham's — the life of Addison occupies pp. 119-180 of the second volume.

Kippis, Andrew: "Addison," in *Biographia Britannica*. [2nd ed. (London, 1778, I, 45-63.)]

Valuable; contains many references and has a long note by Blackstone on Addison's quarrel with Pope.

Macaulay, T. B.: *The Life and Writings of Addison*. (*Edinburgh Review*, July 1843, vol. LXXVIII, pp. 193-260; *Works*, ed. Lady Trevelyan, London: Longmans, 1875, VII, 52-122.)

A review of Miss Aikin's life of Addison.

Perry, Thomas S.: *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, New York: Harpers, 1883.

Pages 130-182 particularly concern Addison.

Spence, Joseph: *Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men*, London: Carpenter, 1820.

Steele, Richard: *Dedicatory Epistle to William Congreve* prefixed to *The Drummer*, 2nd ed., 1722.

Accessible in Arber's *English Garner*, VI, 523 ff.

Stephen, Sir Leslie: "Addison," in *Dictionary of National Biography*, London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1885. Vol. I, pp. 122-131.

Admirable.

Thackeray, W. M.: *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*. (Chap. ii: Congreve and Addison.)

Tickell, Thomas: The preface (Vol. I, pp. v-xvii) to the 1721 edition of Addison's works.

Accessible in Arber's *English Garner*, VI, 513 ff.

#### IV. FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PERIOD

Ashton, John: *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, 2 vols., London: Chatto and Windus, 1882.

Beers, H. A.: *History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century*, New York: Holt, 1899.

Fox Bourne, H. R.: English Newspapers, etc., 2 vols., London: Chatto and Windus, 1887.

[Boyer, Abel]: The History of King William the Third. In three Parts. Second edition, London, 1703.

[Boyer, Abel]: The History of the Reign of Queen Anne, Digested into Annals, 11 vols., London, 1703-1711.

[Boyer, Abel]: The Annals of King George, etc., 6 vols., London, 1716-1721.

[Boyer, Abel]: The Political State of Great Britain, 60 vols., London, 1711-1740.

Burton, J. H.: A History of the Reign of Queen Anne, 3 vols., Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1880.

Dennis, John: The Age of Pope, London: Bell, 1894.

Dobson, Austin: Eighteenth Century Vignettes [three series], London: Chatto and Windus, 1892, 1894, 1896.

Garnett, Richard: The Age of Dryden, London: Bell, 1895.

[Genest, John]: Some Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830, 10 vols., Bath: Carrington, 1832.

Green, John Richard: A Short History of the English People, 4 vols., New York: Harper, 1882. There is also an illustrated edition, the text considerably abridged, in 4 vols., New York: Harper, 1890-1895.

Correspondence of the Family of Hatton . . . 1601-1704. Edited by E. M. Thompson, 2 vols., Printed for the Camden Society, 1878.

Hearne, Thomas: Reliquiæ Hearnianæ, edited by Philip Bliss, 3 vols., Oxford, 1869.

Hettner, H. J. T: Literaturgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, In drei Theilen, Braunschweig, 1872. (Vol. I: Geschichte der englischen Literatur . . . 1660-1770.)

Lecky, W. E. H.: A History of England in the Eighteenth Century, 8 vols., London: Longmans, 1878-1890.

Luttrell, Narcissus: A Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs from September 1678 to April 1714, 6 vols., Oxford: University Press, 1857.

McCarthy, Justin: The Reign of Queen Anne, 2 vols., New York: Harpers, 1902.

Macaulay's *History of England*, Chapters xi ff.

Marlborough: *Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, Illustrative of the Court and Times of Queen Anne, etc.*, 2 vols., second edition, London: Colburn, 1838.

[Minto, William]: "Steele" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Nichols, John: *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, 9 vols., London, 1812-1815. (Index in Vol. VII.)

Nichols, John: *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, 8 vols., London, 1817-1858.

Phelps, W. L.: *The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*, Boston: Ginn, 1893.

Ranke, L. von: *A History of England Principally in the Seventeenth Century*, 6 vols., Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1875. (Only the last three volumes concern us.)

Sichel, Walter: *Bolingbroke and His Times*, 2 vols., London: James Nesbit, 1901-1902.

Somerville, Thomas: *The History of Great Britain during the Reign of Queen Anne*, with . . . an Appendix containing Original Papers, London: A. Strahan et als., 1798.

Stanhope, Earl (Viscount Mahon): *History of England . . . 1701-1713*, 2 vols., London: Murray, 1872.

Stanhope (Lord Mahon): *History of England . . . 1713-1783*, 7 vols., Boston: Little and Brown, 1853-1854. (3rd edition, revised.)

Sydney, W. C.: *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, 2 vols., London: Ward and Downey, 1891.

Thoresby, Ralph: *The Diary of Ralph Thoresby, . . . (1677-1724)*, 2 vols., London: Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

Ward, A. W.: *A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne*, 3 vols., London: Macmillan, 1899.

Wentworth Papers: *The Wentworth Papers, 1705-1739*, London: Wyman, 1883.

Wyon, F. W.: *The History of Great Britain during the Reign of Queen Anne*, 2 vols., London: Chapman and Hall, 1876.



A

## LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,  
Magna virum! tibi res antiquae laudis et artis  
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.* — Virg. Geor. 2.

While you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,  
And from *Britannia*'s publick posts retire,  
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,  
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;  
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,  
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,  
Where the soft season and inviting clime  
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme. 5

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,  
Poetick fields encompass me around,  
And still I seem to tread on Classic ground;  
For here the Muse so oft her Harp has strung,  
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,  
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,  
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows. 10 15

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods  
 For rising springs and celebrated floods !  
 To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his course,  
 And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his source,  
 To see the *Mincio* draw his watry store  
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,  
 And hoary *Albula*'s infected tide  
 O'er the warm bed of smoaking sulphur glide.

20

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey  
*Eridanus* through flowery meadows stray,  
 The king of floods ! that rolling o'er the plains  
 The towering *Alps* of half their moisture drains,  
 And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,  
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

25

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,  
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,  
 That lost in silence and oblivion lye,  
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)  
 Yet run for-ever by the Muse's skill,  
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

30

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,  
 And the fam'd river's Empty shores admire,  
 That destitute of strength derives its course  
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source ;  
 Yet sung so often in poetick lays,  
 With scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* surveys ;  
 So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme !  
 Such was the *Boin*, a poor inglorious stream,  
 That in *Hibernian* vales obscurely stray'd,  
 And unobserv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd ;  
 'Till by Your lines and *Nassau*'s sword renown'd,

35

40

45

Its rising billows through the world resound,  
Where-e'er the Heroe's godlike acts can pierce,  
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

50

Oh cou'd the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire  
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,  
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,  
And *Virgil's Italy* shou'd yield to mine !

See how the golden groves around me smile,  
That shun the coast of *Britain's* stormy Isle,  
Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,  
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.  
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments  
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents :  
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,  
And trodden Weeds send out a rich perfume.  
Bear me, some God, to *Baia's* gentle seats,  
Or cover me in *Umbria's* green retreats ;  
Where western gales eternally reside,  
And all the seasons lavish all their pride :  
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,  
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

55

60

65

Immortal glories in my mind revive,  
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,  
When *Rome's* exalted beauties I descry  
Magnificent in piles of ruine lye.  
An amphitheater's amazing height  
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,  
That on its publick shows Unpeopled *Rome*,  
And held Uncrowded nations in its womb :  
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies :  
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,

70

75

Where the old *Romans* deathless acts display'd,  
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :  
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,  
 And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow.

80

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,  
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;  
 Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,  
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone. 85  
 In solemn silence, a majestick band,  
 Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Consuls stand,  
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,  
 And emperors in *Parian* marble frown ;  
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,  
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

90

Fain wou'd I *Raphael*'s godlike art rehearse,  
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,  
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and light 95  
 A new creation rises to my sight,  
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,  
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.  
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,  
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :  
 Here pleasing airs my ravish't soul confound  
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;  
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,  
 And opening palaces invite my Muse.

100

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,  
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !  
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,  
 With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,

105

The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,  
While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,  
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?  
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
The red'ning Orange and the swelling grain :  
Joyless he sees the growing Oils and Wines,  
And in the Myrtle's fragrant shade repines :  
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,  
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty, thou Goddess heavenly bright,  
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !  
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train ;  
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,  
And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight ;  
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,  
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.

Thee, Goddess, thee, *Britannia's* Isle adores ;  
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,  
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,  
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !  
On foreign mountains may the Sun refine  
The Grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,  
With Citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
And the fat Olive swell with floods of oil :  
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies  
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,  
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,  
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen *Pleiads* shine :  
'Tis Liberty that crowns *Britannia's* Isle,  
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains  
smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,  
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight ;  
 A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,  
 Or teach their animated rocks to live :  
 'Tis *Britain's* care to watch o'er *Europe's* fate,  
 And hold in balance each contending state,  
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,  
 And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.  
 The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms,  
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms :  
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,  
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

145

150

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret dread  
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,  
 And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite  
 By foreign gold, or by domestick spite ;  
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,  
 Whom *Nassau's* arms defend and counsels guide.

155

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found  
 The distant climes and different tongues resound,  
 I bridle in my strugling Muse with pain,  
 That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

160

But I've already troubled you too long,  
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.  
 My humble verse demands a softer theme,  
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream ;  
 Unfit for Heroes ; whom immortal lays,  
 And lines like *Virgil's*, or like yours, shou'd praise.

165

THE  
CAMPAIGN,

A

POEM.

While crouds of Princes your deserts proclaim,  
Proud in their number to enroll your name ;  
While Emperors to you commit their cause,  
And *ANNA*'s praises crown the vast applause ;  
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,  
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,  
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new.  
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view  
Shine forth at once ; sieges and storms appear,  
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,  
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,  
An *Iliad* rising out of One campaign. 5  
10

The haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring pride,  
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,  
*Pirene*'s lofty barriers were subdued,  
And in the midst of his wide empire stood ; 15  
*Ausonia*'s states, the victor to restrain,  
Opposed their *Alpes* and *Appenines* in vain,  
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,  
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd ; 20  
The rising *Danube* its long race began,

And half its course through the new conquests ran ;  
 Amaz'd and anxious for her Sovereign's fates,  
*Germania* trembled through a hundred states ;  
 Great *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with fear ;  
 He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near ;  
 He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair  
 His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To *Britain's* Queen the Nations turn their eyes,  
 On her resolves the western world relies,  
 Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,  
 In *ANNA's* councils, and in *CHURCHILL's* arms.  
 Thrice happy *Britain*, from the kingdoms rent,  
 To sit the guardian of the continent !  
 That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,  
 And flourishing so near her Prince's eye ;  
 Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,  
 Or from the crimes, or follies of a court ;  
 On the firm basis of desert they rise,  
 From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy tyes :  
 Their Sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,  
 Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war ;  
 The nation thanks them with a publick voice,  
 By show'rs of blessings heaven approves their choice ;  
 Envy it self is dumb, in wonder lost,  
 And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,  
*Britannia's* colours in the zephyrs fly ;  
 Her Chief already has his march begun,  
 Crossing the provinces himself had won,  
 'Till the *Moselle*, appearing from afar,  
 Retards the progress of the moving war.  
 Delightful stream, had Nature bid her fall

In distant climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul* ;  
 But now a purchase to the sword she lyes, 55  
 Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,  
 Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,  
 And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.  
 The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,  
 That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts  
 Hope'd, when they saw *Britannia's* arms appear, 60  
 The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our god-like leader, ere the stream he past,  
 The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,  
 Forming the wond'rous year within his thought ; 65  
 His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.  
 The long laborious march he first surveys,  
 And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maese*,  
 Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,  
 Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow : 70  
 The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,  
 And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of *Europe*, he renews  
 His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues :  
 Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat, 75  
 The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,  
 'Till on the borders of the *Maine* he finds  
 Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.  
 Our *British* youth, with in-born freedom bold,  
 Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold, 80  
 Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,  
 (Their maker's image more than half defac'd)  
 Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,  
 To prize their Queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising Sun they take their way  
 Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.  
 When now the *Neckar* on its friendly coast  
 With cooling streams revives the fainting host,  
 That chearfully its labours past forgets,  
 The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

85

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,  
 (Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)  
 Breathing revenge ; whilst anger and disdain  
 Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein :  
 Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far  
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,  
 Whilst here the Vine o'er hills of ruine climbs,  
 Industrious to conceal great *Bourbon*'s crimes.

90

At length the fame of *England*'s heroë drew  
*Eugenio* to the glorious interview.  
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,  
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn ;  
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays  
 They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.  
 Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,  
 Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,  
 Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood  
 Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood ;  
 Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,  
 Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,  
 In hours of peace content to be unknown,  
 And only in the field of battel shown :  
 To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,  
 Heaven dares entrust the cause of human-kind.

100

105

110

*Britannia*'s graceful sons appear in arms,  
 Her harras'd troops the heroë's presence warms,

115

Whilst the high hills and rivers all around  
 With thund'ring peals of *British* shouts resound :  
 Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,  
 Eager for glory, and require the fight.

120

So the staunch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,  
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,  
 The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees :  
 But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,  
 Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away  
 On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

125

The march concludes, the various realms are past,  
 Th' immortal *Schellenberg* appears at last :  
 Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,  
 Like vallies at their feet the trenches lye ;  
 Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,  
 Threat'ning destruction ; rows of hollow brass,  
 Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,  
 Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep :  
 Great *CHURCHILL* owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,  
 His march o'er-paid by such a ~~promis'd~~ fight.

130

135

The western Sun now shot a feeble ray,  
 And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,  
 Ev'ning approach'd ; but oh what hosts of foes  
 Were never to behold that ev'ning close !  
 Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,  
 The close compacted *Britons* win their way ;  
 In vain the cannon their throng'd war deface'd  
 With tracts of death, and laid the battel waste ;  
 Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke  
 Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,  
 'Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,  
 And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

140

145

High on the works the mingling hosts engage ;  
 The battel kindled into tenfold rage  
 With show'rs of bullets and with storms of fire  
 Burns in full fury ; heaps on heaps expire,  
 Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,  
 And lost in one promiscuous carnage lye.

150

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their doom,  
 New to the field, and heroes in the bloom !  
 Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore  
 To march where *Britons* never march'd before,  
 (O fatal love of fame ! O glorious heat  
 Only destructive to the brave and great !)  
 After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,  
 Stretch'd on *Bavarian* ramparts breathe their last.  
 But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,  
 Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear :  
 While MARLBRÔ lives *Britannia*'s stars dispense  
 A friendly light, and shine in innocence.  
 Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed  
 Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed ;  
 Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,  
 And turns the various fortune of the fight.

155

160

165

170

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear  
 To brave the thickest terrors of the war,  
 Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of foes,  
*Britannia*'s safety, and the world's repose ;  
 Let nations anxious for thy life abate  
 This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate :  
 Thou livest not for thy self ; thy Queen demands  
 Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands ;  
 Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,  
 And *Europe*'s destiny depends on thine.

175

180

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,  
 By crowded armies fortify'd in vain ;  
 The war breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,  
 And see their camp with *British* legions fill'd.  
 So *Belgian* mounds bear on their shatter'd sides      185  
 The sea's whole weight encreas'd with swelling tides ;  
 But if the rushing wave a passage finds,  
 Enrage'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,  
 The trembling Peasant sees his country round  
 Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.      190

The few surviving foes disperst in flight,  
 (Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)  
 In ev'ry russling wind the victor hear,  
 And MARLBRÔ's form in ev'ry shadow fear,  
 'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace      195  
 Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To *Donawert*, with unresisted force,  
 The gay victorious army bends its course.  
 The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,  
 Whatever spoils *Bavaria*'s summer yields,  
 (The *Danube*'s great increase) *Britannia* shares,      200  
 The food of armies, and support of wars :  
 With magazines of death, destructive balls,  
 And cannons doom'd to batter *Landau*'s walls,  
 The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,  
 And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.      205

Deluded Prince ! how is thy greatness crost,  
 And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,  
 That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,  
 And made imaginary realms thy own !  
 Thy troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,      210

Shall shortly seek for shelter from the *Rhine*,  
 Nor find it there : Surrounded with alarms,  
 Thou hope'st th' assistance of the *Gallic* arms ;  
 The *Gallic* arms in safety shall advance,  
 And croud thy standards with the power of *France*,  
 While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring *Gaul*  
 Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,  
 Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,  
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,  
 And make the Hero and the Man compleat.  
 Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain  
 By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain ;  
 'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare  
 His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.  
 In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand  
 With sword and fire, and ravages the land,  
 A thousand villages to ashes turns,  
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.  
 To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,  
 And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat ;  
 Their trembling lords the common shade partake,  
 And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake :  
 The list'ning soldier fixt in sorrow stands,  
 Loth to obey his leader's just commands ;  
 The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,  
 To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far  
 In shriller clangors animates the war,  
 Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,  
 And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat :  
*Gallia's* proud standards, to *Bavaria's* join'd,

21

220

225

230

235

240

Unfurl their gilded Lilies in the wind ;  
 The daring Prince his blasted hopes renewes,  
 And while the thick embattled host he views  
 Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,  
 His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

245

The fatal day its mighty course began,  
 That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain :  
 States that their new captivity bemoan'd,  
 Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,  
 Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,  
 And prayers in bitterness of soul prefer'd,  
*Europe's* loud cries, that Providence assail'd,  
 And *ANNA's* ardent vows, at length prevail'd ;  
 The day was come when Heaven design'd to show  
 His care and conduct of the world below.

250

255

Behold in awful march and dread array  
 The long-extended squadrons shape their way !  
 Death, in approaching terrible, imparts  
 An anxious horrour to the bravest hearts ;  
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,  
 And thirst of glory quells the love of life.  
 No vulgar fears can *British* minds controul :  
 Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul  
 O'er-look the foe, advantag'd by his post,  
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host :  
 Tho' fens and floods possest the middle space,  
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass ;  
 Nor fens nor floods can stop *Britannia's* bands,  
 When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

260

265

270

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find  
 To sing the furious troops in battel join'd !

Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound  
 The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,  
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,  
 And all the thunder of the battel rise.

275

'Twas then great MARLBRÔ's mighty soul was prov'd,  
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,  
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war ;  
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,  
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,  
 And taught the doubtful battel where to rage.

280

So when an Angel by divine command  
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
 Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,  
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;  
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
 Rides in the whirl-wind, and directs the storm.

285

But see the haughty houshold-troops advance !  
 The dread of *Europe*, and the pride of *France*.  
 The war's whole art each private soldier knows,  
 And with a Gen'ral's love of conquest glows ;  
 Proudly he marches on, and void of fear  
 Laughs at the shaking of the *British* spear :  
 Vain insolence ! with native freedom brave  
 The meanest *Briton* scorns the highest slave ;  
 Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,  
 Each nation's glory in each warriour burns,  
 Each fights, as in his arm th' important day  
 And all the fate of his great monarch lay :  
 A thousand glorious actions, that might claim  
 Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,  
 Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lye,

295

300

305

And troops of heroes undistinguish'd dye.  
 O *Dormer*, how can I behold thy fate,  
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate !  
 How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,  
 Fall in the cloud of war, and lye unsung !  
 In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,  
 And, fill'd with *England's* glory, smiles in death.

310

The rout begins, the *Gallic* squadrons run,/ 315  
 Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they shun ;  
 Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd  
 Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,  
 Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,  
 Lie in the *Danube's* bloody whirl-pools drown'd.  
 Troops of bold youths, born on the distant *Soane*,  
 Or sounding borders of the rapid *Rhône*,  
 Or where the *Seine* her flow'ry fields divides,  
 Or where the *Loire* through winding vineyards glides ;  
 In heaps the rolling billows sweep away, 320  
 And into *Scythian* seas their bloated corps convey.  
 From *Blenheim's* tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild affright,  
 Beholds the various havock of the fight ;  
 His waving banners, that so oft had stood  
 Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood, 325  
 So wont the guarded enemy to reach,  
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,  
 Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,  
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

325

330

Unfortunate *Tallard* ! Oh who can name 335  
 The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,  
 That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd !  
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,  
 Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,

Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,  
Thy self in bondage by the victor kept !

340

The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.

An *English* Muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,  
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.

Greatly distrest ! thy loud complaints forbear,

345

Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war ;

Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own

The fatal field by such great leaders won,

The field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away

Only the second honours of the day.

350

With floods of gore that from the vanquisht fell  
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.

Mountains of slain lye heap'd upon the ground,  
Or 'midst the roarings of the *Danube* drown'd ;

355

Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains

In painful bondage, and inglorious chains ;

Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,

Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,

Their raging King dishonours, to compleat

MARLBRÔ's great work, and finish the defeat.

360

From *Memminghen*'s high domes, and *Augsburg*'s walls,  
The distant battel drives th' insulting *Gauls*,

Free'd by the terror of the victor's name

The rescu'd states his great protection claim ;

365

Whilst *Ulme* th' approach of her deliverer waits,

And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,  
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines :

If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,

O'er the wide continent his march extends ;

370

If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,  
 Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd ;  
 If to the fight his active soul is bent,  
 The fate of *Europe* turns on its event.

What distant land, what region can afford  
 An action worthy his victorious sword :  
 Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,  
 To make the series of his toils compleat ?

375

Where the swoln *Rhine* rushing with all its force  
 Divides the hostile nations in its course,

380

While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,  
 Enlarr'd or straiten'd as the river flows,  
 On *Gallia*'s side a mighty bulwark stands,  
 That all the wide extended plain commands ;  
 Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd  
 The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side ;  
 As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,  
 Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.

385

Hither our mighty Chief his arms directs,  
 Hence future triumphs from the war expects ;

390

And, tho' the dog-star had its course begun,  
 Carries his arms still nearer to the Sun :  
 Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets

The change of seasons, and increase of heats :

No toils are painful that can danger show,

395

No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own bounds restrain'd,  
 Learns to encamp within his native land,  
 But soon as the victorious host he spies,  
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies :  
 Such dire impressions in his heart remain  
 Of MARLBRÔ's sword, and *Hocstet*'s fatal plain :

400

In vain *Britannia*'s mighty chief besets  
 Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats ;  
 They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,  
 That bears the force of armies in his name.

405

*Austria*'s young monarch, whose imperial sway  
 Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,  
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends  
 That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,  
 Comes from a-far, in gratitude to own  
 The great supporter of his father's throne :  
 What tides of glory to his bosom ran,  
 Clasp'd in th' embraces of the god-like man !  
 How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt  
 To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,  
 Such easie greatness, such a graceful port,  
 So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court !

410

*Achilles* thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,  
 And *Nireus* shone but in the second place ;  
 Thus the great father of Almighty *Rome*  
 (Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom  
 That *Cytherea*'s fragrant breath bestow'd)  
 In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

420

The royal youth by MARLBRÖ's presence charm'd,  
 Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,  
 On *Landau* with redoubled fury falls,  
 Discharges all his thunder on its walls,  
 O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,  
 And learns to conquer in the Hero's sight.

425

The *British* Chief, for mighty toils renown'd,  
 Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,

430

To *Belgian* coasts his tedious march renews,  
 And the long windings of the *Rhine* pursues,  
 Clearing its borders from usurping foes,  
 And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes.

435

*Treves* fears no more, free'd from its dire alarms ;  
 And *Traerbach* feels the terror of his arms,  
 Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,  
 While MARLBRO presses to the bold attack,  
 Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,  
 And shows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.  
 Scar'd at his near approach, great *Louis* fears  
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,  
 Forgets his thirst of universal sway,  
 And scarce can teach his subjects to obey ;  
 His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,  
 Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,  
 The work of ages sunk in One campaign,  
 And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

440

445

450

Such are th' effects of *ANNA*'s royal cares :  
 By her, *Britannia*, great in foreign wars,  
 Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,  
 Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.  
 By her th' unfetter'd *Ister*'s states are free,  
 And taste the sweets of *English* liberty :  
 But who can tell the joys of those that lye  
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye !  
 Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall  
 Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,  
 Secure the happy, succour the distrest,  
 Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.

455

460

Thus wou'd I fain *Britannia*'s wars rehearse,  
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse ;

That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,  
May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.

465

When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,  
Cities and Countries must be taught to speak ;  
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,  
And Rivers from their oozy beds arise ;

470

Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,  
And round the Hero cast a borrow'd blaze.

MARLBRÓ's exploits appear divinely bright,  
And proudly shine in their own native light ;

Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,  
And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most.

475

# C A T O.

A

## TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

BY

His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

*Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo,  
Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ  
compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter  
pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quâm ut spectet Cato-  
nem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas  
publicas erectum. — Sen. de Divin. Prov.*

# Dramatis Personæ.<sup>1</sup>

## MEN.

CATO.

Lucius, *a Senator.*

Sempronius, *a Senator.*

Juba, *Prince of Numidia.*

Syphax, *General of the Numidians.*

Portius, } Sons of Cato.  
Marcus, }

Decius, *Ambassador from Cæsar.*

*Mutineers, Guards, &c.*

## WOMEN.

Marcia, *Daughter to Cato.*

Lucia, *Daughter to Lucius.*

SCENE *a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.*

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<sup>1</sup> In Tickell the names of the characters are followed by the names of the actors who played them at the first performance.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO solus, *sitting in a thoughtful posture: In his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

It must be so — *Plato*, thou reason'st well ! —  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality ?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into nought ? why shrinks the soul  
Back on her self, and startles at destruction ? 5  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;  
'Tis heaven it self, that points out an Hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.  
Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful, thought !  
Through what variety of untry'd being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !  
The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lyes before me ;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.  
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,  
(And that there is all nature cries aloud 15  
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue ;  
And that which he delights in, must be happy.  
But when ! or where ! — This world was made for *Cæsar*.  
I'm weary of conjectures — This must end 'em. 20

*[Laying his hand on his sword.]*

Thus am I doubly arm'd : my death and life,  
My bane and antidote are both before me :  
This in a moment brings me to an end ;

But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

25

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?

This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?

Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with care,

Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,

35

That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,

Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,

An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear

Disturb man's rest: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,

Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

40

## SCENE II.

CATO, PORTIUS.

*Cato.*

But hah! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?  
 Were not my orders that I would be private?  
 Why am I disobey'd?

*Portius.*

Alas, my father!  
 What means this sword? this instrument of death?  
 Let me convey it hence!

45

*Cato.*

Rash youth, forbear!

*Portius.*

O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,  
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

*Cato.*

Would'st thou betray me? would'st thou give me up  
A slave, a captive, into *Cæsar*'s hands?  
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,  
Or know, young man! —

50

*Portius.*

Look not thus sternly on me;  
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

55

*Cato.*

"Tis well! again I'm master of my self.  
Now, *Cæsar*, let thy troops beset our gates,  
And barr each avenue, thy gathering fleets  
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;  
*Cato* shall open to himself a passage,  
And mock thy hopes —

60

*Portius.*

O Sir, forgive your son,  
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!  
How am I sure it is not the last time  
I e'er shall call you so! be not displeased,  
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,  
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you  
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

65

*Cato.*

Thou hast been ever good and dutiful. [*Embracing him.*]  
Weep not, my son. All will be well again.  
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,  
Will succour *Cato*, and preserve his children.

70

*Portius.*

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

*Cato.*

*Portius*, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.  
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.  
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting  
Among thy father's friends ; see them embarked ;  
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.  
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks  
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

75

80

*Portius.*

My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

### SCENE III.

*PORTIUS and MARCIA.*

*Portius.*

O *Marcia*, O my sister, still there's hope !  
Our father will not cast away a life  
So needful to us all, and to his country.  
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish  
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatcht me hence  
With orders, that bespeak a mind composed,  
And studious for the safety of his friends.  
*Marcia*, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

85

*Marcia.*

O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,  
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,  
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul  
With easie dreams ; remember all his virtues !  
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

90

## SCENE IV.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

*Lucia.*Where is your father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

95

*Marcia.**Lucia*, speak low, he is retired to rest.*Lucia*, I feel a gently-dawning hope  
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.*Lucia.*Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,  
In very view, in every thought I tremble !  
*Cato* is stern, and awful as a God,  
He knows not how to wink at humane frailty,  
Or pardon weakness, that he never felt.

100

*Marcia.*Though stern and awful to the foes of *Rome*,  
He is all goodness, *Lucia*, always mild,  
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.  
Fill'd with domestick tenderness, the best,  
The kindest father ! I have ever found him  
Easie, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

105

*Lucia.*

'Tis his consent alone can make us blest.

110

*Marcia*, we both are equally involv'd  
In the same intricate, perplext, distress.  
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd  
Thy brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament —*Marcia.*

And ever shall lament, unhappy youth !

115

*Lucia.*

Has set my soul at large, and now I stand  
 Loose of my Vow. But who knows *Cato*'s thoughts?  
 Who knows how yet he may dispose of *Portius*,  
 Or how he has determin'd of thy self ?

*Marcia.*

Let him but live ! commit the rest to heaven.

120

*Enter LUCIUS.**Lucius.*

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man !  
 O *Marcia*, I have seen thy godlike father :  
 Some power invisible supports his soul,  
 And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.  
 A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him :  
 I saw him stretcht at ease, his fancy lost  
 In pleasing dreams ; as I drew near his couch,  
 He smiled, and cry'd, *Cæsar* thou canst not hurt me.

125

*Marcia.*

His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

*Lucius.*

*Lucia*, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow ?  
 Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe  
 While *Cato* lives — his presence will protect us.

130

*Enter JUBA.**Juba.*

*Lucius*, the horsemen are return'd from viewing  
 The number, strength, and posture of our foes,  
 Who now encamp within a short hour's march.  
 On the high point of yon bright western tower

135

We kenn them from afar, the setting Sun  
 Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,  
 And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

*Lucius.*

*Marcia*, 'tis time we should awake thy father,  
*Cæsar* is still disposed to give us terms,  
 And waits at distance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

140

*Enter PORTIUS.*

*Portius*, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.  
 What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see  
 Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

145

*Portius.*

As I was hastening to the port, where now  
 My father's friends, impatient for a passage,  
 Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arrived  
 From *Pompey*'s son, who through the realms of *Spain*  
 Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,  
 And rouses the whole nation up to arms.  
 Were *Cato* at their head, once more might *Rome*  
 Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.  
 But hear! what means that groan! O give me way,  
 And let me fly into my father's presence.

150

155

*Lucius.*

*Cato*, amidst his slumbers, thinks on *Rome*,  
 And in the wild disorder of his soul  
 Mourns o'er his country. — hah! a second groan! —  
 Heaven guard us all —

*Marcia.*

Alas, 'tis not the voice  
 Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,  
 'Tis death is in that sound —

160

*Re-enter PORTIUS.*

*Portius.*

O sight of woe !  
O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to pass !  
*Cato* is fallen upon his sword —

165

*Lucius.*

O *Portius*, *Lucius*.  
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,  
And let us guess the rest.

*Portius.*

I've raised him up,  
And placed him in his chair, where pale, and faint,  
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,  
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,  
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

170

[*The back Scene opens, and discovers Cato.*

*Marcia.*

O heaven assist me in this dreadful hour  
To pay the last sad duties to my father.

175

*Juba.*

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O *Cesar* !

*Lucius.*

Now is *Rome* fallen indeed ! —

[*Cato brought forward in his chair.*

*Cato.*

Here set me down —  
*Portius* come near me — are my friends embark'd ?  
Can any thing be thought of for their service ?  
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.  
— O *Lucius*, art thou here ? — thou art too good ! —

180

Let this our friendship live between our children ;  
Make *Portius* happy in thy daughter *Lucia*.

Alas poor man, he weeps ! — *Marcia*, my daughter —  
— O bend me forward ! — *Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.

A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* survived,  
Would not have match'd his Daughter with a King,  
But *Cæsar's* arms have thrown down all distinction ;  
Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a *Roman*. —

— I'm sick to death — O when shall I get loose  
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow !

— And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in  
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear

I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search  
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,  
If I have done amiss, impute it not ! —

The best may erre, but you are good, and — oh ! [Dies.]

*Lucius.*

There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd  
A *Roman* breast ; O *Cato* ! O my friend !

Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.

But let us bear this awful corps to *Cæsar*,  
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand  
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath ;  
*Cato*, tho' dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know  
What dire effects from civil discord flow.

'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,  
And gives up *Rome* a prey to *Roman* arms,  
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,  
And robs the Guilty world of *Cato's* life.

185

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195

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205

210

## THE TATLER.

N° 155. *Thursday, April 6. 1710.*

— *Aliena negotia curat*  
*Excessus propriis. — Hor.*

*From my own Apartment, April 5.*

There lived some years since within my neighbourhood a very grave person, an *Upholsterer*, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest Newsmonger in our quarter ; that he rose before day to read the *Post-man* ; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any *Dutch Mails* come in. He had a wife and several children ; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in *Poland* than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King *Augustus*'s welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a Westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruine of his shop ; for about the time that his favourite Prince left the Crown of *Poland*, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard some body at a distance hemming after me: And who should it be but my old neighbour the Upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: For notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great Coat and a Muff, with a long Campaign-whig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black Garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, Whether the last Letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from *Bender*? I told him, None that I heard of; and asked him, Whether he had yet married his eldest daughter? He told me, No. But pray, says he, tell me sincerely, What are your thoughts of the King of *Sweden*? (for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great Monarch.) I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first Heroes of the Age. But pray, says he, do you think there is any thing in the story of his wound? and finding me surprized at the question, Nay, says he, I only propose it to you. I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. But why in the Heel, says he, more than in any other part of the body? Because, says I, the bullet chanced to light there.

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the *North*; and after having spent some time on them, he told me, he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *English-post*, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The *Daily-courant*, says he, has these words, *We have advices from very good hands, that a certain Prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.* This is very

mysterious ; but the *Post-boy* leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us, *That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain Prince, which Time will bring to light.* Now the *Post-man*, says he, who uses to be very clear, refers to the 5 same news in these words ; *The late conduct of a certain Prince affords great matter of speculation.* This certain Prince, says the Upholsterer, whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be —— upon which, though there was no body near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, 10 or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the *Mall*, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the Bench. These I found were all of them Politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. 15 Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief Politician of the bench was a great asserter of Paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from *Muscovy*, it appeared to him 20 that there was a storm gathering in the Black sea, which might in time do hurt to the Naval Forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of *Europe*, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our Woollen Manufacture. He then told us, that he 25 looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in these parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of ; and those, says he, are Prince *Menzikoff*, and the Dutchess of *Mirandola*. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such 30 a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave our selves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born *Englishmen*, whether in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the

Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sate on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the *West-Indies*, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at Sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, [it]<sup>1</sup> must turn to the good of the *Leeward Islands*. Upon this, one who sate at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the Geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of *Europe*, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of *Norway* and *Greenland*, provided the Northern Crowns hold together, and the Czar of *Muscovy* stand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the *Roman Catholic* dominions in *Europe*.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the Upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present Negotiations of peace, in which he deposed Princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of *Europe*, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not been gone thirty yards, before the Upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the Bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him Half-a-Crown. In compassion to so needy a Statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleas'd, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of *Constantinople*; which he very readily accepted, but not before

<sup>1</sup> So S; C and T have "in."

he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of *Europe* now stand.

5 This Paper I design for the particular Benefit of those worthy Citizens who live more in a Coffee-house than in their Shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the Affairs of the Allies, that they forget their Customers.

N° 158. *Thursday, April 13. 1710.*

*Faciunt nœ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligent. — Ter.*

*From my own Apartment, April 12.*

*Tom Folio* is a Broker in learning, employed to get together good Editions, and stock the Libraries of great men. There is not a Sale of books begins till *Tom Folio* is seen at the door.

10 There is not an Auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a Subscription goes forward, in which *Tom* is not privy to the first rough draught of the Proposals; nor a Catalogue printed, that doth

15 not come to him wet from the Press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the Title-page of all Authors, knows the Manuscripts in which they were discovered, the Editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He

20 has a greater esteem for *Aldus* and *Elzevir*, than for *Virgil* and *Horace*. If you talk of *Herodotus*, he breaks out into a Panegyrick upon *Harry Stephens*. He thinks he gives you an account of an Author, when he tells the Subject he treats of, the Name of the Editor, and the Year in which it was printed.

25 Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the Paper, extols the diligence of the Corrector,

and is transported with the beauty of the Letter. This he looks upon to be sound Learning and substantial Criticism. As for those who talk of the Fineness of style, and the Justness of thought, or describe the Brightness of any particular passages ; nay, though they write themselves in the Genius and Spirit of the Author they admire, *Tom* looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

5

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned Idiot, (for that is the light in which I consider every Pedant) when I discovered in him some little touches of the Coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the Republick of Letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations, that he did not *believe* in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain Author upon a passage of *Virgil*'s account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of *Tom*'s pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe

10

*Virgil*, or have any relish of Antiquity. Not to trouble my Reader with it, I found upon the whole, that *Tom* did not believe a future state of Rewards and Punishments, because *Aeneas*, at his leaving the Empire of the dead, passed through the gate of Ivory, and not through that of Horn. Knowing that *Tom* had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that he might avoid wrangling, I told him, that *Virgil* possibly had his oversights as well as another Author. Ah! Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, says he, you would have another opinion of him, if you would read him in *Daniel Heinsius's* Edition. I have perused him my self several times in that Edition, continued he ; and after the strictest and most malicious examination, could find but two faults in him : One of them is in the *Aeneid*, where there are two Comma's instead of a Parenthesis ; and another in the third *Georgick*, where you

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may find a Semicolon turned upside down. Perhaps, said I, these were not *Virgil's* thoughts, but those of the Transcriber.

I do not design it, says *Tom*, as a reflection on *Virgil*: On the contrary, I know that all the Manuscripts *reclaim* against such

5 a Punctuation. Oh! Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, says he, what would a man give to see one Simile of *Virgil* writ in his own hand? I asked him which was the Simile he meant; but was answered, Any Simile in *Virgil*. He then told me all the secret history in the Common-wealth of learning; of modern pieces that 10 had the names of ancient Authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of *Europe*; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burthened with for a Vatican.

15 At length, being fully perswaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of *Tom's* Class who are professed admirers of *Tasso* without understanding a word of *Italian*; and one in particular, that carries a *Pastor-fido* in his pocket, 20 in which I am sure he is acquainted with no other beauty but the Clearness of the character.

There is another kind of Pedant, who, with all *Tom Folio's* impertinencies, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of *Greek* and *Latin*, and is still more insupportable than the 25 other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are Editors, Commentators, Interpreters, Scholiasts, and Criticks; and in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in *Greek*, 30 than upon the Author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage it self not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt upon the most beautiful Poems that have been composed by any of their

Contemporaries ; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound, such trifles of Antiquity as a modern Author would be contemned for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write Volumes upon an idle Sonnet that is originally in *Greek* or *Latin* ; give Editions of the most immoral Authors, and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them, is, that their works sufficiently show they have no taste of their Authors ; and that what they do in this kind, is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

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A Pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of *Boileau*, with which I shall conclude his character :

15

*Un Pédant enyvré de sa vaine science,  
Tout herissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,  
Et qui de mille Auteurs retenus mot pour mot,  
Dans sa tête entassez n'a souvent fait qu'un Sot,  
Croit qu'un Livre fait tout, et que sans Aristote  
La Raison ne voit goute, et le bon Sens radote.*

20

N° 163. Thursday, April 25. 1710.

*Idem inficeto est inficetior rure  
 Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam  
 Äquè est beatus, ac poema cum scribit:  
 Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.  
 Nimurum idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam  
 Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum  
 Possit — Catul. de Suffeno.*

*Will's Coffee-house, April 24.*

I yesterday came hither about two hours before the Company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the Newspapers; but upon my sitting down, I was accosted by *Ned Softly*, who saw me from a corner in the 5 other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, says he, I observe by a late paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinencies, there is nothing which I so much hate as News. I never read a *Gazette* in my life; and 10 never trouble my head about our Armies, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped. Without giving me time to reply, he drew a Paper of Verses out of his pocket, telling me, that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably, and that he would desire my 15 judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us till the Company came in.

*Ned Softly* is a very pretty Poet, and a great admirer of easie lines. *Waller* is his favourite: And as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our *English* 20 Poets, *Ned Softly* has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occasion, to show his reading, and garnish his conversation. *Ned* is indeed a true *English* Reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but

wonderfully pleased with the little *Gothick* ornaments of epigrammatical Conceits, Turns, Points, and Quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our *English* Poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its [natural<sup>1</sup>] 5 beauty and perfection.

Finding my self unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert my self as well as I could with so very odd a Fellow. You must understand, says *Ned*, that the Sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a Lady, who showed me some 10 verses of her own making, and is perhaps the best Poet of our age. But you shall hear it. Upon which he begun to read as follows :

*To Mira, on her incomparable Poems.*

15

I.

*When dress'd in Laurel wreaths you shine,  
And tune your soft melodious notes,  
You seem a Sister of the Nine,  
Or Phœbus self in Petticoats.*

II.

*I fancy, when your Song you sing,  
(Your Song you sing with so much art)  
Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's Wing;  
For ah! it wounds me like his Dart.*

20

Why, says I, this is a little Nosegay of conceits, a very lump of Salt: Every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the Dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an Epigram (for so I think your Criticks call it) as ever entered into the thought of a Poet. Dear Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, says he, shaking me by the hand, every body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, 25 30

<sup>1</sup> So S; C and T have "naturally."

I read over *Roscommon's* translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry* three several times, before I sat down to write the Sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without 5 your approbation.

*When dress'd in Laurel wreaths you shine.*

That is, says he, when you have your Garland on; when you are writing verses. To which I replied, I know your meaning: A Metaphor! The same, said he, and went on:

10 *And tune your soft melodious notes.*

33

Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a Consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon Liquids. Give me your opinion of it. Truly, said I, I think it as good as the former. I am very glad to hear you say so, says he; 15 but mind the next:

*You seem a Sister of the Nine.*

That is, says he, you seem a Sister of the Muses; for if you look into ancient Authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were Nine of them. I remember it very well, said 20 I; but pray proceed.

*Or Phœbus self in Petticoats.*

*Phœbus*, says he, was the God of Poetry. These little instances, Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, show a Gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of Learning, which *Phœbus* and the 25 Muses have given to this first Stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; *in Petticoats!*

*Or Phœbus self in Petticoats.*

Let us now, says I, enter upon the second Stanza. I find the first line is still a continuation of the Metaphor.

30 *I fancy, when your Song you sing.*

It is very right, says he ; but pray observe the turn of words in those two Lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second Line it should be, *Your Song you sing* ; or, *You sing your Song*. You shall hear them both :

5

*I fancy, when your Song you sing,*  
(*Your Song you sing with so much art.*)

OR,

*I fancy, when your Song you sing,*  
(*You sing your Song with so much art.*)

10

Truly, said I, the Turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it. Dear Sir, said he, grasping me by the hand, you have a great deal of patience ; but pray what do you think of the next verse ?

*Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's Wing.*

15

Think ! says I ; I think you have made *Cupid* look like a little Goose. That was my meaning, says he ; I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

*For Ah ! it wounds me like his Dart.*

20

Pray how do you like that *Ah !* Doth it not make a pretty figure in that place ? *Ah !* It looks as if I felt the Dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

*For Ah ! it wounds me like his Dart.*

My friend *Dick Easy*, continued he, assured me, he would rather have written that *Ah !* than to have been the Author of the *Aeneid*. He indeed objected, that I made *Mira*'s Pen like a Quill in one of the lines, and like a Dart in the other. But as to that — Oh ! as to that, says I, it is but supposing *Cupid* to be like a Porcupine, and his Quills and Darts will be the same thing. He was going to embrace me for the hint ;

25

30

but half a dozen Criticks coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the Sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

Nº 249. *Saturday, November 11. 1710.*

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,  
Tendimus. — Virg.*

*From my own Apartment, November 10.*

5 I was last night visited by a friend of mine who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced 10 the following Paradox, That it required much greater talents to fill up and become a Retired life, than a life of Business. Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the Busie men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant Actions. 15 In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, I defie (says he) any of these active persons to produce half the Adventures that this Twelvepenny-piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his Life.

20 My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind; that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable *Resverie*, that had neither Moral nor Design in it, and cannot be so properly called a Dream as a Delirium.

25 Methoughts the Shilling that lay upon the table reared it self upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened

its mouth, and in a soft silver sound gave me the following account of his Life and Adventures :

I was born, says he, on the side of a mountain, near a little village of *Peru*, and made a voyage to *England* in an *Ingots*, under the Convoy of Sir *Francis Drake*. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my *Indian* habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the *British* Mode, with the face of Queen *Elizabeth* on one side, and the Arms of the Country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all the parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an Iron Chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard some body knocking at our Chest, and breaking it open with an Hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his Father lay a dying, was so good as to come to our release : He separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not : As for my self, I was sent to the Apothecary's shop for a pint of Sack. The Apothecary gave me to an Herb-woman, the Herb-woman to a Butcher, the Butcher to a Brewer, and the Brewer to his Wife, who made a present of me to a Non-conformist Preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world ; for, as I told you before, we Shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a Shoulder of Mutton, sometimes a Play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templer at a twelve-peny

Ordinary, or carry him with three friends to *Westminster-Hall*.

In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, 5 who shut me up in a greazy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, That while she kept a Queen *Elizabeth's* Shilling about her, she should never be without Money. I continued here a close Prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty Farthings.

10 I thus rambled from Pocket to Pocket till the beginning of the Civil Wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising Soldiers against the King: For being of a very tempting breadth, a Serjeant made use of me to inveigle Country Fellows, and list them in the service of the 15 Parliament.

As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to take a Shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the Crown, till my Officer chancing 20 one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a Milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her Sweetheart, applying more properly than she intended the usual form of, 25 *To my Love and from my Love*. This ungenerous Gallant marrying her within few days after, pawned me for a dram of Brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat with an hammer, and again set a running.

After many adventures which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young Spendthrift, in company with the Will 30 of his deceased Father. The young Fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the Will: but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair Estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into

such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirred me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the *Usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.*

About a year after the King's return, a poor Cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a Cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the King's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably by that means escaped wearing a monstrous pair of Breeches.

Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a Medal than an ordinary Coin; for which reason a Gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a Counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busie at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our Master, being in a few moments valued at a Crown, a Pound, or a Sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the Cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my Master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a Shilling.

I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal Catastrophe when I fell into the hands of an Artist who conveyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of Sheers cut off my Titles, clipped my Brims, retrenched my Shape, rubbed me to my inmost Ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a Groat. You may think what a confusion I was in to see my self thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some

few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when every body thought our misfortune irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the Furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising 5 out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of Sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the mean time I shall only repeat two Adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of 10 them having ever happened to me above once in my Life. The first was, my being in a Poet's Pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest Burlesque Poem in the *British* Language, entitled from me, *The splendid Shilling*. The second Adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, 15 when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by a mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the Hat among a penyworth of Farthings.

Nº 254. *Thursday, November 23. 1710.*

*Splendide mendax.* — Hor.

*From my own Apartment, November 22.*

There are no Books which I more delight in than in Travels, 20 especially those that describe remote Countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the Authors of this kind, our renowned Country-man Sir *John Mandeville* has distinguished himself by the Copiousness 25 of his Invention, and Greatness of his Genius. The second to Sir *John* I take to have been *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*,

a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the Voyages of these two Great Wits with as much astonishment as the Travels of *Ulysses* in *Homer*, or of the *Red-Cross* Knight in *Spenser*. All is Enchanted Ground, and Fairy Land.

I have got into my hands by great chance several Manuscripts of these two eminent Authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the publick ; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think, the ingenious Authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables : A caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the publick a present of these curious pieces at such times as I shall find my self unprovided with other subjects.

The present Paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir *John's* Journal, in which that learned and worthy Knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short Speeches which he made in the Territories of *Nova Zembla*. I need not inform my Reader, that the Author of *Hudibras* alludes to this strange Quality in that cold Climate, when, speaking of abstracted Notions cloathed in a visible Shape, he adds that apt Simile,

*Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.*

Not to keep my Reader any longer in suspence, the relation put into modern Language is as follows :

We were separated by a storm in the Latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a *Dutch* and a *French* vessel, got safe into a creek of *Nova Zembla*. We landed in order to refit our vessels, and store our selves with provisions. The Crew of each vessel made themselves a Cabin

of Turf and Wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the Inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sate very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air, than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a Seaman, that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

— *Nec vox, nec verba, sequuntur.*

We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our Cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the *English* Tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our Cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet,

to my surprize, I heard some body say, *Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's Crew to go to bed.* This I knew to be the Pilot's voice, and upon recollecting my self, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My Reader will easily imagine how the whole Crew was amazed, to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprize we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the Boatswain, who was a very cholerick fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the Strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on shipboard.

I must not omit the names of several beauties in *Wapping*, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, Dear *Kate!* Pretty Mrs. *Peggy!* When shall I see my *Sue* again? this betrayed several amours which had been concealed till that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to *England*.

When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the *Dutch Cabin*, which lay about a mile further up into the country. My Crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done:

— *Et timide verba intermissa retentat.*

At about half a mile's distance from our Cabin, we heard the groanings of a Bear, which at first startled us; but upon enquiry we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in Salt, having been killed upon that

very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a Fox.

We at length arrived at the little *Dutch* Settlement, and 5 upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of Brandy, and several other unsavoury sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My Valet, who was an *Irishman*, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his Sword ; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it 10 up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after ; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that Language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

15 After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the *French* Cabin, who, to make amends for their three weeks Silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than ever I heard in an Assembly even of that Nation. Their Language, as I found, upon the first giving of 20 the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an Error into which I had before fallen ; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the Sound, it was necessary for it to be [wrapped]<sup>1</sup> up, and, as it were, preserved in breath ; but I found my mistake, when I heard the sound of a Kit playing 25 [a]<sup>2</sup> [minuet]<sup>3</sup> over our heads. I asked the occasion of it ; upon which one of the company told me, that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued ; for, says he, finding our selves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this Musical Instrument about him, to 30 play to us from morning to night ; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our Chagrin, *et tuer le temps.*

<sup>1</sup> So S and C ; T has "wapped."

<sup>2</sup> So S and C ; T has a blank space.

<sup>3</sup> So S ; C has "Minute," T has "minuit."

Here Sir *John* gives very good Philosophical Reasons, why the Kit could be heard during the frost; but as they are something Prolix, I pass over them in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable Author seems, by his Quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient Poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of Historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

# THE SPECTATOR.

Nº 1. *Thursday, March 1. 1711.*

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat. Hor.*

I have observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a batchelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an Author.  
5 To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this Paper and my next as Prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several Persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief  
10 trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do my self the justice to open the work with my own History.

I was born to a small Hereditary Estate, which, according to the tradition of the Village where it lies, was bounded by  
15 the same hedges and ditches in *William the Conqueror's* time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from Father to Son~~whole~~ and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my Mother was  
20 gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a Judge: Whether this might proceed from a Law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my Father's being a Justice of the Peace, I cannot determine;

for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my Mother's dream : For, as she has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my Coral till they had taken away the Bells from it. 5

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my Schoolmaster, who used to say, *that my parts were solid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished my self by a most profound Silence ; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the publick exercises of the College, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words ; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this Learned body, I applied my self with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the learned or modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with. 10 15 20

Upon the death of my Father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University, with the character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but shew it. An insatiable thirst after Knowledge carried me into all the countries of *Europe* in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen ; nay to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the Antiquities of *Egypt*, I made a voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpose to take the measure of a Pyramid : and as soon as I had set my self right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction. 25 30

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most publick places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next Paper shall give a more particular account.

5 There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of Politicians at *Will's*, and listning with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoak a pipe at *Child's*, and whilst I  
10 seem attentive to nothing but the *Post-Man*, over-hear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on *Sunday* nights at St. *James's* Coffee-house, and sometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the  
15 *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, and in the Theatres both of *Drury-Lane* and the *Hay-Market*. I have been taken for a Merchant upon the *Exchange* for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a *Jew* in the assembly of Stock-jobbers at *Jonathan's*:  
20 In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own Club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a SPECTATOR of mankind, than as one of the species; by which means I have made my self a speculative Statesman, Soldier, Merchant and Artizan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am  
25 very well versed in the theory of a Husband or a Father, and can discern the errors in the oeconomy, business and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence,  
30 and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare my self by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a Looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my History and Character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity ; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print my self out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a Silent man. For this reason therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries ; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper ; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to my self, at least for some time : I mean, an account of my Name, my Age, and my Lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable ; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the publick. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in publick places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me ; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my Complexion and Dress as very great secrets ; though it is not impossible, but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon my self, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those Gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other 5 matters of importance are) in a Club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their Letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. Buckley's in *Little Britain*. For I must further acquaint the Reader, that though our Club meets 10 only on *Tuesdays* and *Thursdays*, we have appointed a Committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the publick weal.

N° 2. *Friday, March 2. [1711.]*

— *Asi alii sex*  
*Et plures uno conclamant ore. Juv.*

The first of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worcestershire*, of 15 antient descent, a Baronet, his name Sir ROGER DE COVERLY. His Great Grand-father was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that Shire, are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the 20 world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know 25 him. When he is in town, he lives in *Soho-Square*. It is said, he keeps himself a Bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him.

Before this disappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord *Rochester* and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a Duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully *Dawson* in a publick Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir ROGER grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with Beggars and Gypsies: But this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty sixth year, cheerful, gay and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed: His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir ROGER is a Justice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the Chair at a Quarter-Session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game-act.

The Gentleman next in esteem and authority among us, is another Bachelor, who is a member of the *Inner-Temple*; a man of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome Father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those

of the Stage. *Aristotle* and *Longinus* are much better understood by him than *Littleton* or *Coke*. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leases, and Tenures, in the neighbourhood ; all which Questions 5 he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, but not one case in the 10 Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable : As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. 15 His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in ; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Antients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent Critick, 20 and the time of the Play is his hour of business ; exactly at five he passes through *New-Inn*, crosses through *Russel-Court*, and takes a turn at *Will's* till the Play begins ; he has his Shooes rubbed and his Periwig powdered at the Barber's as you go into the *Rose*. It is for the good of the Audience 25 when he is at Play, for the Actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration, is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great eminence in the City of *London* : A person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great 30 Experience. His notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its parts, and will tell you it is a stupid and

barbarous way to extend Dominion by arms ; for true Power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if This part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation ; and if Another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, “A peny saved is a peny got.” A general Trader of good sense, is pleasanter company than a general Scholar ; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that Wit would in another man.

He has made his fortunes himself ; and says that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men ; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir ANDREW in the Club-room sits Captain SENTRY, a Gentleman of great courage, and understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a Captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges ; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the

same end with himself, the favour of a Commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse Generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or enquiring into it: For, says he, that Great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to

5 break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: Therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his Patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He

10 says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has

15 furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

20 But that our Society may not appear a set of Humourists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant WILL. HONEYCOMB, a Gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always

25 had a very easie fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers

30 habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the *French* King's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by

such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to shew her foot  
made that part of the dress so short in such a year: In a  
word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the  
female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you  
what such a Minister said upon such and such an occasion, he  
will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court,  
such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him  
at the head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all these important  
relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind  
glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated Beauty, Mother  
of the present Lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young  
Commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up,  
“He has good blood in his veins, *Tom Mirabell* begot him,  
“the rogue cheated me in that affair, that young fellow’s  
“Mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever  
made advances to.” This way of talking of his very much  
enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn;  
and I find there is not one of the company, but my self, who  
rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man  
who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude  
his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest  
worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next  
to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but sel-  
dom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoy-  
ment of himself. He is a CLERGYMAN, a very philosophick  
man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most  
exact breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak  
constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares  
and business as preferments in his function would oblige him  
to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-counsellor  
is among Lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integ-  
rity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud  
advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks

upon ; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topick, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the 5 object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.\*

N° 5. *Tuesday, March 6. [1711.]*

*Spectatum admissi risum teneatis? — Hor.*

An Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratifie the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common 10 sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the Wits of King *Charles's* time have laughed to have seen *Nicolini* exposed to a tempest in robes of Ermin, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of Paste-board? 15 What a field of raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wild-fire, enchanted chariots drawn by *Flanders* mares, and real Cascades in artificial land-skips? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed 20 together in the same piece ; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature, should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champian country filled with

[\* “ Though this paper in former Editions is not marked with any Letter of the word CLIO, by which Mr. ADDISON distinguished his performances; it was thought necessary to insert it, as containing characters of the several persons mentioned in the whole course of this work.” — Tickell.]

herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said, to the Directors, as well as to the Admirers of our modern Opera. 5

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary Fellow carrying a Cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with my self what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his shoulder, he told him, that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera. Sparrows for the Opera, says his friend, licking his lips, what are they to be roasted? No, no, says the other, they are to enter towards the end of the first Act, and to fly about the stage. 15

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived the Sparrows were to act the part of singing birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer enquiry I found the Sparrows put the same trick upon the audience, that Sir *Martin Mar-all* practised upon his Mistress; for though they flew in sight, the musick proceeded from a consort of Flageolets and Bird-calls which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found by the discourse of the Actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the Opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprize the audience with a party of an hundred horse, and that there was actually a project of bringing the *New-River* into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is post-poned 'till the summer-season; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of Quality. In the 20 25 30

mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter-season, the Opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fireworks ; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much  
5 danger of being burnt ; for there are several Engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this Theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to *insure* his house before he would let  
10 this Opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those scenes should be very surprizing, which were contrived by two Poets of different nations, and raised by two Magicians of different sexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the argument) was an *Amazonian* Enchantress,  
15 and poor Signior *Cassani* (as we learn from the *Persons represented*) a Christian Conjurer (*Mago Christiano*.) I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an *Amazon* should be versed in the Black art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the Magician, should deal with  
20 the Devil.

To consider the Poets after the Conjurers, I shall give you a taste of the *Italian* from the first lines of his preface. *Eccoti, benigno Lettore, un Parto di poche Sere, che se ben nato di Notte, non è però aborto di Tenebre, mà si farà conoscere Figliolo d'Apollo con qualche Raggio di Parnasse.* Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make it self known to be the Son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus. He afterwards proceeds to call Minheer  
25  
30 *Hendel* the *Orpheus* of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of stile, that he composed this Opera in a fortnight. Such are the Wits, to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform our selves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern *Italians* express themselves in such a florid

form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but Pedants in our own country ; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of before they have been two years at the University. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations ; but to shew there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old *Italians*, such as *Cicero* and *Virgil*, we shall find that the *English* writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those Authors much more than the modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the Poet himself, from whom the dreams of this Opera are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur *Boileau*, that one verse in *Virgil* is worth all the *Clinguant* or Tinsel of *Tasso*.

But to return to the Sparrows ; there have been so many flights of them let loose in this Opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them ; and that in other Plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, so as to be seen flying in a Lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a King's throne ; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an Opera the story of *Whittington* and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of Mice ; but Mr. *Rich*, the Proprietor of the Play-house, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the Cat to kill them all, and that consequently the Princes of the stage might be as much infested with Mice, as the Prince of the Island was before the Cat's arrival upon it ; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him : for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our Opera pretend to equal the famous Pied Piper, who made all the Mice of a great town in *Germany* follow his

musick, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot with *London and Wise* (who 5 will be appointed gardeners of the Play-house) to furnish the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* with an orange-grove; and that the next time it is acted, the singing birds will be personated by Tom-tits: The Undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the 10 audience.

N° 7. *Thursday, March 8. [1711.]*

*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, Sagas,  
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides? Hor.*

Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid 15 portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sate down but, after having looked upon me a little while, *My dear,* 20 (says she, turning to her husband) *you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.* Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on *Thursday.* *Thursday?* (says she) *no child if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day: tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.* I was reflecting with my self on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule to lose a day in every week. In the midst of 25

these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my Knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way ; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank ; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider my self, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The Lady however recovering her self, after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh, *My Dear, Misfortunes never come single.* My friend, I found, acted but an under-part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his Yoke-fellow : *Do not you remember, Child, (says she) that the Pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table ? Yes, (says he) My Dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.* The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity ; when, to my utter confusion, the Lady seeing me quitting my Knife and Fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditional superstitition in it ; and therefore, in obedience to the Lady of the house, I disposed of my Knife and Fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the Lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound

contemplation of the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind ; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for  
5 it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a Star spoil a night's rest ; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a *Merry-thought*. A Screech-owl at midnight  
10 has alarmed a family more than a band of Robbers ; nay, the voice of a Cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a Lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognosticks. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up  
15 into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panick terror into several who were present, insomuch  
20 that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the room ; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born.  
25 Had not my friend found this expedient to break the Omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the Vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden Aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated *Sibyls*, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing Apparitions, and hearing Death-watches ; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog, that

howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life ; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the Soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless Prodigies and Predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise-men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of Philosophy ; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of Superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my Soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to my self the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my Existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend my self to his care ; when I awake, I give my self up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it ; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

Nº 10. *Monday, March 12. [1711.]*

*Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum  
Remigiis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,  
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.* Virg.

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning Lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My Publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand 5 of them distributed every day: So that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand Disciples in *London* and *Westminster*, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their 10 ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to my self so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my readers may, if 15 possible, both ways find their account in the Speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short transient intermitting starts of thoughts, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of Vice and 20 Folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of *Socrates*, that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of Closets and Libraries, 25 Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Assemblies, at Tea-tables and in Coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my Speculations to all well-regulated families, that set

apart an hour in every morning for Tea and Bread and Butter ; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the Tea equipage.

SIR *Francis Bacon* observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like *Moses's* Serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the *Egyptians*. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other publick prints will vanish; But shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether, Is it not much better to be let into the knowledge of ones self, than to hear what passes in *Muscovy* or *Poland*; and to amuse our selves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcileable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those Gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it ; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this Class of men are comprehended all contemplative Tradesmen, titular Physicians, Fellows of the Royal-society, Templers that are not given to be contentious, and Statesmen that are out of business ; in short, every one that considers the world as a Theatre, and desires to form a right judgement of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurnished with Ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met

with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve a clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of 5 the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the *Dutch* Mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their 10 chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful, 15 than to the Female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the Fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are Women, than as they are Reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex 20 than to the Species. The Toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of Ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a Mercer's or a Toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them 25 unfit for any thing else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of Jellies and Sweet-meats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, 30 that move in an exalted sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their Male-beholders. I hope to encrease the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to

make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my Female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those Imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those Virtues which are the embellishments of the Sex. In the mean while I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

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I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige my self to furnish every day: But to make them easie in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart Genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

## N° 26. Friday, March 30. [1711.]

*Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
 Regumque turres, O beate Sexti.  
 Vite summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam :  
 Jam te premet nox, fabulaque manes,  
 Et domus exilis Plutonia — Hor.*

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in *Westminster* Abby; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lye in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the Church-yard, the Cloysters, and the Church, amusing my self with the Tombstones and Inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: The whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these Registers of existence, whether of Brass or Marble, as a kind of Satyr upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battels of Heroic Poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

*Γλαῦκον τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχον τε.* Hom.

*Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.* Virg.

The life of these men is finely described in Holy Writ by *the Path of an Arrow*, which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the Church, I entertained my self with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of an humane body. Upon this, I began to consider with my self what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Priests and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old-age, weakness and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

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After having thus surveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were, in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the Monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabrick. Some of them were covered with such extravagant Epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in *Greek* or *Hebrew*, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were Poets who had no Monuments, and Monuments which had no Poets. I observed indeed that the present War had filled the Church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of *Blenheim*, or in the bosom of the Ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern Epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression, and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a Foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a Nation, from the

turn of their publick monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir *Cloudesly Shovel's* monument has very often given me great offence : Instead of the 5 brave rough *English* Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his Tomb by the figure of a Beau, dressed in a long Perriwig, and reposing himself upon Velvet Cushions under a Canopy of State. The Inscription is answerable to the Monument ; for 10 instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of 15 antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the publick expence, represent them like themselves ; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with 20 beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our *English* Kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark 25 and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations ; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy ; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means 30 I can improve my self with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the Great, every emotion of envy dies in me ; when I read the epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of Parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts

with compassion; when I see the tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: When I see Kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

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Nº 34. *Monday, April 9. [1711.]*

— *parcit*  
*Cognatis maculis similis fera* — Juv.

The Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind: By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great City, but of the whole Kingdom. My readers too have the satisfaction to find, that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this Club, and that there is always some body present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

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I last night sate very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my Speculations, as also with

the various success, which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. WILL. HONEYCOMB told me, in the softest manner he could, That there were some Ladies (but for your comfort, says WILL, they are not those of the most wit)

5 that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the Opera and the Puppet-show ; That some of them were likewise very much surprized, that I should think such serious points as the Dress and Equipage of persons of Quality, proper subjects for raillery.

10 He was going on, when Sir ANDREW FREEPORT took him up short and told him, That the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their Wives and Daughters were the better for them : And further added, That the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring 15 my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular Intrigues and Cuckoldoms. In short, says Sir ANDREW, if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon Aldermen and Citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury 20 of Courts, your paper must needs be of general use.

Upon this my friend the TEMPLER told Sir ANDREW, That he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner ; that the City had always been the province for Satyr ; and that the Wits of King *Charles*'s time jested upon nothing else during 25 his whole reign. He then shewed, by the examples of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Boileau*, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the Stage and Court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. But after all, says he, I think your raillery 30 has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the Inns of Court ; and I do not believe you can shew me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.

My good friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a Pish ! and told us,

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That he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. Let our good friend, says he, attack every one that deserves it: I would only advise you, Mr. SPECTATOR, applying himself to me, to take care how you meddle with Country Squires: They are the ornaments of the *English* nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention Fox-hunters with so little respect.

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Captain SENTRY spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the Army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

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By this time I found every subject of my Speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the Club; and began to think my self in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

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While I was thus musing with my self, my worthy friend the CLERGYMAN, who, very luckily for me, was at the Club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: That it was not Quality, but Innocence, which exempted men from reproof: That Vice and Folly ought to be attacked where-ever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, That my Paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the publick, by reprehending those Vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the Law, and too fantastical for the

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cognizance of the Pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with clearfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom 5 they are bestowed.

The whole Club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this Gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenious manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of Argument and force of Reason which 10 he makes use of. WILL. HONEYCOMB immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the Ladies. Sir ANDREW gave up the City with the same frankness. The TEMPLER would not stand out; and was followed 15 by Sir ROGER and the CAPTAIN: who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put 20 me in mind of that which the *Roman* Triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription: And at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a 25 very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of Virtue and good Sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found: I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be 30 made to me on this account. If *Punch* grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: If the Stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in City, Court, or Country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use

my utmost [endeavours]<sup>1</sup> to make an example of it. I must however intreat every particular person, who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: For I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.

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N<sup>o</sup> 37. *Thursday, April 12. [1711.]*

— *Non illa colo calathisive Minerva  
Fæmineas assueta manus.* — Virg.

Some months ago, my friend Sir ROGER being in the country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I shall here call by the name of *Leonora*, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her Lady's Library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great curiosity to see it; and, as it was some time before the Lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the *Folio's* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble piece of [Architecture<sup>2</sup>]. The *Quarto's* were separated from the *Octavo's* by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful Pyramid. The *Octavo's* were bounded by Tea-dishes of all shapes, colours and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued

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<sup>1</sup> So S and C; T has "endavours."

<sup>2</sup> So S and C; T has "Artchitecture."

Pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the Library which was designed for the reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other loose papers, was enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkies, Mandarines, Trees, Shells, and a thousand other odd figures in *China* ware. In the midst of the room was a little Japan table, with a quire of gilt Paper upon it, and on the Paper a silver Snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the numbers, like Fagots in the muster of a Regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable to both the Lady and the Scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy my self in a Grotto, or in a Library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the Lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the Authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow.

*Ogleby's Virgil.*

*Dryden's Juvenal.*

25 *Cassandra.*

*Cleopatra.*

*Astraea.*

*Sir Isaac Newton's works.*

*The Grand Cyrus*; with a Pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

30 *Pembroke's Arcadia.*

*Lock of human understanding*; with a paper of Patches in it.

*A Spelling-book.*

*A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.*

*Sherlock upon Death.*

The fifteen comforts of Matrimony.  
 Sir *William Temple's* Essays.  
 Father *Malbranche's* search after Truth, translated into *English*.  
 A book of Novels.  
 The Academy of Compliments. 5  
*Culpepper's* Midwifery.  
 The Ladies Calling.  
 Tales in verse by Mr. *Durfey*: Bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.  
 All the Classick Authors in wood. 10  
 A set of *Elzivirs* by the same hand.  
*Clelia*: Which opened of it self in the place that describes two Lovers in a Bower.  
*Baker's Chronicle*.  
 Advice to a Daughter. 15  
 The new *Atalantis*, with a Key to it.  
*Mr. Steele's Christian Heroe*.  
 A Prayer book: With a bottle of *Hungary* water by the side of it.  
 Dr. *Sacheverell's* Speech. 20  
*Fielding's Tryal*.  
*Seneca's Morals*.  
*Taylor's holy Living and Dying*.  
*La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances*.

I was taking a Catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and 25  
 several other Authors, when *Leonora* entred, and upon my presenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir ROGER was in good health: I answered *Yes*, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

*Leonora* was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her Estate to 30 35

my good friend Sir ROGER. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of Lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, *Leonora* has turned all the passions of her Sex, into a love of books and retirement.

5 She converses chiefly with men, (as she has often said her self) but it is only in their writings ; and admits of very few male-visitants, except my friend Sir ROGER, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular

10 turn of thinking, and discovers it self even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir ROGER has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from *London*, and looks like a little enchanted Palace.

15 The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes covered with wood-bines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of Turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected

20 into a beautiful Lake, that is inhabited by a couple of Swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of *The purling Stream*. The Knight likewise tells me, that this Lady preserves her game better than any of the Gentlemen in the

25 country, not (says Sir ROGER) that she sets so great a value upon her Partridges and Pheasants, as upon her Larks and Nightingales. For she says that every bird which is killed in her ground, will spoil a consort, and that she shall certanly miss him the next year.

30 When I think how odly this Lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to her self, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her Sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable,

though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectifie the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination? 5

But the manner of a Lady's employing her self usefully in reading shall be the subject of another Paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the Sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it. 10

Nº 39. *Saturday, April 14. [1711.]*

*Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,  
Cum scribo — Hor.*

As a perfect Tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. A virtuous man (says *Seneca*) strugling with misfortunes, is such a spectacle as Gods might look upon with pleasure: And such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written Tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They 15 cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, sooth affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence. 20

It is no wonder therefore that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the *Drama* has met with publick encouragement. 25

The modern Tragedy excels that of *Greece* and *Rome*, in the intricacy and disposition of the Fable; but, what a Christian

writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

5 This I may shew more at large hereafter ; and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the *English* Tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

Aristotle observes, that the *Iambick* verse in the *Greek* tongue was the most proper for Tragedy : because at the 10 same time that it lifted up the discourse from Prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of Verse. For, says he, we may observe that men in ordinary discourse very often speak *Iambicks*, without taking notice of it. We may make the same observation of our *English* 15 Blank verse, which often enters into our common discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due medium between Rhyme and Prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to Tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a Play in Rhyme ; which is as absurd in *English*, as a 20 Tragedy of *Hexameters* would have been in *Greek* or *Latin*. The Solœcism is, I think, still greater, in those Plays that have some Scenes in Rhyme and some in Blank verse, which are to be looked upon as two several languages ; or where we see some particular Similes dignified with Rhyme, at 25 the same time that every thing about them lyes in Blank verse. I would not however debar the Poet from concluding his Tragedy, or, if he pleases, every Act of it, with two or three Couplets, which may have the same effect as an Air in the *Italian* Opera after a long *Recitativo*, and give the Actor 30 a graceful *Exit*. Besides, that we see a diversity of numbers in some parts of the Old Tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason I do not dislike the speeches in our *English* Tragedy that close with an *Hemistick*, or half

verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a new verse, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauses and breakings-off in the middle of a verse, when they humour any Passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe that our *English* Poets have succeeded much better in the Stile, than in the Sentiments of their Tragedies. Their language is very often noble and sonorous, but the sense either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient Tragedies, and indeed in those of *Corneille* and *Racine*, though the expressions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression. Whether this defect in our Tragedies may rise from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectifie the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain *English*, before he turned it into blank verse; and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked thought of every speech in it, when divested of all its Tragick ornaments; by this means, without being imposed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of eloquence, or shew it self in such a variety of lights as are generally made use of by the writers of our *English* Tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which

they are cloathed. *Shakespear* is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine observation in *Aristotle* to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. The expression, says he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for these, (namely the opinions, manners and passions) are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases, and elaborate expressions. *Horace*, who copied most of his criticisms after *Aristotle*, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verses:

*Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.  
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,  
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,  
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelā.*

15

*Tragædians too lay by their state, to grieve.  
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,  
Forget their swelling and gigantick words.*

Ld. ROSCOMMON.

Among our modern *English Poets*, there is none who was better turned for Tragedy than *Lee*; if instead of favouring the impetuosity of his genius, he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to Tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words, that it is hard to see the beauty of them: There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoak, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the Tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his efforts, and eases the stile of those Epithets and Metaphors, in which he so much abounds. What can be more natural, more soft, or more passionate, than that line in *Statira's* speech, where she describes the charms of *Alexander's* conversation?

*Then he would talk: Good Gods! how he would talk!*

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the description of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words, that outshines the utmost pride of expression.

Otway has followed Nature in the language of his Tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts, more than any of our *English Poets*. As there is something familiar and domes-  
5 tick in the fable of his Tragedy, more than in those of any other Poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expressions. For which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his Tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phrase in those parts, which, by Aristotle's rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this Poet has founded his Tragedy of *Venice Preserved* on so wrong a Plot, that the greatest characters in it are those of rebels and traitors. Had the Heroe of his Play discovered the same good qualities in the defence of his country, that he shewed for its ruine and subversion, the audience could not enough pity and admire him: But as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the *Roman Historian* says of *Catiline*, that his fall would have been glorious (*si pro patriâ sic concidisset*) had he so fallen in the service of his country.

N° 40. Monday, April 16. [1711.]

*Ac ne forte putas me, quæ facere ipse recusem,  
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne;  
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur  
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,  
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,  
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis. Hor.*

The English writers of Tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the Ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of Tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the Tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort our selves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of Tragedy treated men in their Plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy, and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which

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they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience  
the most agreeable manner. *Aristotle* considers the Tragedies  
that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that  
those which ended unhappily, had always pleased the people,  
and carried away the prize in the publick disputes of the stage,  
from those that ended happily. Terror and commiseration leave  
a pleasing anguish in the mind ; and fix the audience in such  
a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and  
delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction.  
Accordingly, we find, that more of our *English* Tragedies have  
succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under  
their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves  
out of them. The best Plays of this kind are the *Orphan*,  
*Venice preserved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodosius*, *All for Love*,  
*Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable  
Tragedy of the same kind, as *Shakespear* wrote it ; but as it  
is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical jus-  
tice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the  
same time I must allow, that there are very noble Tragedies,  
which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended  
happily ; as indeed most of the good Tragedies, which have  
been written since the starting of the above-mentioned criti-  
cism, have taken this turn : as the *Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane*,  
*Ulysses*, *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, with most of Mr. *Dryden*'s.  
I must also allow, that many of *Shakespear*'s, and several of  
the celebrated Tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same  
form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing  
Tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as  
the only method ; and by that means would very much cramp  
the *English* Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the  
genius of our writers.

The Tragi-comedy, which is the product of the *English*  
Theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever  
entered into a Poet's thoughts. An Author might as well

think of weaving the adventures of *Aeneas* and *Hudibras* into one Poem, as of writing such a motly piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

5 The same objections which are made to Tragi-comedy, may in some measure be applied to all Tragedies that have a double Plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the *English* Stage, than upon any other: For though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be not changed  
10 into another passion, as in Tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed,  
15 by the skilful choice of an Under-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same Catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned  
20 among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties of our *English* Tragedy: I mean those particular Speeches which are commonly known by the name of *Rants*. The warm and passionate parts of a Tragedy, are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the Players  
25 pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the Tragedy which the Author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen *Powell* very often raise himself a loud clap by this artifice. The Poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given  
30 frequent occasion for such emotions in the Actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of our Heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments, as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness

of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the Gods, frequently pass upon the audience for tow'ring thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our Tragick writers may make an ill use of. As our Heroes are generally Lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the Stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The Ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting Kings or affronting the Gods, in one Scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his Mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the Fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite of the boxes. *Dryden* and *Lee*, in several of their Tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But to shew how a *Rant* pleases beyond the most just and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would desire the Reader, when he sees the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, to observe how quietly the Hero is dismissed at the end of the third Act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compassion.

*To you, good Gods, I make my last appeal,  
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.  
If in the maze of Fate I blindly run,  
And backward trod those paths I sought to shun ;  
Impute my errors to your own decree :  
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.*

Let us then observe with what thunder-claps of applause he leaves the Stage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth Act; and you will wonder to see an audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time.

*O that as oft I have at Athens seen*

[Where, by the way, there was no Stage till many years after *Oedipus*.]

*The Stage arise, and the big clouds descend;*

*So now in very deed, I might behold*

*This pond'rous Globe, and all yon marble roof,*

*Meet like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind,  
For all the Elements, &c.*

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

Having spoken of Mr. Powell, as sometimes raising himself applause from the ill taste of an audience; I must do him the justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a Tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the admiration of the best judges; as I doubt not but he will in the Conquest of Mexico, which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night.

N° 50. Friday, April 27. [1711.]

*Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit. Juv.*

When the four *Indian* Kings were in this country about a twelve-month ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many enquiries of their Landlord the Upholsterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The Upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his Lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by King *Sa Ga*

*Yean Qua Rash Tow*, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of Kings made during their stay in the Isle of *Great Britain*. I shall present my reader with a short Specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of *London* are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of St. *Paul*.

“On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am King. Our good Brother *E Tow O Koam*, King of the *Rivers*, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The Kings of *Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it was created with the Earth, and produced on the same day with the Sun and Moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious Pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first an huge mis-shapen rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, till they had wrought in it all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the out-side of it, which is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out into Pillars, that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people, for they give it the name of a Temple, and have a tradition that it was

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“designed for men to pay their devotion in. And indeed, there  
“are several reasons which make us think, that the natives of  
“this country had formerly among them some sort of worship ;  
“for they set apart every seventh day as sacred : but upon my  
5 “going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not  
“observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour :  
| “there was indeed a man in black who was mounted above the  
| “rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehe-  
| “mence ; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying  
10 “their worship to the Deity of the place, they were most of  
“them bowing and curtesying to one another, and a consider-  
“able number of them fast asleep.

“The Queen of the country appointed two men to attend  
“us, that had enough of our language to make themselves  
15 “understood in some few particulars. But we soon per-  
“ceived these two were great enemies to one another, and  
“did not always agree in the same story. We could make a  
“shift to gather out of one of them, that this Island was very  
“much infested with a monstrous kind of Animals, in the  
20 “shape of men, called *Whigs* ; and he often told us, that he  
“hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for  
“that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for  
“being Kings.

“Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of  
25 “Animal called a *Tory*, that was as great a monster as the  
“*Whig*, and would treat us as ill for being Foreigners. These  
“two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to  
“one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the  
“Elephant and the Rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either  
30 “of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived  
“us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an  
“account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

“These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the  
“discourse of our interpreters ; which we put together as well

“as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among our selves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works; but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms by a couple of Porters, who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them, which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

“We were invited to one of their publick diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a Stag or pitching a Bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them; but instead of that, they conveyed us into an huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sate still above three hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

“As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like Angels, and would be more beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little

“blemishes wear off very soon ; but when they disappear in  
“one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in  
“another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the fore-  
“head in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the  
5 “morning.

The Author then proceeds to shew the absurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious observations, which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking notice, that amidst these wild  
10 remarks, there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking, which we meet with in this abstract of the *Indian Journal* ; when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble  
15 those of our own.

N° 70. *Monday, May 21. [1711.]*

*Interdum vulgus rectum videt. Hor.*

When I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries  
20 through which I passed ; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratifie the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures ;  
25 and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongst Readers of all qualities and conditions. *Moliere*, as we are told by Monsieur *Boileau*, used to read all his Comedies to an old woman who was his House-keeper, as she sate with him at

her work by the chimney-corner ; and could foretel the success of his Play in the Theatre, from the reception it met at his fire-side : for he tells us the Audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothick manner in writing, than this ; the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful Authors and writers of Epigram. *Homer, Virgil, or Milton*, so far as the Language of their Poems is understood, will please a Reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial*, or a Poem of *Cowley* : So, on the contrary, an ordinary Song or Ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such Readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation of Ignorance ; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of Nature which recommend it to the most ordinary Reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old Song of *Chevy-Chase* is the favourite Ballad of the common people of *England*, and *Ben. Johnson* used to say he had rather have been the Author of it than of all his works. Sir *Philip Sidney* in his discourse of Poetry speaks of it in the following words ; *I never heard the old Song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a Trumpet ; and yet it is sung by some blind Crowder with no rougher voice than rude stile ; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar ?* For my own part I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated Song, that I shall give my Reader a Critick upon it, without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern Criticks have laid it down as a rule, That an heroick Poem should be founded upon some important

precept of Morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the Poet writes. *Homer* and *Virgil* have formed their plans in this view. As *Greece* was a collection of many Governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and 5 gave the *Persian* Emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, *Homer*, in order to establish among them an union, which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his Poem upon the discords of the several *Grecian* Princes who 10 were engaged in a confederacy against an *Asiatick* Prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords. At the time the Poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the Barons, who were then so many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled 15 among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country: The Poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battel and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an *English* and *Scotch* 20 Nobleman: That he designed this for the instruction of his Poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern Tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his Readers.

25                   *God save the King, and bless the land  
In plenty, joy, and peace;  
And grant henceforth that foul debate  
'Twixt Noblemen may cease.*

The next point observed by the greatest heroic Poets, hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honour 30 to their country: Thus *Virgil's* Hero was the Founder of *Rome*, *Homer's* a Prince of *Greece*; and for this reason *Vale-rius Flaccus* and *Statius*, who were both *Romans*, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the *Golden*

*Fleece* and the wars of *Thebes*, for the subjects of their Epic writings.

The Poet before us, has not only found out an Hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The *English* are the first who take the field, and the last who quit it. The *English* bring only fifteen hundred to the battel, and the *Scotch* two thousand. The *English* keep the field with fifty three: the *Scotch* retire with fifty five: all the rest on each side being slain in battel. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind, is the different manner in which the *Scotch* and *English* Kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great mens deaths who commanded in it.

*This news was brought to Edinburgh,*  
*Where Scotland's King did reign,*  
*That brave Earl Douglas suddenly*  
*Was with an arrow slain.*

*Oh heavy news, King James did say,*  
*Scotland can witness be,*  
*I have not any Captain more*  
*Of such account as he.*

*Like tidings to King Henry came*  
*Within as short a space,*  
*That Piercy of Northumberland*  
*Was slain in Chevy-Chase.*

*Now God be with him, said our King,*  
*Sith 'twill no better be,*  
*I trust I have within my Realm*  
*Five hundred as good as he.*

*Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say*  
*But I will vengeance take,*  
*And be revenged on them all*  
*For brave Lord Piercy's sake.*

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*This Vow full well the King perform'd  
 After on Humble-down,  
 In one day fifty Knights were slain,  
 With Lords of great renown.*

5 *And of the rest of small account  
 Did many thousands dye, &c.*

At the same time that our Poet shews a laudable partiality to his Country-men, he represents the *Scots* after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

10 *Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
 Most like a Baron bold,  
 Rode foremost of the company,  
 Whose armour shone like Gold.*

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an Hero.  
 15 One of us two, says he, must dye: I am an Earl as well as your self, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: However, says he, 'tis pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes, rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.

20 *E'er thus I will out-braved be,  
 One of us two shall dye;  
 I know thee well, an Earl thou art,  
 Lord Piercy, so am I.*

25 *But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,  
 And great offence, to kill  
 Any of these our harmless men,  
 For they have done no ill.*

30 *Let thou and I the battel try,  
 And set our men aside;  
 Accurst be he, Lord Piercy said,  
 By whom this is deny'd.*

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battel, and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous party, full of heroic sentiments, the *Scotch Earl* falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstances of it, that his rival saw him fall. 5

*With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart  
A deep and deadly blow.*

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*Who never spoke more words than these,  
Fight on my merry men all,  
For why, my life is at an end,  
Lord Piercy sees my fall.*

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*Merry Men*, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of *Virgil's Aeneids* is very much to be admired, where *Camilla* in her last agonies instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the Heroe of whom we are now speaking) how the battel should be continued after her death. 20

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*Tum sic expirans, &c.*

*A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;  
And from her cheeks the rosie colour flies.  
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,  
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.  
Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,  
Inexorable death; and claims his right.  
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,  
And bid him timely to my charge succeed:  
Repel the Trojans, and the Town relieve:  
Farewel. —*

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Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner; though our Poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse,

*Lord Piercy sees my fall.*

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— *Vicisti, et victim tendere palmas*  
*Ausonii videre* —

Earl Piercy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the Reader not to let the simplicity of the stile, which one may well pardon in so old a Poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought.

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*Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took*  
*The dead man by the hand,*  
*And said, Earl Douglas for thy life*  
*Would I had lost my land.*

*O Christ! my very heart doth bleed*  
*With sorrow for thy sake;*  
*For sure a more renowned Knight*  
*Mischance did never take.*

20 That beautiful line, *Taking the dead man by the hand* will put the Reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father.

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*At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,*  
*Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris :*  
*Ingemuit miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit, &c.*

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*The pious Prince beheld young Lausus dead;*  
*He griev'd, he wept; then grasp'd his hand, and said,*  
*Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid*  
*To worth so great — — — !*

I shall take another opportunity to consider the other parts of this old Song.

Nº 72. Wednesday, May 23. [1711.]

— *Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos  
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.* Virg.

Having already given my Reader an account of several extraordinary Clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a Club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my Reader than it was to my self; for which reason I shall communicate it to the publick as one of the greatest curiosities in its kind.

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A friend of mine complaining of a tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family, and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the *everlasting Club*. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to enquire into the nature of a Club that had such a sounding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account.

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The *everlasting Club* consists of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty four hours among them in such a manner, that the Club sits day and night from one end of the year to another; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a member of the *everlasting Club* never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evenings draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the Club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this Club that the Steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to

quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in a readiness to fill it ; insomuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in the memory of man.

This Club was instituted towards the end (or, as some of them say, about the middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the *Great Fire*, which burnt them out, and dispersed them for several weeks. The Steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house, (which was demolished in order to stop the fire;) and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the Club to withdraw himself. This Steward is frequently talked of in the Club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man, than the famous Captain mentioned in my Lord *Clarendon*, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of Jubilee, the Club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session ; but after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general Club *Nemine contradicente*.

Having given this short account of the institution and continuation of the *everlasting Club*, I should here endeavour to say something of the manners and characters of its several members, which I shall do according to the best light I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that since their first institution they have smoaked fifty tun of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hogsheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of small beer : there has been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said, that they observe the law in *Ben Johnson's Club*, which orders the fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis esto*) as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness

of the Club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a Vestal, whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire, which burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above an hundred times.

The *everlasting Club* treats all other Clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly ; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together, without stirring out of the Club ; of others who have smoaked an hundred pipes at a sitting ; of others who have not missed their morning's draught for twenty years together : sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in King *Charles's* reign ; and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games at whisk, which have been miraculously recovered by members of the society, when in all human probability the case was desperate.

They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours to encourage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking ; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There are four general Clubs held in a year, at which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker, or elect a new one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other necessaries.

The senior member has out-lived the whole Club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members.

Nº 81. Saturday, June 2. [1711.]

*Qualis ubi audito venantium murmure tigris  
Horruit in maculas — Statius.*

About the middle of last winter I went to see an Opera at the Theatre in the *Hay-market*, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were Patched differently; the faces, on one hand, being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left: I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their Patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle-boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several Ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the Opera. Upon enquiry I found, that the body of *Amazons* on my right hand were Whigs, and those on my left, Tories: and that those who had placed themselves in the middle-boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the Patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical Coquettes, who do not

Patch for the publick good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honour who Patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere ~~so steadfastly~~ to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the publick to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a Lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice that *Rosalinda*, a famous Whig partisan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead ; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given an handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her notions of Government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has mis-led several coxcombs ; and like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with *Rosalinda* in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If *Rosalinda* is unfortunate in her mole, *Nigranilla* is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the Tygress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry ; or as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the Motto of this paper,

— *She swells with angry pride,  
And calls forth all her spots on ev'ry side.*

When I was in the Theatre the time above-mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the Patches on both sides, and found the Tory Patches to be about twenty stronger than the Whig ; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole Puppet-shew filled with faces spotted after the Whiggish manner. Whether or no the Ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell ; but the next night they came in so great a body to the Opera, that they out-numbered the enemy.

10 This account of Party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world ; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had I not recorded it.

15 I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this Party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatred and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the Fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

20 When the *Romans* and *Sabines* were at war, and just upon the point of giving battel, the women who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and intreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatned both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

25 I would recommend this noble example to our *British* Ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The *Greeks* thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the *Olympick* games, notwithstanding these were the publick diversions of all *Greece*.

As our *English* women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female virtues are of a domestick turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be shewing their zeal for the publick, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty and country. When the *Romans* were pressed with a foreign enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the Government under the publick exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce publick orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our *English* Ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, shew themselves so truly publick-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient Authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of *Pericles*, which he made in honour of those brave *Athenians* that were slain in a fight with the *Lacedemonians*. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the publick cause, he turns to the female part of his audience ; “ And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few “ words : Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your “ sex ; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest “ commendation not to be talked of one way or other.

Nº 102. *Wednesday, June 27. [1711.]*

— *Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,  
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi. Phædr.*

I do not know whether to call the following Letter a satyr upon Coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the publick. It will sufficiently explain 5 its own intentions, so that I shall give it my Reader at length without either Preface or Postscript.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

“ Women are armed with Fans as men with Swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end therefore “ that Ladies may be entire Mistresses of the weapon which 10 “ they bear, I have erected an Academy for the training up of “ young women in the *Exercise of the Fan*, according to the “ most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at “ Court. The Ladies who *carry* Fans under me are drawn up “ twice a day in my great Hall, where they are instructed in the 15 “ use of their Arms, and *exercised* by the following words of “ command,

*Handle your Fans,  
Unfurl your Fans,  
Discharge your Fans,  
Ground your Fans,  
Recover your Fans,  
Flutter your Fans.*

20 “ By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius who will apply herself “ diligently to her exercise for the space of one half year, shall “ be able to give her Fan all the graces that can possibly enter “ into that little modish machine.

“But to the end that my Readers may form to themselves  
“a right notion of this *Exercise*, I beg leave to explain it to  
“them in all its parts. When my female Regiment is drawn  
“up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon  
“my giving the word to *handle their Fans*, each of them  
“shakes her Fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand  
“woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with  
“the extremity of her Fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy  
“motion, and stands in a readiness to receive the next word  
“of Command. All this is done with a close Fan, and is  
“generally learned in the first week.

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“The next motion is that of *unfurling the Fan*, in which  
“are comprehended several little flurts and vibrations, as also  
“gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings  
“asunder in the Fan it self, that are seldom learned under a  
“month’s practice. This part of the *Exercise* pleases the  
“spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden  
“an infinite number of Cupids, Garlands, Altars, Birds, Beasts,  
“Rain-bows, and the like agreeable figures, that display them-  
“selves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a  
“picture in her hand.

“Upon my giving the word to *discharge their Fans*, they  
“give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable  
“distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most  
“difficult parts of the *Exercise*; but I have several Ladies with  
“me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud  
“enough to be heard at the further end of a room, who can  
“now *discharge a Fan* in such a manner, that it shall make a  
“report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in  
“order to hinder young women from letting off their Fans in  
“wrong places or unsuitable occasions) to shew upon what  
“subject the crack of a Fan may come in properly: I have  
“likewise invented a Fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the  
“help of a little wind which is enclosed about one of the largest

“sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an “ordinary Fan.

“When the Fans are thus *discharged*, the word of command “in course is to *ground their Fans*. This teaches a Lady to

5 “quit her Fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to “take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a fall-“ing pin, or apply her self to any other matter of importance. “This part of the *Exercise*, as it only consists in tossing a Fan “with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that 10 “purpose) may be learned in two days time as well as in a “twelvemonth.

“When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally “let them walk about the room for some time; when on a “sudden (like Ladies that look upon their watches after a 15 “long visit) they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them “up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations “upon my calling out *recover your Fans*. This part of the “*Exercise* is not difficult, provided a woman applies her “thoughts to it.

20 “The *fluttering of the Fan* is the last, and indeed the master-“piece of the whole *Exercise*; but if a Lady does not mis-“spend her time, she may make her self mistress of it in three “months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time “of the summer for the teaching this part of the *Exercise*, for 25 “as soon as ever I pronounce *flutter your Fans*, the place is “filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very “refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be “dangerous to Ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

“There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use 30 “of in the *flutter of a Fan*: There is the angry Flutter, the “modest Flutter, the timorous Flutter, the confused Flutter, “the merry Flutter, and the amorous Flutter. Not to be “tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does “not produce a suitable agitation in the Fan; insomuch, that

“if I only see the Fan of a disciplined Lady, I know very well  
 “whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a Fan  
 “so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the  
 “absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind  
 “of it: and at other times so very languishing, that I have  
 “been glad for the Lady’s sake the lover was at a sufficient  
 “distance from it. I need not add, that a Fan is either a  
 “Prude or Coquette, according to the nature of the person  
 “who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you  
 “that I have from my own observations compiled a little  
 “Treatise for the use of my scholars, intitled, *The passions of*  
 “*the Fan*; which I will communicate to you, if you think it  
 “may be of use to the publick. I shall have a general review  
 “on *Thursday* next; to which you shall be very welcome if  
 “you will honour it with your presence.

15  
*I am, &c.*

*P. S.* “I teach young Gentlemen the whole art of gallanting  
 “a Fan.

*N. B.* “I have several little plain Fans made for this use, to  
 “avoid expence.

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N° 106. *Monday, July 2. [1711.]*

— *Hinc tibi copia*  
*Manabit ad plenum benigno*  
*Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.* Hor.

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir  
 ROGER DE COVERLY to pass away a month with him in the  
 country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled  
 with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend  
 to form several of my ensuing Speculations. Sir ROGER, who  
 is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go  
 to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber

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as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shews me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an

5 hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir ROGER's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and  
10 as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means his domesticks are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his brother, his Butler is grey-headed, his Groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and  
15 his Coachman has the looks of a Privy-Counsellor. You see the goodness of the Master even in the old house-dog, and in a grey pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

20 I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domesticks upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old Master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the  
25 same time the good old Knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the enquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages every body to him, so  
30 that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his Butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir ROGER is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir ROGER, and has lived at his house in the nature of a Chaplain above thirty years. This Gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation : he heartily loves Sir ROGER, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem ; so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir ROGER, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humourist ; and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in it self, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of Sense and Virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned ? and without staying for my answer told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table ; for which reason, he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of Back-gammon. My friend, says Sir ROGER, found me out this Gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good Scholar though he does not shew it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish ; and because I know his value,

have settled upon him a good Annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day solliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them: If any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once, or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good Sermons which have been printed in *English*, and only begged of him that every *Sunday* he would pronounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical Divinity.

As Sir ROGER was going on in his story, the Gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to morrow (for it was *Saturday* night) told us the Bishop of St. *Asaph* in the morning, and Dr. *South* in the afternoon. He then shewed us his list of Preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop *Tillotson*, Bishop *Saunderson*, Doctor *Barrow*, Doctor *Calamy*, with several living Authors who have published Discourses of Practical Divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the Pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A Sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a Poet in the mouth of a graceful Actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our Country-clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater Masters. This would not only be more easie to themselves, but more edifying to the people. 5

Nº 108. *Wednesday, July 4. [1711.]*

*Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.* Phæd.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir ROGER before his house, a country-fellow brought him a huge fish, which he told him, Mr. *William Wimble* had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a Letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him. 10

*Sir ROGER,*

“I desire you to accept of a Jack, which is the best I have 15  
“caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a  
“week, and see how the Perch bite in the *Black river*. I  
“observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the  
“Bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it: I will  
“bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I  
“hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I  
“have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having  
“been at *Eaton* with Sir *John*’s eldest son. He takes to his  
“learning hugely. I am, 20

*SIR, Your humble Servant, Will. Wimble.* 25

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the Gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. *Will. Wimble* is younger brother to a Baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the *Wimbles*. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of Dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a Hare.

5 He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a *May-fly* to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with Angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a

10 good correspondence among all the Gentlemen about him. He carries a Tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. *Will* is a particular favourite of all the young Heirs, whom he frequently

15 obliges with a Net that he has weaved, or a Setting-dog that he has *made* himself: he now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them *how they wear?* these Gentleman-like manufactures and

20 obliging little humours, make *Will* the darling of the country.

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Sir ROGER was proceeding in the character of him, when [we]<sup>1</sup> saw him make up to us with two or three hazle-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir ROGER's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to

30 observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir ROGER received him, and on the other the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old Knight. After the first salutes were over, *Will* desired Sir ROGER to lend him

<sup>1</sup> So S and C; T has "he."

## THE SPECTATOR

one of his servants to carry a set of shuttle-cocks he had v  
him in a little box to a Lady that lived about a mile off, to  
whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this  
half year. Sir ROGER's back was no sooner turned, but honest  
*Will* began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had 5  
sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three  
other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon  
characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in ;  
for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of  
the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with  
the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listned to him with  
more than ordinary attention. 10

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where  
the Gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of  
seeing the huge jack, he had caught, served up for the first  
dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down  
to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played  
with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank,  
with several other particulars that lasted all the first course.  
A dish of wild-fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation  
for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention  
of *Will's* for improving the quail-pipe. 20

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly  
touched with compassion towards the honest Gentleman that  
had dined with us ; and could not but consider with a great  
deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busie hands  
were wholly employed in trifles ; that so much humanity should  
be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little  
advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and  
application to affairs might have recommended him to the  
publick esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station  
of life. What good to his country or himself might not a  
trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary  
qualifications? 25 30

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like Gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of *Europe* with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though uncapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family: accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physick; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my Reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty first Speculation.

Nº 110. Friday, July 6. [1711.]

*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.* Virg.

At a little distance from Sir ROGER's house, among the ruins of an old Abby, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be 25 cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the *Psalms*, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the

better, because of an ill report it lies under of being *haunted*; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the Chaplain. My good friend the Butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture my self in it after sun-set, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruines of the abby are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an Echo among the old ruines and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention: and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. *Locke*, in his chapter of the association of ideas, has very curious remarks to shew how by the prejudice of education one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance. *The ideas of goblins and sprights*

have really no more to do with darkness than light: yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall 5 ever afterward bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other.

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, 10 I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that is apt to *startle* might easily have construed into a black horse without an head: and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir ROGER has often told me with a great deal 15 of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after 20 eight-a-clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family, that a Butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either a husband, a son, or daughter 25 had died. The Knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and *exorcised* by his Chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means 30 dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of Ghosts and Spectres

much more reasonable, than one who contrary to the reports of all Historians sacred and prophane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of Spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give my self up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the Historians, to whom we may join the Poets, but likewise the Philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. *Lucretius* himself, though by the course of his Philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable; he was so pressed with the matter of fact which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us, That the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the coats of an Onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of *Josephus*, not so much for the sake of the story it self, as for the moral reflections with which the Author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words. “*Glaphyra* the “daughter of King *Archilaus*, after the death of her two first “husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her “first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he “turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) “had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw “her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced

“ him with great tenderness ; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner : *Glaphyra*, says he, thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity ? Have I not children by thee ? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother ? However, for the sake of our passed loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever. *Glaphyra* told this Dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those Kings : besides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and of divine Providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his opinion to himself ; but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of Virtue.

N° 112. *Monday, July 9. [1711.]*

Ἄθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμῳ φίδικεσται,  
Τίμα — Pyth.

I am always very well pleased with a country *Sunday* ; and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country-people would soon degenerate into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with

their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country-fellow distinguishes himself as much in the *Church-yard*, as a Citizen does upon the *Change*, the whole parish-politicks being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir ROGER being a good church-man, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own chusing : He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular ; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer-book ; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms ; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir ROGER is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer no body to sleep in it besides himself ; for if by chance he has been surprized into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions : Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it ; sometimes, when he is pleased with the

matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same prayer ; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

5 I was yesterday very much surprized to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This *John Matthews* it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion.  
10 This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour ; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character, make his  
15 friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, no body presumes to stir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his  
20 tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side ; and every now and then enquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church ; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

25 The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising-day, when Sir ROGER has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement ; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir ROGER has likewise added five pounds a year to the Clerk's place ; and that he may encourage  
30 the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised upon the death of the present Incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir ROGER and his Chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more

remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson, never comes to church. The 'Squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the Parson instructs them every *Sunday* in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them almost in every sermon, that he is a better man than his Patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his prayers either in publick or private this half year; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

N<sup>o</sup> 115. *Thursday, July 12. [1711.]*

— *Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.* Juv.

Bodily labour is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of Labour for that of Exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any

other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or to use a more rustick phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This

5 description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

10 This general idea of a humane body, without considering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary Labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or Exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps Nature in those secret distributions without which the body cannot subsist in

15 20 its vigour, nor the soul act with chearfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during

25 the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

30 35 Had not Exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produces those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions

that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up our selves. The Earth must be laboured before it gives its encrease, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of Exercise.

My friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of Deer that he has killed in the chace, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topicks of discourse, and shew that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large Otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner; and the Knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of Arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the Knight has made great havock in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and wood-cocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to Foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER shewed me one of them that for distinction

sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of  
5 his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir ROGER has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow  
10 abated, and old age came on, he left his Fox-hunting; but a Hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my Readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the *idea* which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is very lavish in its praises; and if the *English* Reader would see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, under the title of the *Medicina Gymnastica*.  
15 For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise my self an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of a room, and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well  
20 acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.  
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When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ my self in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a *Latin* treatise of exercises, that is written  
30 with great erudition: It is there called the *σκιομαχία*, or the fighting with a man's own shadow; and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without

the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in *this Method* of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasie to the publick as well as to themselves. 5

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider my self as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day, when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the 10 other in study and contemplation.

Nº 117. Saturday, July 14. [1711.]

— *Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.* Virg.

There are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to 15 avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up our selves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of Witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all 20 parts of the world, not only from *Norway* and *Lapland*, from the *East* and *West-Indies*, but from every particular nation in *Europe*, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil Spirits, as that which we express by the name of Witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these 25 relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of a weak

understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which 5 have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, Whether there are such persons in the world as those we call Witches? my mind is divided between two opposite opinions; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as Witch-  
10 craft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this Speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my Reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir ROGER by the 15 side of one of his woods, an old woman applied her self to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in *Otway*.

*In a close lane as I pursu'd my journey,  
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with age grown double,  
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to her self.  
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;  
Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd;  
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd  
The tatter'd remnants of an old striped hanging,  
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold.  
So there was nothing of a piece about her.  
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsly patch'd  
With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,  
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.*

30 As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the Knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a Witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did

not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a Cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cryed *Amen* in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a Maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of *Moll White*, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter to come so soon as she would have it, *Moll White* is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, *Moll White* has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the Hunts-man curses *Moll White*. Nay, (says Sir ROGER) I have known the Master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if *Moll White* had been out that morning.

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir ROGER to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering Sir ROGER winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which upon looking that way I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a Tabby cat that sat in the chimney-corner, which, as the Knight told me, lay under as bad a report as *Moll White* her self; for besides that *Moll* is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the Cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary Cat.

I was secretly concerned to see humane nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir ROGER, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a Justice of Peace to avoid all

communication with the Devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbours cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

5 In our return home Sir ROGER told me that old *Moll* had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the night-mare ; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his Chaplain.

10 I have since found, upon enquiry, that Sir ROGER was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the County Sessions, had not his Chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

15 I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in *England* that has not a *Moll White* in it. When an old woman begins to doat, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a Witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time the poor 20 wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils, begins to be frightened at her self, and sometimes confesses secret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off Charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence 25 towards those poor decrepid parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

N<sup>o</sup> 121. Thursday, July 19. [1711.]

—*Jovis omnia plena.* Virg.

As I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country house, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different workings of Instinct in a Hen followed by a brood of Ducks. The young, upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the step-mother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different principle which acted in these different animals cannot be termed Reason, so when we call it *Instinct*, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last paper, it seems the immediate direction of Providence, and such an operation of the supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern Philosopher, quoted by Monsieur *Bayle* in his learned dissertation on the Souls of brutes, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, *Deus est anima brutorum*, God himself is the Soul of brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity in Animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? *Tully* has observed that a Lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of its own accord applies it self to the teat. *Dampier*, in his travels, tells us, that when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of *America*, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

But notwithstanding Animals have nothing like the use of Reason, we find in them all the lower parts of our nature, the

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passions and senses in their greatest strength and perfection. And here it is worth our observation, that all beasts and birds of prey are wonderfully subject to anger, malice, revenge, and all other violent passions that may animate them in search of

5 their proper food ; as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose safety lies chiefly in their flight, are suspicious, fearful, and apprehensive of every thing they see or hear ; whilst others that are of assistance and use to man, have their natures softned with something

10 mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domestick life. In this case the passions generally correspond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a Lion in so weak and defenceless an animal as a Lamb, nor the meekness of a Lamb in a creature so armed for battle

15 and assault as the Lion. In the same manner, we find that particular animals have a more or less exquisite sharpness and sagacity in those particular senses which most turn to their advantage, and in which their safety and welfare is the most concerned.

20 Nor must we here omit that great variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of several kinds of animals, such as claws, hoofs and horns, teeth and tusks, a tail, a sting, a trunk, or a *Proboscis*. It is likewise observed by Naturalists, that it must be some hidden principle, distinct

25 from what we call Reason, which instructs animals in the use of these their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best advantage ; because they naturally defend themselves with that part in which their strength lies, before the weapon be formed in it ; as is remarkable in Lambs, which though they

30 are bred within doors, and never saw the actions of their own species, push at those who approach them with their foreheads, before the first budding of a horn appears.

I shall add to these general observations, an instance which Mr. *Locke* has given us of Providence, even in the imperfections

of a creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal world. *We may, says he, from the make of an Oyster, or Cockle, conclude, that it has not so many nor so quick senses as a man, or several other animals: nor if it had, would it in that state and incapacity of transferring it self from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a creature, that cannot move it self to, or from the object, wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? And would not quickness of sensation be an inconvenience to an animal, that must be still where chance has once placed it; and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it?* 5

I shall add to this instance out of Mr. *Locke*, another out of the learned Dr. *Moor*, who cites it from *Cardan*, in relation to another animal which Providence has left defective, but at the same time has shewn its wisdom in the formation of that organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. *What is more obvious and ordinary than a Mole? and yet what more palpable argument of Providence than she? the members of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life: for her dwelling being under ground where nothing is to be seen, nature has so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that Naturalists can scarce agree whether she have any sight at all or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short tail and short legs, but broad fore-feet armed with sharp claws, we see by the event to what purpose they are, she so swiftly working herself under ground, and making her way so fast in the earth, as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the meer thickness of her body; and her fore-feet are broad that she may scoop away much earth at a time; and little or no tail she has, because she courses it not on the ground, like the rat or mouse, of whose kindred she is,* 10 15 20 25 30

but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig her self a dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an element, which will not yield easily, as the air or the water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a train behind her; for her  
5 enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out before she had compleated or got full possession of her works.

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. Boyle's remark upon this last creature, who, I remember, somewhere in his works observes, that though the Mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly  
10 thought) she has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects. Her eye is said to have but one humour in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal. Whenever she comes up into broad day she might be in danger  
15 of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury her self in her proper element. More sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such animals as seem the most imperfect works of nature; and if Providence shews it self even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover it self in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished and compleated in their several faculties, according to the condition  
25 of life in which they are posted?

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a body of natural history, the best that could be gathered together from books and observations. If the several writers among them took each his particular species, and gave us a distinct account  
30 of its original, birth, and education; its policies, hostilities and alliances, with the frame and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the state of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best

services their studies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the all-wise contriver.

It is true, such a natural history, after all the disquisitions of the learned, would be infinitely short and defective. Seas and desarts hide millions of animals from our observation. 5 Innumerable artifices and stratagems are acted in the *howling wilderness* and in the *great deep*, that can never come to our knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more species of creatures which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with the help of the finest glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the consideration of such animals as lie within the compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a conclusion of the rest, that the same variety of wisdom and goodness runs through the whole creation, and puts every creature in a condition to 10 provide for its safety and subsistence in its proper station. 15

*Tully* has given us an admirable sketch of natural history, in his second book, concerning the nature of the Gods; and that in a stile so raised by metaphors and descriptions, that it lifts the subject above railery and ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice observations, when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer. 20

N° 122. *Friday, July 20. [1711.]*

*Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est. Publ. Syr. Frag.*

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world: if the last interferes with the former, it ought to be intirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives it self seconded by the applauses of the publick: A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own 25

behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir ROGER is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about

5 him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shewn to the good old Knight.

10 He would needs carry *Will Wimble* and my self with him to the country-assizes : as we were upon the road, *Will Wimble* joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time ; during which my friend Sir ROGER acquainted me with their characters.

15 The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a Yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man : he is just within the game act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant : He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week ; and by that means lives much cheaper than

20 those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges : in short, he is a very sensible man ; shoots flying ; and has been several times Fore-man of the Petty-jury.

The other that rides along with him is *Tom Touchy*, a fellow

25 famous for *taking the law* of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a Quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the *Widow*. His head is full of costs, damages and ejectments : he plagued a couple of honest Gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution : his father left him fourscore pounds a year ; but he has *cast* and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.

As Sir ROGER was giving me this account of *Tom Touchy*, *Will Wimble* and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir ROGER, *Will* told him that Mr. *Touchy* and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. *Will* it seems had been giving his fellow-travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when *Tom Touchy*, instead of hearing out his story, told him, that Mr. such an one, if he pleased, might *take the law of him* for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir ROGER heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time told them, with an air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that *much might be said on both sides*. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it: upon which we made the best of our way to the Assizes.

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The Court was sat before Sir ROGER came, but notwithstanding all the Justices had taken their places upon the Bench, they made room for the old Knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the Judge's ear, that *he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit*. I was listening to the proceedings of the Court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a publick administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprize, in the midst of a tryal, that my friend Sir ROGER was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the Court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country-people that Sir ROGER *was up*. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall

not trouble my Readers with an account of it ; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

5 I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the Gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most ; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the  
10 Judge.

15 In our return home we met with a very odd accident ; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped  
20 at a little Inn to rest our selves and our horses. The man of the house had it seems been formerly a servant in the Knight's family ; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir ROGER, put him up in a sign-post before the door ; so that *the Knight's head* had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir ROGER was acquainted with it, finding  
25 that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too great an honour for any man under a Duke ; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the Knight's directions to add a pair of  
30 whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the *Saracen's head*. I should not have known this story, had not the Inn-keeper upon Sir ROGER's alighting told him in my hearing, That his Honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be

made in it. Upon this my friend with his usual clearfulness related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir ROGER, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence ; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a *Saracen*, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *That much might be said on both sides.*

These several adventures, with the Knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

N° 123. *Saturday, July 21. [1711.]*

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,  
Rectique cultus pectora roborant :  
Ucunque defecere mores,  
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ. Hor.*

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir ROGER, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my enquiry who he was, Sir ROGER told me that he was a young Gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good Lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his

eyes, and that writing made his head ake. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horse-back, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of 5 health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole county.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts, I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder 10 brothers, who either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domesticks, or from the same foolish thoughts prevailing in those who 15 have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my Reader at large, under feigned 20 names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a Novel, than a true story.

*Eudoxus* and *Leontine* began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. 25 They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. *Eudoxus*, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a Court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, 30 till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. *Leontine* on the contrary sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly

well the interests of its Princes, with the customs and fashions of their Courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixt and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about Court by the intelligence which he received from *Leontine*. When they were both turned of 5 forty (an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, *there is no dallying with life*) they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to 10 this, they both of them married much about the same time. *Leontine*, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm 15 of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend *Eudoxus*, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them *Fathers* about the same time, *Eudoxus* having a son born to him, and *Leontine* a 20 daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happiness was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had he not been comforted by the 25 daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, *Leontine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and *Eudoxus* reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely that the boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as 30 his son, and that the girl should live with *Eudoxus* as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of *Eudoxus*, knowing that her son could

not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of *Leontine*, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, for  
5 that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. *Florio*,  
10 the name of the young Heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of *Eudoxus*, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make  
15 himself esteemed and beloved by *Florio*. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with  
20 more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before  
25 he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficients in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them.  
30 This was not *Florio*'s case, he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for *Leontine* and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my Reader, that whilst *Florio* lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of *Eudoxus*, where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an Heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. *Leonilla*, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for *Florio*, but conducted her self with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from *Leontine* to repair to him into the country the next day. For it seems *Eudoxus* was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer with-hold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner. *I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father, by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon*

it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of, had you known your self born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left 5 your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to your self. Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of 10 tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half *Eudoxus*'s estate settled upon them. *Leontine* and *Eudoxus* passed the remainder of 15 their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of *Florio* and *Leonilla* the just recompence, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

N° 125. Tuesday, July 24. [1711.]

*Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:  
Neu patria validas in viscera vertite vires.* Virg.

My worthy friend Sir ROGER, when we are talking of the 20 malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Round-heads and Cavaliers. This worthy Knight being then but a stripling, had occasion to enquire which was the way to St. Anne's lane, 25 upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who had made *Anne* a Saint! The boy being in some

confusion, enquired of the next he met, which was the way to *Anne's* lane ; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shewn the way, was told, that she had been a Saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir ROGER, I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane. By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he enquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir ROGER generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that Parties do in the country ; how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest Gentlemen hate one another ; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a Government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to mens morals and their understandings ; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious Party-spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts it self in civil war and bloodshed ; and when it is under its greatest restraints, naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion and humanity.

*Plutarch* says very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because, says he, if you indulge

this passion in some occasions, it will rise of it self in others ; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you. I might here 5 observe how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion it self, and not from its object) answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this Philosopher wrote ; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief 10 of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear sowered with party-principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a publick cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, 15 to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this Party-spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cryed up, and sometimes a 20 noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the Author. One who is actuated by this spirit, is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle, is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked 25 or broken, however streight and entire it may be in it self. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in *England*, who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at 30 present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the *British* nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like

considerations: an abusive scurrilous style passes for Satyr, and a dull scheme of Party-notions is called Fine writing.

There is one piece of Sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulatums of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all Governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. *Italy* was long torn in pieces by the *Guelfes* and *Gibelins*, and *France* by those who were for and against the League: but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the publick good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem, if instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous *Spanish* proverb, *If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind.*

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association, for the support of one another against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to.

5 Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of

10 the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: On the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow-subjects as Whigs and Tories,

15 but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

Nº 126. *Wednesday, July 25. [1711.]*

*Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo. Virg.*

In my yesterday's paper I proposed, that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another and the confusion of their common enemies.

20 As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple

25 manner.

*We whose names are hereunto subscribed, do solemnly declare, that we do in our Consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy*

who endeavours to perswade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places; and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes.

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places, would endeavour to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage, under colour of the publick good; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders; we should soon see that furious Party-spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society, that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in *Diodorus Siculus* an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the *Ichneumon*, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the *Ichneumon* never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labours of this industrious animal, *Ægypt*, says the Historian, would be

over-run with crocodiles ; for the *Egyptians* are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as Gods.

5 If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal ; and rather acting after the example of the wild *Tartars*, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, what-ever post they qualified him for, enter of 10 course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my Speculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice, which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good 15 in this particular, because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustick fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends it self even to the return of the bow and the hat ; and at the 20 same time that the heads of parties preserve towards one another an outward shew of good breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humour fills the country with several peri- 25 odical meetings of whig jockeys and tory fox-hunters ; not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a Quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir ROGER DE COVERLY and Sir 30 ANDREW FREEPORT are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *moneyed* interest. This humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable railly, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find however that the Knight is a much

stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from *London* to his house we did not so much as bait at a Whig-*inn*; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir ROGER's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the *Inn* as the *Inn-keeper*; and provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the Host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well, that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and an hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road, I dreaded entring into an house of any one that Sir ROGER had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir ROGER's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party humour. Being upon the bowling-green at a neighbouring market-town the other day, (for that is the place where the Gentlemen of one side meet once a week) I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprized, that notwithstanding he was a very fair *better*, no body would take him up. But upon enquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former Parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns my self. *Will Wimble* was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up no body knows where of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as

one that was surprized to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, *Will* stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir ROGER in his ear if he was sure that I was not a

5 fanatick.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country ; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner Barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our

10 breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a Civil War in these our divisions : and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.

N° 131. *Tuesday, July 31. [1711.]*

— *Ipsæ rursum concedite sylva. Virg.*

15 It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbour. My friend Sir ROGER generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a Hare

20 or Partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to encrease and multiply, besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is harder to come at, and where it does

25 not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country Gentleman, like the Fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of

my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to my self, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring any thing to my mind, whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chace. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in town to chuse it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, I promise my self abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character : My love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various ; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. *Will Wimble*, as my friend the Butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extreamly silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a Conjuror ; and some of them hearing of the visit which I made to *Moll White*, will needs have it that Sir ROGER has brought down a Cunning-man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood, is what they here call a *white Witch*.

A Justice of Peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir ROGER's party, has it seems said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir ROGER does not harbour a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the Gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of my self.

5 On the other side, some of Sir ROGER's friends are afraid the old Knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says nothing, because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a Popish Priest; among some for a wizard, 10 and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and hollow and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir ROGER tells them *that it is my way*, and that I am only a Philosopher; but this will not satisfie them. They think there is more in me than 15 he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for *London* to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good-neighbourhood. A man that 20 is out of humour when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer; that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into 25 the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what Speculations I please upon others, without being observed my self, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In 30 the mean while, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural Speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of *London*, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

*Dear SPEC.*

“I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or  
“smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some  
“innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have how-  
“ever orders from the Club to summon thee up to town, being  
“all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our  
“company, after thy conversations with *Moll White* and *Will*  
“*Wimble*. Pr'ythee don't send us up any more stories of a  
“cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches.  
“Thy Speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and  
“meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall con-  
“clude thou art in love with one of Sir ROGER's dairy maids.  
“Service to Knight. Sir ANDREW is grown the cock of the  
“Club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly, will  
“make every mother's son of us common-wealths men.

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*Dear SPEC, thine eternally,*  
WILL. HONEYCOMB.

Nº 159. *Saturday, September 1. [1711.]*

— *Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuentes*  
*Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum*  
*Caligat, nubem eripiam* — Virg.

When I was at *Grand Cairo* I picked up several oriental  
Manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met  
with one entitled, *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read  
over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the publick  
when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall  
begin with the first Vision, which I have translated word for  
word as follows.

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“On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the  
“custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having

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“washed my self, and offered up my morning devotions, I  
“ascended the high hills of *Bagdat*, in order to pass the rest  
“of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing  
“my self on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound  
5 “contemplation on the vanity of humane life; and passing  
“from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a  
“shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast  
“my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from  
“me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with  
10 “a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he  
“applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound  
“of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of  
“tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether dif-  
“ferent from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in  
15 “mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed  
“souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear  
“out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualifie them  
“for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted  
“away in secret raptures.

20 “I had been often told that the rock before me was the  
“haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained  
“with musick who had passed by it, but never heard that  
“the musician had before made himself visible. When he  
“had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he  
25 “played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked  
“upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by  
“the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place  
“where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is  
“due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely sub-  
30 “dued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at  
“his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look  
“of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my  
“imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and appre-  
“hensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from

“ the ground, and taking me by the hand, *Mirzah*, said he, I  
“ have heard thee in thy soliloquies, follow me.

“ He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and  
“ placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he,  
“ and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley and  
“ a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that  
“ thou seest, said he, is the vale of miser, and the tide of water  
“ that thou seest, is part of the great tide of Eternity. What  
“ is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick  
“ mist at one end, and again loses it self in a thick mist at the  
“ other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of Eternity  
“ which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reach-  
“ ing from the beginning of the world to its consummation.  
“ Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with dark-  
“ ness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I  
“ see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The  
“ bridge thou seest, said he, is humane life; consider it atten-  
“ tively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it  
“ consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several  
“ broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made  
“ up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the  
“ arches the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first  
“ of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the  
“ rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld  
“ it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it.  
“ I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black  
“ cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more atten-  
“ tively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the  
“ bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and  
“ upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable  
“ trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the pas-  
“ sengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into  
“ the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-  
“ falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that

“throng of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but  
“many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards  
“the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards  
“the end of the arches that were entire.

5 “There were indeed some persons, but their number was  
“very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the  
“broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite  
“tired and spent with so long a walk.

“I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful  
10 structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented.  
“My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several  
“dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and  
“catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves.  
“Some were looking up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful  
15 posture, and in the midst of a Speculation stumbled and fell  
“out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of  
“[bubbles]<sup>1</sup> that glittered in their eyes and danced before  
“them, but often when they thought themselves within the  
“reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In  
20 “this confusion of objects, I observed some with Scymetars  
“in their hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro  
“upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors  
“which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might  
“have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

25 “The Genius seeing me indulge my self in this melancholy  
“prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take  
“thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest  
“any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up,  
“What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are  
30 “perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it  
“from time to time? I see vultures, harpyes, ravens, cormo-  
“rants; and among many other feathered creatures several  
“little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the

<sup>1</sup> So S and C; T has “bubbles.”

“middle arches. These, said the Genius, are envy, avarice, “superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions “that infest humane life.

“I here fetched a deep sigh; Alas, said I, man was made “in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! “tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The Genius “being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so “uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man “in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for “Eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which “the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall “into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether “or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural “force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick “for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the fur- “ther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that “had a huge rock of Adamant running through the midst of “it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still “rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover “nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean “planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with “fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shin- “ing seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed “in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing “among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or “resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused har- “mony of singing birds, falling waters, humane voices, and “musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the dis- “covery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of “an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but “the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except “through the gates of Death that I saw opening every moment “upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and “green before thee, and with which the whole face of the

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“ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in  
“number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads  
“of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reach-  
“ing further than thine eye or even thine imagination can  
5 “extend it self. These are the mansions of good men after  
“death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in  
“which they excelled, are distributed among these several  
“Islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and  
“degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those  
10 “who are settled in them; every Island is a paradise accom-  
“modated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O  
“*Mirza*, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear  
“miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a  
“reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so  
15 “happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who  
“has such an Eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inex-  
“pressible pleasure on these happy Islands. At length said  
“I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lye hid  
“under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other  
20 “side of the rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no  
“answer, I turned about to address my self to him a second  
“time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again  
“to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but  
“instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy  
25 “Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of *Bagdat*,  
“with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

*The end of the first vision of Mirzah.*

N° 253. Thursday, December 20. [1711.]

*Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse  
Compositum, illepidewe putetur, sed quia nuper. Hor.*

There is nothing which more denotes a great mind, than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad Poets, than among any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame, than those who are conversant in Poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it, to depreciate the works of those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they must endeavour to sink it to their own pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a level with them.

The greatest wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional lustre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. I need not tell my Reader, that I here point at the reign of *Augustus*, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither *Virgil* nor *Horace* would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the same time that *Virgil* was celebrated by *Gallus*, *Propertius*, *Horace*, *Varius*, *Tucca* and *Ovid*, we know that *Bavius* and *Mævius* were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man seldom sets up for a Poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribblers of the age, the

## THE SPECTATOR

ay of Poetry, are the topicks of detraction, with which he  
kes his entrance into the world : But how much more noble  
is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according  
to those beautiful lines of Sir *John Denham*, in his poem on  
5 *Fletcher's works* !

*But whither am I straid? I need not raise  
Trophies to thee from other mens dispraise ;  
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,  
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt  
10 Of eastern Kings, who to secure their reign  
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.*

I am sorry to find that an Author, who is very justly esteemed  
among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature  
into a very fine poem, I mean *The Art of Criticism*, which was  
15 published some months since, and is a Master-piece in its kind.  
The observations follow one another like those in *Horace's Art  
of Poetry*, without that methodical regularity which would have  
been requisite in a Prose author. They are some of them  
uncommon, but such as the Reader must assent to, when he  
20 sees them explained with that elegance and perspecuity in  
which they are delivered. As for those which are the most  
known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful  
a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have  
in them all the graces of novelty, and make the Reader, who  
25 was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their  
truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what  
Monsieur *Boileau* has so very well enlarged upon in the preface  
to his works, that wit and fine writing doth not consist so  
much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things  
30 that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us,  
who live in the latter Ages of the world, to make observations  
in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have  
not been touched upon by others. We have little else left

us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a Reader examines *Horace's Art of Poetry*, he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in *Aristotle*, and which were not commonly known by all the Poets of the *Augustan Age*. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reason I think there is nothing in the world so tiresome as the works of those Critics, who write in a positive dogmatic way, without either language, genius or imagination. If the Reader would see how the best of the *Latin* Critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully described in the characters of *Horace*, *Petronius*, *Quintilian* and *Longinus*, as they are drawn in the Essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned *Longinus*, who in his Reflections has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them; I cannot but take notice, that our *English* Author has after the same manner exemplified several of his precepts in the very precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three instances of this kind. Speaking of the insipid smoothness which some Readers are so much in love with, he has the following verses.

*These equal syllables alone require,  
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,  
While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.*

The gaping of the vowels in the second line, the expletive *do* in the third, and the ten monosyllables in the fourth, give such a beauty to this passage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient Poet. The Reader may observe the following lines in the same view.

*A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
That like a wounded Snake, drags its slow length along..*

And afterwards,

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
Soft is the strain when Zephir gently blows,  
5 And the smooth stream in smoother number flows ;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse, rough verse shou'd like the torrent roar.  
When Ajax strives, some rock's vast weight to throw,  
The line too labours, and the words move slow :  
10 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

The beautiful Distich upon *Ajax* in the foregoing lines, puts me in mind of a description in *Homer's Odyssey*. It is where *Sisyphus* is represented lifting his stone up the hill, which is no sooner carried to the top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. This double motion of the stone is admirably described in the numbers of these verses ; as in the four first it is heaved up by several *Spondees* intermixed with proper breathing-places, and at last trundles down in a continued line of *Dactyls*.

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, κρατέρ' ἀλγεῖ ἔχοντα,  
Λᾶς ταυτάζοντα τελώριον ἀμφοτέροισιν.  
"Ητοι δὲ μὲν, σκηριπτόμενος χερσὶν τε ποσὶν τε,  
Λᾶς ἀνω ὥθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον. ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι  
25 "Ἀκρον ὑπερβαλλέειν, τότε' ἀποστρέψασκε κραταῖς  
Ἄντις, ἔπειτα πέδουνδε κυλίνδετο λᾶς ἀραιδῆς.

It would be endless to quote verses out of *Virgil* which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers ; but I may take an occasion in a future paper to shew several of them which have escaped the observation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice, that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a master-piece in its kind ; the *Essay on translated verse*, the *Essay on the art of poetry*, and the *Essay upon criticism*.

Nº 269. *Tuesday, January 8. [1712.]*

— *Ave rarissima nostro  
Simplicitas — Ov.*

I was this morning surprized with a great knocking at the door, when my Landlady's daughter came up to me and told me there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in *Grays-Inn* walks. As I was wondring in my self what had brought Sir ROGER to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince *Eugene*, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince *Eugenio* (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater man than *Scanderbeg*.

I was no sooner come into *Grays-Inn* walks, but I heard my friend upon the Terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hemms.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him six-pence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good friend his Chaplain was very well, and much at

5 my service, and that the *Sunday* before, he had made a most incomparable Sermon out of Doctor *Barrow*. I have left, says he, all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.

10 He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of *Will Wimble*. Upon which he put his hand into his fob, and presented me in his name with a tobacco stopper, telling me that *Will* had been busie all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present  
15 of one to every Gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor *Will* was at present under great tribulation, for that *Tom Touchy* had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

20 Among other pieces of news which the Knight brought from his country seat, he informed me that *Moll White* was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. But for my part, says Sir ROGER, I do not think that the old woman  
25 had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holydays, for Sir ROGER, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at *Christmas*. I learned from him, that he had killed  
30 eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. I have often thought, says Sir ROGER, it happens very well that *Christmas* should fall out

in the middle of the winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and *Christmas* gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pye upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend *Will Wimble* is as merry as any of them, and shews a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of *England*, and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect; for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on *Christmas* day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plumb-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir ROGER made several enquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir ANDREW FREEPORT. He asked me with a kind of smile, whether Sir ANDREW had not taken the advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his Republican doctrines; but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, Tell me truly, says he, don't you think Sir ANDREW had a hand in the Pope's procession — but without giving me time to answer him, Well, well, says he, I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of publick matters.

The Knight then asked me, if I had seen Prince *Eugene*; and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient

place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the *British* nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great General, and I found that since I was with him in the country, he 5 had drawn many observations together out of his reading in *Baker's Chronicle*, and other Authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this Prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in 10 hearing the Knight's reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of Coffee at *Squire's*. As I love the old man, I take a delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the 15 Coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of Tobacco, a dish of Coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good 20 humour, that all the boys in the Coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that no body else could come at a dish of Tea, till the Knight had got all his conveniencies about him.

Nº 295. Thursday, February 7. [1712.]

*Prodiga non sentit pereuntem famina censum :  
At velut exhausta redivivus pullulet arcet  
Nummus, et è pleno semper tollatur acervo,  
Non unquam reputat quanti sibi gaudia constent. Juv.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ I am turned of my great climacteric, and am naturally a  
“ man of a meek temper. About a dozen years ago I was  
“ married, for my sins, to a young woman of a good family,  
“ and of an high spirit; but could not bring her to close with  
“ me, before I had entered into a treaty with her longer than  
“ that of the grand Alliance. Among other articles, it was  
“ therein stipulated, that she should have 400 l. a year for  
“ *Pin-money*, which I obliged my self to pay quarterly into  
“ the hands of one who acted as her Plenipotentiary in that  
“ affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in  
“ this solemn agreement. Now, Sir, so it is, that the Lady  
“ has had several children since I married her; to which, if  
“ I should credit our malicious neighbours, her *Pin-money*  
“ has not a little contributed. The education of these my  
“ children, who, contrary to my expectation, are born to me  
“ every year, strengthens me so much that I have begged  
“ their mother to free me from the obligation of the above-  
“ mentioned *Pin-money*, that it may go towards making a  
“ provision for her family. This proposal makes her noble  
“ blood swell in her veins, insomuch that finding me a little  
“ tardy in her last quarter’s payment, she threatens me every  
“ day to arrest me; and proceeds so far as to tell me, that if  
“ I do not do her justice, I shall dye in a jayl. To this she  
“ adds, when her passion will let her argue calmly, that she  
“ has several play-debts on her hand, which must be dis-  
“ charged very suddenly, and that she cannot lose her money

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“as becomes a woman of her fashion, if she makes me any  
“abatements in this article. I hope, Sir, you will take an  
“occasion from hence to give your opinion upon a subject  
“which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there  
5 “are any precedents for this usage among our ancestors ;  
“or whether you find any mention of *Pin-money* in *Grotius*,  
“*Puffendorf*, or any other of the Civilians.

*I am ever the humblest of your Admirers, Josiah Fribble, Esq;*

As there is no man living who is a more professed advocate  
10 for the fair sex than my self, so there is none that would be  
more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and priv-  
ileges ; but as the doctrine of *Pin-money* is of a very late date,  
unknown to our great grandmothers, and not yet received by  
many of our modern Ladies, I think it is for the interest of  
15 both sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. *Fribble* may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he  
intimates, that the supplying a man's wife with *Pin-money*, is  
furnishing her with arms against himself, and in a manner  
becoming accessory to his own dishonour. We may, indeed,  
20 generally observe, that in proportion as a woman is more or  
less beautiful, and her husband advanced in years, she stands  
in need of a greater or less number of *Pins*, and upon a treaty  
of marriage, rises or falls in her demands accordingly. It  
must likewise be owned, that high quality in a Mistress does  
25 very much inflame this article in the marriage reckoning.

But where the age and circumstances of both parties are  
pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting  
upon *Pin-money* is very extraordinary ; and yet we find sev-  
eral matches broken off upon this very head. What would a  
30 foreigner, or one who is a stranger to this practice, think of a  
Lover that forsakes his Mistress, because he is not willing to  
keep her in *Pins* ; but what would he think of the Mistress,  
should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred

pounds a year for this use? Should a man unacquainted with our customs be told the sums which are allowed in *Great Britain*, under the title of *Pin-money*, what a prodigious consumption of *Pins* would he think there was in this island? *A Pin a day*, says our frugal proverb, *is a groat a year*; so that according to this calculation, my friend *Fribble's* wife must every year make use of eight millions six hundred and forty thousand *new Pins*.

I am not ignorant that our *British Ladies* alledge they comprehend under this general term several other conveniences of life; I could therefore wish, for the honour of my country-women, that they had rather called it *Needle-money*, which might have implied something of good-housewifry, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think, that dress and trifle have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts.

I know several of my fair Readers urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but a necessary provision to make for themselves, in case their husband proves a churl or a miser; so that they consider this allowance as a kind of Alimony, which they may lay their claim to without actually separating from their husbands. But with submission, I think a woman who will give up her self to a man in marriage, where there is the least room for such an apprehension, and trust her person to one whom she will not rely on for the common necessities of life, may very properly be accused (in the phrase of an homely proverb) of being *penny wise and pound foolish*.

It is observed of over-cautious Generals, that they never engage in a battel without securing a retreat, in case the event should not answer their expectations; on the other hand, the greatest Conquerors have burnt their ships, and broke down the bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a woman who takes such precautions for

her retreat, and contrives methods how she may live happily, without the affection of one to whom she joins her self for life. Separate purses, between man and wife, are, in my opinion, as unnatural as separate beds. A marriage cannot be happy, 5 where the pleasures, inclinations, and interests of both parties are not the same. There is no greater incitement to love in the mind of man, than the sense of a person's depending upon him for her ease and happiness; as a woman uses all her endeavours to please the person whom she looks upon as her 10 honour, her comfort, and her support.

For this reason I am not very much surprised at the behaviour of a rough country Squire, who, being not a little shocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of *Pin-money*, was so enraged at her mercenary 15 temper, that he told her in great wrath, "As much as she "thought him her slave, he would shew all the world he did not "care a pin for her." Upon which he flew out of the room, and never saw her more.

Socrates, in *Plato's Alcibiades*, says, he was informed by one, 20 who had travelled through *Persia*, that as he passed over a tract of lands, and enquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the *Queen's girdle*; to which he adds, that another wide field which lay by it, was called the *Queen's veil*, and that in the same manner there was a large portion of 25 ground set aside for every part of her Majesty's dress. These lands might not be improperly called the Queen of *Persia's Pin-money*.

I remember my friend, Sir ROGER, who I dare say never read this passage in *Plato*, told me some time since, that upon his 30 courting the perverse widow (of whom I have given an account in former papers) he had disposed of an hundred acres in a Diamond-ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her wedding-day she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest Oaks

upon his estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a Colepit to keep her in clean linnen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a Windmill for her fans, and have presented her, once in three years, with the sheering of his sheep for her under-petticoats. To which the Knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine cloaths himself, there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my Lady *Coverly*. Sir ROGER perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular, but if the humour of *Pin-money* prevails, I think it would be very proper for every Gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of *The Pins*.

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Nº 317. *Tuesday, March 4. [1712.]*

— *fruges consumere nati. Hor.*

*Augustus*, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, *Let me then*, says he, *go off the stage with your applause*; using the expression with which the *Roman* Actors made their *Exit* at the conclusion of a Dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them: whether it was worth coming into the world for, whether it be suitable to a reasonable Being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant, or buffoon, the satyrist, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it will redound to his praise to have it said of him,

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that no man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friend into ridicule, that no body out-did him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very 5 common funeral orations, and Elogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembred a moment after their 10 disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the Commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their 15 actions are of no signification to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity, than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent *French* Author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance, and endowed 20 with reason. These two intellectual Beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase it, in polishing marble.

25 My friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts, than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir ANDREW 30 shewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my Reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well

turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, *eight a clock.* I put on my cloaths and walked into the parlour.

*Nine a clock ditto.* Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands. 5

*Hours ten, eleven and twelve.* Smoaked three pipes of Virginia. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant.* Things go ill in the north. Mr. *Nisby's* opinion thereupon.

*One a clock in the afternoon.* Chid *Ralph* for mislaying my tobacco-box. 10

*Two a clock.* Sate down to dinner. *Mem.* Too many plumbs, and no sewet.

*From three to four.* Took my afternoon's nap.

*From four to six.* Walked into the fields. Wind, S. S. E. 15

*From six to ten.* At the club. Mr. *Nisby's* opinion about the peace.

*Ten a clock.* Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *eight a clock.* Rose as usual.

*Nine a clock.* Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my 20 double soaled shoes.

*Ten, eleven, twelve.* Took a walk to *Islington.*

*One.* Took a pot of mother *Cob's* mild.

*Between two and three.* Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting. 25

*Three.* Nap as usual.

*From four to six.* Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

*From six to ten.* At the club. Mr. *Nisby's* account of the great Turk. 30

*Ten.* Dream of the grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *eight a clock.* Tongue of my shooe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

*Nine.* Paid off the Butcher's bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last leg of mutton. 35

*Ten, eleven.* At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black whig asked me how stocks went.

*From twelve to one.* Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

5 *From one to two.* Smoaked a pipe and a half.

*Two.* Dined as usual. Stomach good.

*Three.* Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

10 *From four to six.* At the coffee-house. Advice from *Smyrna*, that the grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

*Six a clock in the evening.* Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that the grand Vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.

15 *Ten at night.* Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine next morning.

THURSDAY, *nine a clock.* Staid within till two a clock for Sir *Timothy*. Who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

20 *Two in the afternoon.* Sate down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small beer sowl. Beef overcorned.

*Three.* Could not take my nap.

25 *Four and five.* Gave *Ralph* a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a message to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the club to night. Went to bed at nine a clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

*Twelve a clock.* Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

30 *Two and three.* Dined, and slept well.

*From four to six.* Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoaked several pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the head.

*Six a clock.* At the club as Steward. Sat late.

35 *Twelve a clock.* Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small-beer with the grand Vizer.

**SATURDAY.** Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.  
**Twelve.** Caught in a shower.

*One in the afternoon.* Returned home, and dried my self.

**Two.** Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. First course marrow-bones,  
 second Ox cheek, with a bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*. 5

**Three a clock.** Overslept my self.

**Six.** Went to the club. Like to have fall'n into a gutter.  
 Grand Vizier certainly dead. &c.

I question not, but the Reader will be surprized to find the  
 above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that 10  
 was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so  
 very small improvements ; and yet, if we look into the behaviour 15  
 of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that  
 most of their hours are taken up in those three important  
 articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose  
 that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in publick  
 affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, 20  
 I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out  
 in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in  
 such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. 25  
 One may become wiser and better by several methods of  
 employing ones self in secrecy and silence, and do what is  
 laudable without noise, or ostentation. I would, however,  
 recommend to every one of my Readers, the keeping a journal  
 of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their  
 whole series of employments, during that space of time. This 30  
 kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectifie the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

Nº 323. *Tuesday, March 11. [1712.]*

— *Modo vir, modo famina* — Virg.

The Journal with which I presented my Reader on *Tuesday* last, has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the *Rake's Journal*, the *Sot's Journal*, the *Whore-master's Journal*, and among 5 several others a very curious piece, entitled, *The Journal of a Mohock*. By these instances I find that the intention of my last *Tuesday*'s paper has been mistaken by many of my Readers. I did not design so much to expose Vice as Idle-ness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time 10 rather in trifles and impertinence, than in crimes and immor-alities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my Journal only holds up folly to the light, and shews the dis-agreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, 15 and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls her self *Clarinda*, is such a Journalist as I require: she seems by her Letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and 20 virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her Journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with 25 a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my correspondent.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ You having set your readers an exercise in one of your  
 “ last week’s papers, I have performed mine according to your  
 “ orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know,  
 “ *Mr. SPECTATOR*, that I am a maiden Lady of a good fortune,  
 “ who have had several matches offered me for these ten years  
 “ last past, and have at present warm applications made to me  
 “ by a very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come  
 “ up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the  
 “ manner you will find in the following Journal, which I began  
 “ to write upon the very day after your *Spectator* upon that  
 “ subject.”

TUESDAY Night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning  
 for thinking of my Journal.

WEDNESDAY. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them. 15

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the *Spectator*.

From eleven to one. At my toilette, try’d a new head. Gave orders for *Veny* to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in 20 blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the *Change*. Cheapned a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. *Mem.* Mr. *Froth* passed by in his new liveries. 25

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady *Blithe* and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds. 30

THURSDAY. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted to Mr. *Froth*.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in *Aurensebe* a-bed.

*From ten to eleven.* Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady *Faddle's* Cupid for *Veny*. Read the play-bills. Received a letter from Mr. *Froth*. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

5 *Rest of the morning.* *Fontange*, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady *Blithe's* wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent *Frank* to know how my Lady *Hectick* rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

*From three to four.* Dinner cold before I sat down.

10 *From four to eleven.* Saw company. Mr. *Froth's* opinion of *Milton*. His account of the *Mohocks*. His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady *Faddle* promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

*Twelve a clock at night.* Went to bed.

15 **FRIDAY.** *Eight in the morning.* Abed. Read over all Mr. *Froth's* letters. Cupid and *Veny*.

*Ten a clock.* Stay'd within all day, not at home.

*From ten to twelve.* In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbands. Broke my blue china cup.

20 *From twelve to one.* Shut my self up in my chamber, practised Lady *Betty Modely's* skuttle.

*One in the afternoon.* Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet-leaf in it. Eyes aked and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of *Aurensebe*.

25 *From three to four.* Dined.

*From four to twelve.* Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. *Spiteley* at home. Conversation: Mrs. *Brilliant's* necklace false stones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss *Prue* gone into the country. *Tom. Townley* has red hair. *Mem.* Mrs. *Spiteley* whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. *Froth*, I am sure it is not true.

*Between twelve and one.* Dreamed that Mr. *Froth* lay at my feet and called me *Indamora*.

35 **SATURDAY.** Rose at eight a clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

*From eight to nine.* Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

*From nine to twelve.* Drank my tea, and dressed.

*From twelve to two.* At chappel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.* The third air in the new opera. Lady *Blithe* 5 dressed frightfully.

*From three to four.* Dined. Mrs. *Kitty* called upon me to go to the Opera before I was risen from table.

*From dinner to six.* Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to *Veny*. 10

*Six a clock.* Went to the Opera. I did not see Mr. *Froth* till the beginning of the second act. Mr. *Froth* talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a Lady in the front box. Mr. *Froth* and his friend clapped *Nicolini* in the third Act. Mr. *Froth* cried out *Ancora*. Mr. *Froth* led me to my chair. I think he squeezed 15 my hand.

*Eleven at night.* Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Me-thought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. *Froth*.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. *Eight a clock.* Waked by Miss *Kitty*. *Aurenzebe* 20 lay upon the chair by me. *Kitty* repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobbs to the dumb man, according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a *G*. *Mem.* The Conjurer was within a letter of Mr. *Froth's* name, &c. 25

“Upon looking back into this my Journal, I find that I am “at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and “indeed never thought of considering how I did it, before I “perused your Speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a “single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve “of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am “resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. “*Froth* and *Veny*, I did not think they took up so much of my “time and thoughts, as I find they do upon my Journal. The 30

“latter of them I will turn off if you insist upon it; and if  
 “Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very sud-  
 “denly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

*Your Humble Servant, Clarinda.*

5 To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to consider *Clarinda* in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by  
 10 an uncertain author on Sir *Philip Sidney*’s sister, a Lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of *Clarinda*. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon the quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of *Pembroke*.

15 *Underneath this marble hearse*  
*Lies the subject of all verse,*  
*Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother;*  
*Death, e’er thou hast kill’d another,*  
*Fair and learn’d, and good as she,*  
 20 *Time shall throw a dart at thee.*

Nº 329. *Tuesday, March 18. [1712.]*

*Ire tamen restat Numa qua devenit & Ancus. Hor.*

My friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY told me the other night, that he had been reading my paper upon *Westminster-Abby*, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised  
 25 another paper upon *the Tombs*, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into

the Knight's head, till I recollect that he had been very busy all last summer upon *Baker's Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his dispute with Sir ANDREW FREEPORT since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the *Abby*. 5

I found the Knight under his Butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow *Trueby's* water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel. 15

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir ROGER told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at *Dantzick*: when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it. 20 25

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. *Trueby's* water, telling me that the widow *Trueby* was one who did more good than all the Doctors and Apothecaries in the county: that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her, that she distributed her water *gratis* among all sorts of people; to which the Knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; and truly, says Sir ROGER, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better. 30

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coach-man if his axle-tree was good ; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir ROGER popping out his head, call'd the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoaked ; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good Tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best *Virginia*. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the *Abby*.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cry'd out, A brave man I warrant him ! passing afterwards by Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, he flung his hand that way, and cryed Sir *Cloudsly Shovel !* a very gallant man ! As we stood before *Busby*'s tomb, the Knight uttered himself again after the same manner, Dr. *Busby*, a great man ! he whipped my grandfather ; a very great man ! I should have gone to him my self, if I had not been a blockhead ; a very great man !

We were immediately conducted into the little chappel on the right hand. Sir ROGER planting himself at our Historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the Lord who had cut off the King of *Morocco*'s head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the Statesman *Cecil* upon his knees ; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that Martyr to good housewifry, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our Interpreter's telling us, that she was a Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, the Knight was very inquisitive into her name and family ; and

after having regarded her finger for some time, I wonder, says he, that Sir *Richard Baker* has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.

We were then conveyed to the two Coronation-chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's Pillow*, sat himself down in the chair ; and looking like the figure of an old *Gothic* King, asked our Interpreter, What authority they had to say, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland*? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his Honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir ROGER a little ruffled upon being thus trappanned ; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the Knight soon recovered his good-humour, and whispered in my ear, that if WILL. WIMBLE were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir ROGER, in the next place, laid his hand upon *Edward* the third's sword, and leaning upon the pummel of it, gave us the whole history of the *Black Prince* ; concluding, that in Sir *Richard Baker's* opinion, *Edward* the third was one of the greatest Princes that ever sate upon the *English Throne*.

We were then shewn *Edward* the Confessor's tomb ; upon which Sir ROGER acquainted us, that he was the first that touched for the Evil ; and afterwards *Henry* the fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us, there was fine reading of the casualties of that reign.

Our Conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our *English Kings* without an head ; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since : some Whig, I'll warrant you, says Sir ROGER ; you ought to lock up your Kings better ; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care.

The glorious names of *Henry* the fifth and Queen *Elizabeth* gave the Knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir *Richard Baker*, who, as our Knight observed with some surprize, had a great many Kings in him, whose 5 monuments he had not seen in the Abby.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

10 I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our Interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to 15 see him at his lodgings in *Norfolk-buildings*, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

N° 335. *Tuesday, March 25. [1712.]*

*Respicere exemplar vita morumque jubebo  
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces. Hor.*

20 My friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY, when we last met together at the club, told me, that he had a great mind to see the new Tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir ROGER, was the *Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church-of-*England* Comedy. He then proceeded to enquire of me who this Distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that 25 she was *Hector's* widow, he told me, that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school boy he had read his life at the end of the Dictionary. My friend asked me, in the

next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the *Mohocks* should be abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up *Fleetstreet*, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to go away from them. You must know, continued the Knight with a smile, I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me: for I remember an honest Gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King *Charles* the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old Fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before. Sir ROGER added, that if these Gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out, says he, at the end of *Norfolkstreet*, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain SENTRY will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four a-clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for *John* tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir ROGER fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of *Steenkirk*. Sir ROGER's servants, and among the rest my old friend the Butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with my self at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his Butler at the head of his Footmen in the rear, we convoy'd him in safety to the play-house; where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in

the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in it self, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to my self, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragick audience. Upon the entring of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me, that he did not believe the King of *France* 5 himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the conclusion of almost every Scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the Play would end. One while he appeared 10 much concerned for *Andromache*; and a little while after as much for *Hermione*: and was extremely puzzled to think what 15 would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir ROGER saw *Andromache*'s obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was 20 sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, you cannot imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This part dwelt so 25 much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third Act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray, says he, you that are a Critick, is this Play according to your Dramatick rules, as you call them? 30 Should your people in Tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this Play that I do not know the meaning of.

The fourth Act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old Gentleman an answer; Well, says the Knight, sitting

down with great satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see *Hector's Ghost*. He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entring, he took for *Astyanax*; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon *Hermione's* going off with a menace to *Pyrrhus*, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir ROGER added, On my word, a notable young baggage !

As there was a very remarkable silence and stilness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the Acts, to express their opinion of the Players, and of their respective parts. Sir ROGER hearing a cluster of them praise *Orestes*, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend *Pylades* was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir ROGER put in a second time, And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them. Captain SENTRY, seeing two or three waggs who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir ROGER, and fearing lest they should smoke the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth Act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which *Orestes* gives of *Pyrrhus* his death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards *Orestes* in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that *Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.*

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear

passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir ROGER went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the

5 Playhouse ; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

Nº 343. *Thursday, April 3. [1712.]*

— *Errat et illinc*

*Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus*  
*Spiritus : éque feris humana in corpora transit,*  
*Inque feras noster* — Pythag. ap. Ov.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon occasion all the

10 little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of Souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. Sir *Paul Rycaut*, says he, gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans

15 that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at *Algiers*. You may know, says WILL, the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or a sister in disguise,

20 and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, tho' under such mean circumstances. They will tell you, says WILL, that the Soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was

25 one of us.

As I was wondring what this profusion of learning would end in, WILL told us that *Jack Freelove*, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those Ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. *Jack*, says he, was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his Mistress, in the person of the monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

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The Lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says WILL, whether it was written by *Jack* or the monkey.

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*Madam,*

“ Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited “ in vain for an opportunity of making my self known to you; “ and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper “ by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in “ writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must “ know, Madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an “ *Indian* Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets “ which your *European* Philosopher, called *Pythagoras*, is said “ to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated my “ self by my great skill in the occult sciences with a Dæmon “ whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me “ whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might “ never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this he told “ me was not in his power to grant me. I then begged that “ into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I “ might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was

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“ the same person who lived in different animals. This he told  
“ me was within his power, and accordingly promised on the  
“ word of a Daemon that he would grant me what I desired.  
“ From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was  
5 “ made President of a college of Brachmans, an office which I  
“ discharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

“ I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted  
“ my part so very well in it, that I became first Minister to a  
“ Prince who reigned upon the banks of the *Ganges*. I here  
10 “ lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all  
“ the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and  
“ oppress the people to enrich my Sovereign ; till at length I  
“ became so odious, that my Master to recover his credit with  
“ his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I  
15 “ was one day addressing my self to him at the head of his  
“ army.

“ Upon my next remove I found my self in the woods under  
“ the shape of a Jack-call, and soon listed my self in the service  
“ of a Lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight,  
20 “ which was his time of rouzing and seeking after his prey.  
“ He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run  
“ down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had feasted  
“ very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw  
“ me a bone that was but half picked for my encouragement ;  
25 “ but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three chaces, he  
“ gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger, that I died  
“ of it.

“ In my next transmigration I was again set upon two legs,  
“ and became an *Indian* tax-gatherer ; but having been guilty  
30 “ of great extravagances, and being married to an expensive  
“ jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst not  
“ shew my head. I could no sooner step out of my house, but  
“ I was arrested by some body or other that lay in wait for  
“ me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the

“evening, I was taken up and hurry'd into a dungeon, where  
“I died a few months after.

“My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state  
“led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Sev-  
“eral fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water,  
“and if I betook my self to my wings, it was ten to one but  
“I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day  
“flying amidst a fleet of *English* ships, I observed a huge  
“sea-gull whetting his bill and hovering just over my head :  
“Upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into  
“the mouth of a monstrous shark that swallowed me down in  
“an instant.

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“I was some years afterwards, to my great surprize, an emi-  
“nent banker in *Lombard-Street*; and rememb'ring how I had  
“formerly suffered for want of mony, became so very sordid  
“and avaritious, that the whole town cried shame of me. I  
“was a miserable little old fellow to look upon, for I had in a  
“manner starved my self, and was nothing but skin and bone  
“when I died.

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“I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find  
“my self dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned  
“to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some  
“time or other I might be reduced to a mite if I did not mend  
“my manners. I therefore applied my self with great diligence  
“to the offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked  
“upon as the notablest ant in the whole molehill. I was at last  
“picked up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky  
“cock-sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before  
“made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

“I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole  
“summer in the shape of a Bee; but being tired with the  
“painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last  
“transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned  
“drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive,

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“we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended  
“it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

“I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I

“went through: how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did

5 “penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was  
“a taylor, a shrimp, and a tomtit. In the last of these my  
“shapes I was shot in the *Christmas* holidays by a young  
“Jack-a-napes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

“But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life,

10 “to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about  
“six years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked,  
“and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain  
“you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he had  
“got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that

15 “unfortunate young fellow, whom you were then so cruel to.  
“Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found my self  
“upon a hill in *Aethiopia*, where I lived in my present grotesque  
“shape, till I was caught by a servant of the *English* factory,  
“and sent over into *Great Britain*: I need not inform you how

20 “I came into your hand. You see, Madam, this is not the first  
“time that you have had me in a chain: I am, however, very  
“happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those  
“kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for,  
“when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will

25 “not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue  
“your accustomed favours to

*Your most devoted humble Servant, Pugg.*

*P. S.* “I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of

“my way; for as I look upon him to be the most formidable

30 “of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him  
“such a snap as he won’t like.

Nº 383. *Tuesday, May 20. [1712.]**Criminibus debent hortos — Hor.*

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my Landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice enquiring whether the Philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollect that it was my good friend Sir ROGER's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to *Spring-garden*, in case it proved a good evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promise from the stair-case, but told me that if I was speculating, he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my Landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroaking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

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We were no sooner come to the *Temple* stairs, but we were surrounded with a croud of water-men, offering their respective services. Sir ROGER, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden-leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, *You must know*, says Sir ROGER, *I never make use of any body to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his Oar, than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a Lord or a Bishop, and kept a Barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden-leg.*

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for Ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our

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way for *Fox-hall*. Sir ROGER obliged the Waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at *La Hogue*, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the Knight in the triumph of his heart made several  
5 reflections on the greatness of the *British* nation ; as, that one *Englishman* could beat three *Frenchmen* ; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet ; that the *Thames* was the noblest river in *Europe* ; that *London-bridge* was a greater piece of work than any of the seven won-  
10 ders of the world ; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true *Englishman*.

After some short pause, the old Knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great Metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and  
15 that there was scarce a single steeple on this side *Temple-bar*. *A most heathenish sight !* says Sir ROGER : *There is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect ; but church-work is slow, church-work is slow !*

I do not remember I have any where mentioned in Sir  
20 ROGER's character, his custom of saluting every body that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice Knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water ; but to the Knight's great surprize, as he gave the good-night to two or  
25 three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old Putt we had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years ? with a great deal of the like *Thames-ribaldry*. Sir ROGER seemed a little shocked at first, but at

length assuming a face of magistracy, told us, *That if he were a Middlesex Justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.*

We were now arrived at *Spring-garden*, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrance of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of *Mahometan* paradise. Sir ROGER told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his Chaplain used to call an Aviary of Nightingales. *You must understand*, says the Knight, *there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your Nightingale.* Ah, Mr. SPECTATOR! *the many moonlight nights that I have walked by my self, and thought on the widow by the musick of the Nightingale!* He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of Mead with her? But the Knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her, *She was a wanton baggage*, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of *Burton-ale*, and a slice of Hung-beef. When we had done eating our selves, the Knight called a Waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to a Waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the *Quorum*, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the Mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, That he should be a better customer to her garden, if there were more Nightingales and fewer Strumpets.

N° 411. Saturday, June 21. [1712.]

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante  
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fonteis;  
Atque haurire: — Lucr.*

Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of Feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the same time it is very much streightned and confined in its operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our Sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads it self over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

It is this sense which furnishes the Imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of the Imagination or Fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by Paintings, Statues, Descriptions, or any the like occasion. We cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering and compounding those images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination; for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landskips more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

There are few words in the *English* language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the notion of these two words, as I intend to make use of them in the thread of my following Speculations, that the Reader may conceive rightly what is the subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember, that by the pleasures of the imagination, I mean only such pleasures as arise originally from sight, and that I divide these pleasures into two kinds: my design being first of all to discourse of those primary pleasures of the imagination, which entirely proceed from such objects as are before our eyes; and in the next place to speak of those secondary pleasures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of visible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into agreeable visions of things that are either absent or fictitious.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, taken in their full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding. The last are, indeed, more preferable, because they are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it must be confess, that those of the imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful prospect delights the soul, as much as a demonstration; and a Description in *Homer* has charmed more Readers than a Chapter in *Aristotle*. Besides, the pleasures of the imagination have this advantage, above those of the understanding, that they are more obvious, and more easie to be acquired. It is but opening the eye, and the scene enters. The colours paint themselves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to the beauty of an object, without enquiring into the particular causes and occasions of it.

A man of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures, that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures: So that he looks upon the world, as it were in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expence of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly. A man should endeavour, therefore, to make the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take. Of this nature are those of the imagination, which do not require such a bent of thought as is necessary to our more serious employments, nor, at the same time, suffer the mind to sink into that negligence and remissness, which are apt to accompany our more sensual delights, but, like a gentle exercise to the faculties, awaken them from sloth and idleness, without putting them upon any labour or difficulty.

We might here add, that the pleasures of the fancy are more conducive to health, than those of the understanding, which are worked out by dint of thinking, and attended with too violent a labour of the brain. Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body, as well as the mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to disperse grief and melancholy, and to set the animal spirits in pleasing and agreeable

motions. For this reason Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his Essay upon Health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his Reader a poem or a prospect, where he particularly dissuades him from knotty and subtle disquisitions, and advises him to pursue studies, that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

I have in this paper, by way of introduction, settled the notion of those pleasures of the imagination which are the subject of my present undertaking, and endeavoured, by several considerations, to recommend to my Reader the pursuit of those pleasures. I shall, in my next paper, examine the several sources from whence these pleasures are derived.

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Nº 489. *Saturday, September 20. [1712.]*

— *Bαθυψηλταο μέγα σθένος ὄκεανοῦ.* Hom.

SIR,

Upon reading your *Essay*, concerning the pleasures of the imagination, I find among the three sources of those pleasures which you have discovered, that *Greatness* is one. This has suggested to me the reason why, of all objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my imagination so much as the sea or ocean. I cannot see the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleasing astonishment; but when it is worked up in a tempest, so that the Horizon on every side is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable horrour that rises from such a prospect. A troubled ocean, to a man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest object that he can see in motion, and consequently gives his imagination one of the highest kinds of pleasure that can arise from greatness. I must confess, it is impossible for me to survey this world of

fluid matter, without thinking on the hand that first poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raises in my thoughts the idea of an almighty Being, and convinces me of his existence as much as a metaphysical demonstration. The imagination prompts the understanding, and by the greatness of the sensible object, produces in it the idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by time nor space.

As I have made several voyages upon the sea, I have often been tossed in storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in antient Poets. I remember *Longinus* highly recommends one in *Homer*, because the Poet has not amused himself with little fancies upon the occasion, as Authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions, had done, but because he has gathered together those circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempest. It is for the same reason, that I prefer the following description of a ship in a storm, which the Psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. *They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waters thereof. They mount up to Heaven, they go down again to the depths, their Soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits-end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.*

By the way, how much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this system of the Psalmist, than the pagan scheme in *Virgil*, and other Poets, where one Deity is represented as raising a storm, and another as laying it? Were we only to consider

the Sublime in this piece of poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the supreme Being thus raising a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confusion, thus troubling and becalming nature?

Great Painters do not only give us Landskips of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon sea-pieces: I could wish you would follow their example. If this small sketch may deserve a place among your works, I shall accompany it with a divine Ode, made by a Gentleman upon the conclusion of his travels.

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## I.

*How are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.*

## II.

*In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Thro' burning climes I pass'd unhurt,  
And breath'd in tainted air.*

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## III.

*Thy mercy sweetned ev'ry soil,  
Made ev'ry region please;  
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,  
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas,*

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## IV.

*Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,  
How with affrighted eyes  
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep  
In all its horrors rise!*

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## V.

*Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,  
And fear in ev'ry heart;  
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,  
O'ercame the pilot's art.*

## VI.

5 *Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
Thy mercy set me free,  
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r  
My soul took hold on thee.*

## VII.

10 *For tho' in dreadful whirles we hung  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.*

## VIII.

15 *The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
At thy command was still.*

## IX.

20 *In midst of dangers, fears and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore,  
And praise thee for thy mercies past;  
And humbly hope for more.*

## X.

*My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, if death must be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to thee.*

N<sup>o</sup> 517. Thursday, October 23. [1712.]

*Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! — Virg.*

We last night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspence, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY *is dead*. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig Justice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER's enemy and antagonist. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain SENTRY which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the Knight's house. As my friend the Butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my Reader a copy of his Letter, without any alteration or diminution.

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*Honoured Sir,*

“Knowing that you was my old Master's good friend, I  
“could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his  
“death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his  
“poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did  
“our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-  
“sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor  
“widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been  
“wrongs by a neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, my

“good master was always the poor man’s friend. Upon his  
“coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had  
“lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin,  
“which was served up according to custom ; and you know he  
5 “used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he  
“grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last.  
“Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recovery, upon a  
“kind message that was sent him from the widow Lady whom  
“he had made love to the forty last years of his life ; but this  
10 “only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed  
“to this Lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace,  
“and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged  
“to my good old Lady his mother : he has bequeathed the fine  
“white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his  
15 “Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and  
“has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to  
“the Chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it.  
“It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for  
“mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frize-coat, and  
20 “to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving  
“sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commanding  
“us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word  
“for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our  
“dear master’s service, he has left us pensions and legacies,  
25 “which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part  
“of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity,  
“which is not yet come my knowledge, and it is peremptorily  
“said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple  
“to the Church ; for he was heard to say some time ago, that  
30 “if he lived two years longer, *Coverly* Church should have a  
“steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every body that he made a  
“very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He  
“was buried, according to his own directions, among the family  
“of the COVERLIES, on the left hand of his father Sir *Arthur*.

“The Coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the Pall  
“held up by six of the *Quorum*: the whole parish followed the  
“corps with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men  
“in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain SENTRY,  
“my master’s nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house,  
“and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little  
“before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him  
“joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only  
“to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and  
“the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents  
“upon the estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous man,  
“though says but little. He makes much of those whom my  
“master loved, and shews great kindness to the old house-dog,  
“that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would  
“have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb  
“creature made on the day of my master’s death. He has  
“never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was  
“the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened  
“in *Worcestershire*. This being all from,

*Honoured Sir, Your most sorrowful servant,*

Edward Biscuit.

*P. S.* “My master desired, some weeks before he died,  
“that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should  
“be given to Sir ANDREW FREEPORT in his name.

This Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler’s manner of  
writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that  
upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the Club.  
Sir ANDREW opening the book, found it to be a collection of  
Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir ROGER’s own  
hand. Sir ANDREW found that they related to two or three  
points, which he had disputed with Sir ROGER the last time

he appeared at the Club. Sir ANDREW, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain SENTRY informs me, that the Knight  
5 has left rings and mourning for every one in the Club.

Nº 542. *Friday, November 21. [1712.]*

*Et sibi praeferri se gaudet* — Ovid.

When I have been present in assemblies where my paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleased to hear those who would detract from the Author of it observe, that the Letters which are sent to the *Spectator* are as good, if not better than  
10 any of his works. Upon this occasion many Letters of mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the *Spectator* writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his correspondents: such are those from  
15 the *Valetudinarian*; the inspector of the sign-posts; the master of the Fan-exercise; with that of the hooped petticoat; that of *Nicholas Hart* the annual sleeper; that of Sir *John Envill*; that upon the *London* cries; with multitudes of the same nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them, they have very  
20 often praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy Gentlemen proving, by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a Letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I  
25 have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous expressions, and giving the company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the honour to send me such and such a particular epistle,

which happened to be talked of with the esteem or approbation of those who were present. These rigid Critics are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the Lion, the wild Boar, and the Flowerpots in the Play-house, did not actually write those Letters which came to me in their names. I must therefore inform these Gentlemen, that I often chuse this way of casting my thoughts into a Letter, for the following reasons : First, out of the policy of those who try their jest upon another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose Author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the person of the *Spectator*. Fourthly, because the dignity spec-  
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tatorial would have suffered, had I published as from my self those several ludicrous compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious names and characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in, more naturally, such additional reflections as  
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have been placed at the end of them.  
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There are others who have likewise done me a very particular honour, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it, that I have translated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a person, who is more famous for  
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his library than his learning, that has asserted this more than once in his private conversation. Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own knowledge ; but had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this accusation to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned  
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will acquit me in this point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous perhaps to a fault in quoting the Authors of several passages which I might have made my own. But as this assertion is in reality an encomium  
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on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small reputation which might accrue to me from any of my Speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary Manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose objections have given me a greater concern, as they seem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality than on my invention. These are they

5 who say an Author is guilty of falsehood, when he talks to the publick of Manuscripts which he never saw, or describes scenes of action or discourse in which he was never engaged. But these Gentlemen would do well to consider, there is not a fable or parable which ever was made use of, that is not liable to

10 this exception; since nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary Reader may be able to discover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in these occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

15 Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several objections which have been made against these my works, I must take notice that there are some who affirm a paper of this nature should always turn upon diverting subjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not

20 an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I shall leave these Gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves, since I see one half of my conduct patronized by each side. Were I serious on an improper subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me

25 the censure of my Readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance vice and ignorance, and support the interest of true wisdom and virtue, I should be more severe upon my self than the

publick is disposed to be. In the mean while I desire my Reader to consider every particular paper or discourse as a distinct tract by itself, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this paper with the following letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own my self indebted to their respective writers. 5

SIR,

"I was this morning in a company of your well-wishers, 10  
"when we read over, with great satisfaction, *Tully's* observa-  
"tions on action adapted to the *British* theatre: though, by  
"the way, we were very sorry to find that you have disposed  
"of another member of your club. Poor Sir *Roger* is dead,  
"and the worthy Clergyman dying. Captain *Sentry* has taken  
"possession of a fair estate; *Will. Honeycomb* has married a  
"farmer's daughter, and the *Templer* withdraws himself into  
"the business of his own profession. What will all this end in?  
"We are afraid it portends no good to the publick. Unless  
"you very speedily fix a day for the election of new members, 20  
"we are under apprehensions of losing the *British Spectator*.  
"I hear of a party of Ladies who intend to address you on  
"this subject, and question not, if you do not give us the slip  
"very suddenly, that you will receive addresses from all parts  
"of the kingdom to continue so useful a work. Pray deliver 25  
"us out of this perplexity, and among the multitude of your  
"readers you will particularly oblige

*Your most sincere friend and servant, Philo-Spec.*

## Nº 558. Wednesday, June 23. [1714.]

*Qui fit, Mæcas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem  
 Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa  
 Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes?  
 O fortunati mercatores, gravis annis  
 Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!  
 Contra mercator, navim jactantibus austris,  
 Militia est potior. Quid enim? concurritur? hora  
 Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria lata.  
 Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,  
 Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.  
 Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem est,  
 Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.  
 Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem  
 Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi  
 Quo rem deducam. Si quis deus, en ego, dicat,  
 Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,  
 Mercator: tu consultus modo, rusticus. Hinc vos,  
 Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eja,  
 Quid statis? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis. — Hor.*

It is a celebrated thought of *Socrates*, that if all the mis-  
 fortunes of mankind were cast into a publick stock, in order  
 to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who  
 now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the  
 5 share they are already possessed of, before that which would  
 fall to them by such a division. *Horace* has carried this  
 thought a great deal further in the motto of my paper, which  
 implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are  
 more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in  
 10 case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in  
 my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden,  
 methought there was a proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that  
 every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and  
 15 throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain

appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain Lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was cloathed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was *FANCY*. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burthens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage; which upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of Lovers saddled with very whimsical burthens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not perswade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away, as heavy loaden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There

were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprized to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary  
5 upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among his collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little  
10 packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprized me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into  
15 the whole heap: at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within my self, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I  
20 did not question came loaden with his crimes, but upon searching into his bundle, I found that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless Rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

25 When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the *Phantome* which had been so busie on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasie at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner  
30 saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me

had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length ; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending our selves, and, all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortune for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper. 5

N° 567. *Wednesday, July 14. [1714.]*

— *Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.* Virg.

I have received private advice from some of my correspondents, that if I would give my paper a general run, I should take care to season it with scandal. I have indeed observed of late, that few writings sell which are not filled with great names and illustrious titles. The Reader generally casts his eye upon a new book, and if he finds several letters separated from one another by a dash, he buys it up, and peruses it with great satisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*, with a short line between them, has sold many an insipid pamphlet. Nay I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well written &c —'s. 10 15 20

A sprinkling of the words *Faction, Frenchman, Papist, Plunderer*, and the like significant terms, in an Italick character, hath also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser ; not to mention *Scribler, Liar, Rogue, Rascal, Knave*, and *Villain*, without which it is impossible to carry on a modern 25 controversies.

Our party-writers are so sensible of the secret virtue of an innuendo to recommend their productions, that of late they

never mention the Q——n or P——t at length, though they speak of them with honour, and with that deference which is due to them from every private person. It gives a secret satisfaction to the peruser of these mysterious works, that he 5 is able to decipher them without help, and, by the strength of his own natural parts, to fill up a blank space, or make out a word that has only the first or last letter to it.

Some of our Authors indeed, when they would be more satirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great man's 10 name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the consonants. This way of writing was first of all introduced by *T-m Br-wn* of facetious memory, who, after having gutted a proper name of all its intermediate vowels, used to plant it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any danger of the statute.

15 That I may imitate these celebrated Authors, and publish a paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious libel, in which a Reader of penetration will find a great deal of concealed satyr, and if he be acquainted with the present posture of affairs, will easily dis- 20 cover the meaning of it.

“ If there are *four* persons in the nation who endeavour to “ bring all things into confusion, and ruin their native country, “ I think every honest *Engl-sh-m-n* ought to be upon his guard. “ That there are such, every one will agree with me, who hears 25 “ me name \*\*\* with his first friend and favourite \*\*\*, not to “ mention \*\*\* nor \*\*\*. These people may cry Ch-rch, Ch-rch, “ as long as they please, but, to make use of a homely proverb, “ The proof of the p-dd-ng is in the eating. This I am sure “ of, that if a *certain Prince* should concur with a *certain Prelate*, 30 “ (and we have Monsieur *Z——n*'s word for it) our posterity “ would be in a sweet p-ckle. Must the *British* Nation suffer “ forsooth, because my Lady *Q-p-t-s* has been disengaged? or is “ it reasonable that our *English* fleet, which used to be the ter- “ ror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a —.

“ I love to speak out and declare my mind clearly, when I am  
 “ talking for the good of my country. I will not make my court  
 “ to an ill man, though he were a *B*——*y* or a *T*——*t*. Nay,  
 “ I would not stick to call so wretched a politician, a traitor, an  
 “ enemy to his country, and a *Bl-nd-rb-ss, &c. &c.* ”

5

The remaining part of this political treatise, which is written  
 after the manner of the most celebrated Authors in *Great*  
*Britain*, I may communicate to the publick at a more  
 convenient season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my  
 curious Reader, as some ingenious writers do their Enigmas,  
 and if any sagacious person can fairly unriddle it, I will print  
 his explanation, and, if he pleases, acquaint the world with  
 his name.

10

I hope this short essay will convince my Readers, it is not  
 for want of abilities that I avoid State-tracts, and that if I would  
 apply my mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a mas-  
 ter of the political scratch as any the most eminent writer of  
 the age. I shall only add, that in order to outshine all the  
 modern race of *Syncopists*, and thoroughly content my *English*  
 Readers, I intend shortly to publish a *SPECTATOR*, that shall not  
 have a single vowel in it.

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N° 568. *Friday, July 16. [1714.]*

— *Dum recitas, incipit esse tuus. Mart.*

I was yesterday in a Coffee-house not far from the *Royal-Exchange*, where I observed three persons in close conference  
 over a pipe of tobacco ; upon which, having filled one for my  
 own use, I lighted it at the little wax candle that stood before  
 them ; and after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongst  
 them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not  
 tell my Reader, that lighting a man’s pipe at the same candle,

25

is looked upon among brother-smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being intrenched under a cloud of our own raising, I took up the last SPECTATOR, and casting my 5 eye over it, *The SPECTATOR*, says I, *is very witty to-day*; upon which a lusty lethargick old Gentleman, who sat at the upper-end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of smoak, which he had been collecting for some time before, *Ay*, says he, *more witty than wise I am afraid*.

10 His neighbour, who sat at his right hand, immediately coloured, and being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furnished me with a tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to

15 time all the while he was speaking: *This fellow*, says he, *cannot for his life keep out of politics. Do you see how he abuses four great men here?* I fixed my eye very attentively on the paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by Asterisks. *Asterisks*, says he, *do you call them? they are*

20 *all of them stars. He might as well have put garters to them. Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines! Ch-rch and p-dd-ng in the same sentence! our Clergy are very much beholden to him.* Upon this the third Gentleman, who was of a mild disposition, and, as I found, a Whig in his heart, desired 25 him not to be too severe upon the SPECTATOR neither; *For*, says he, *you find he is very cautious of giving offence, and has therefore put two dashes into his pudding. A fig for his dash*, says the angry politician. *In his next sentence he gives a plain innuendo, that our posterity will be in a sweet p-ckle. What*

30 *does the fool mean by his pickle? why does he not write at length if he means honestly? I have read over the whole sentence*, says I; *but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can hold. But who*, says I, *is my Lady Q-p-t-s? Ay, answer that*

*if you can, Sir, says the furious Statesman to the poor Whig that sat over-against him. But without giving him time to reply, I do assure you, says he, were I my Lady Q—p—t—s, I would sue him for Scandalum Magnatum. What is the world come to? must every body be allowed to —? He had by this time filled a new pipe, and applying it to his lips, when we expected the last word of his sentence, put us off with a whiff of tobacco; which he redoubled with so much rage and trepidation, that he almost stifled the whole company. After a short pause, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing so many letters in my Lady Q-p-t-s's name; but however, says I, he has made a little amends for it in his next sentence, where he leaves a blank space without so much as a consonant to direct us! I mean, says I, after those words, The fleet, that used to be the terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a —; after which ensues a chasm, that, in my opinion, looks modest enough. Sir, says my antagonist, you may easily know his meaning by his gaping; I suppose he designs his chasm, as you call it, for an hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his turn. Who can endure to see the great Officers of State, the B—y's and T—t's treated after so scurilous a manner? I cannot for my life, says I, imagine who the SPECTATOR means: No! says he, — Your humble servant, Sir! Upon which he flung himself back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and smiled upon the old lethargick Gentleman on his left hand, who I found was his great admirer. The Whig however had begun to conceive a good-will towards me, and seeing my pipe out, very generously offered me the use of his box; but I declined it with great civility, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.*

5 10 15 20 25 30

At my leaving the Coffee-house, I could not forbear reflecting with my self upon that gross tribe of fools who may be termed the *Over-wise*, and upon the difficulty of writing any

thing in this censorious age, which a weak head may not construe into private satyr and personal reflection.

A man who has a good nose at an innuendo, smells treason and sedition in the most innocent words that can be put  
5 together, and never sees a vice or folly stigmatized, but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty pragmatrical fellow in the country, who upon reading over *the whole Duty of Man*, had written the names of several persons in the village at the side of every sin which  
10 is mentioned by that excellent Author; so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the 'Squire, Church-wardens, Overseers of the poor, and all other the most considerable persons in the parish. This book with these extraordinary marginal notes fell accidentally into  
15 the hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a current report that some body had written a book against the 'Squire and the whole parish. The Minister of the place having at that time a controversy with some of his congregation upon the account of his tythes, was under some  
20 suspicion of being the Author, until the good man set his people right, by shewing them that the satyrical passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ against all the sinners in *England*.

N° 584. *Monday, August 23. [1714.]*

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,  
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer aeo.* Virg.

*Hilpa* was one of the 150 daughters of *Zilpah*, of the race of *Cohu*, by whom some of the learned think is meant *Cain*. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, *Harpath* and *Shalum*; *Harpath* being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount *Tirzah*, in the southern parts of *China*. *Shalum* (which is to say the Planter in the *Chinese* language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of *Tirzah*. *Harpath* was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; *Shalum* was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that, among the Antediluvian women, the daughters of *Cohu* had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful *Hilpa* preferred *Harpath* to *Shalum*, because of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount *Tirzah*, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

*Harpath* made so quick a dispatch of his courtship, that he married *Hilpa* in the hundredth year of her age; and being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother *Shalum* for having pretended to the beautiful *Hilpa*, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked *Shalum*, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head, if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward *Harpath* would never venture out of the vallies, but came to an untimely end in the 250th year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in 5 it, the river *Harpath*, and what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which *Shalum* wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

*Hilpa* was in the 160th year of her age at the death of her 10 husband, having brought him but fifty children, before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the Antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover *Shalum*, who renewed his court to her about ten years 15 after the death of *Harpath*; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

*Shalum* falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when 20 he made his first addresses to *Hilpa*, began immediately after her marriage with *Harpath*, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first 25 man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement: his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks, and lawns, and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, 30 began now to look like a second paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of *Shalum*, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches,

and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of *Shalum* looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of *Hilpa*, who, after the space of 70 autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of *Shalum*'s hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees and gloomy scenes that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest Landskips the eye of man could behold.

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The *Chinese* record a letter which *Shalum* is said to have written to *Hilpa*, in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments, and plainness of manners, which appears in the original.

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*Shalum* was at this time 180 years old, and *Hilpa* 170.

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*Shalum Master of mount Tirzah, to Hilpa Mistress of the vallies.*

*In the 788th year of the Creation.*

“What have I not suffered, O thou daughter of *Zilpah*, since “thou gavest thy self away in marriage to my rival? I grew “weary of the light of the sun, and have been ever since cover-“ing my self with woods and forests. These threescore and “ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the tops of “mount *Tirzah*, and soothed my melancholy among a thou-“sand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at “present as the garden of God; every part of them is filled “with fruits, and flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain “is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my “beloved, and let us people this spot of the new world with a “beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among “these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with “sons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of *Zilpah*, “that the age of man is but a thousand years; that beauty is

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“ the admiration but of a few centuries. It flourishes as a  
 “ mountain Oak, or as a Cedar on the top of *Tirzah*, which  
 “ in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be  
 “ thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its  
 5 “ roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in  
 “ the mountains.

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only Antediluvian *Billet-doux* now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.

Nº 585. *Wednesday, August 25. [1714.]*

*Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant  
 Intonsi montes: ipsæ jam carmina rupes,  
 Ipsa sonant arbusta — Virg.*

10 *The sequel of the story of Shalum and Hilpa.*

The letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon *Hilpa*, that she answered it in less than a twelvemonth after the following manner.

15 *Hilpa Mistress of the vallies, to Shalum Master of mount Tirzah.*

*In the 789th year of the creation.*

“ What have I to do with thee, O *Shalum*? Thou praisest  
 “ *Hilpa*’s beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the  
 “ verdure of her meadows? Art thou not more affected with  
 20 “ the prospect of her green vallies, than thou wouldest be with  
 “ the sight of her person? The lowings of my herds, and the  
 “ bleatings of my flocks, make a pleasant echo in thy mountains,  
 “ and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted  
 “ with the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes

“ which flow from the top of *Tirzah* : are these like the riches  
“ of the valley ?

“ I know thee, O *Shalum* ; thou art more wise and happy  
“ than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the  
“ Cedars ; thou searchest out the diversity of soils, thou under-  
“ standest the influences of the stars, and markest the change  
“ of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such  
“ a one ? Disquiet me not, O *Shalum* ; let me alone, that I  
“ may enjoy those goodly possessions which are fallen to my  
“ lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees  
“ increase and multiply ; mayest thou add wood to wood, and  
“ shade to shade ; but tempt not *Hilpa* to destroy thy solitude,  
“ and make thy retirement populous.

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The *Chinese* say, that a little time afterwards she accepted  
of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which *Shalum*  
had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said  
to have cost *Shalum* five hundred Antelopes, two thousand  
Ostriches, and a thousand tun of milk ; but what most of all  
recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and Pot-  
herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal  
*Shalum*.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst  
the wood of nightingales. The wood was made up of such  
fruit trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several  
kinds of singing birds ; so that it had drawn into it all the  
musick of the country, and was filled from one end of the  
year to the other with the most agreeable consort in season.

He shewed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene  
in this new region of wood-lands ; and as by this means he had  
all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to  
her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made  
him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him  
a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the vallies, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from *Mishpach*, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name.

5 Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay there were some that were leased out for three lives ; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world.

10 This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestick utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely

15 displeased at *Hilpa* for the reception which she had given to *Mishpach*, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of *Saturn* ; but finding that this intercourse went no further than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her, who during his long silence is said very often

20 to have cast a wishing eye upon mount *Tirzah*.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between *Shalum* and *Mishpach* ; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition,

25 the following accident happened which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of *Mishpach* having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. *Mishpach* resolved to rebuild the place, whatever it should cost him ; and having already destroyed all

30 the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to *Shalum*, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Mishpach* ; and

therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of *Zilpah*'s daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains, he raised a most prodigious pile of Cedar, and of every sweet smelling wood, which reached above 300 cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which *Shalum* offered in the day of his espousals: the smoke of it ascended up to Heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

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## THE GUARDIAN.

N° 98. *Friday, July 3. [1713.]*

*In sese redit* — Virg.

The first who undertook to instruct the world in single papers, was *Isaac Bickerstaff* of famous memory. A man nearly related to the family of the IRONSIDES. We have often smoked a pipe together, for I was so much in his books, that at his decease he 5 left me a silver standish, a pair of spectacles, and the lamp by which he used to write his *Lucubrations*.

The venerable *Isaac* was succeeded by a Gentleman of the same family, very memorable for the shortness of his face and of his speeches. This ingenious Author published his 10 thoughts, and held his tongue, with great applause, for two years together.

I NESTOR IRONSIDE have now for some time undertaken to fill the place of these my two renowned kinsmen and predecessors. For it is observed of every branch of our family, 15 that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarked of some of us, that we are apt on this occasion rather to give than take.

However it be, I cannot but observe, with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for 20 any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our Line. I believe I speak within compass, when I affirm that above a hundred different Authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing: some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the kingdom; but I

do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the Art. Their projects have always dropt after a few unsuccessful Essays. It puts me in mind of a story which was lately told me by a pleasant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid servant seeing his instrument lying upon the table, and being sensible there was musick in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the strings, and at last told her master she had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find whereabout the tune lay.

But though the whole burden of such a paper is only fit to rest on the shoulders of a *Bickerstaff* or an *Ironside*; there are several who can acquit themselves of a single day's Labour in it with suitable abilities. These are Gentlemen whom I have often invited to this tryal of wit, and who have several of them acquitted themselves to my private Emolument, as well as to their own reputation. My paper among the Republick of letters is the *Ulysses* his bow, in which every Man of wit or learning may try his strength. One who does not care to write a book without being sure of his abilities, may see by this means if his parts and talents are to the Publick taste.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the best sense, who are always diffident of their private judgment, till it receives a sanction from the Publick. *Provoco ad Populum*, I appeal to the people, was the usual saying of a very excellent dramatick Poet, when he had any disputes with particular persons about the justness and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an Author to be satisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world besides himself. Common modesty should, on this occasion, make a man suspect his own judgment, and that he misapplies the rules of his art, when he finds himself singular in the applause which he bestows upon his own writings.

5 The Publick is always even with an Author who has not a just deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. I laugh at every one, said an old Cynick, who laughs at me. Do you so? replied the Philosopher; then let me tell you, you live the merriest life of any man in *Athens*.

10 It is not therefore the least use of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and such is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of sounding the publick before he launches into it. For this reason I look upon  
10 my paper as a kind of nursery for Authors, and question not but some, who have made a good Figure here, will hereafter flourish under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

15 After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have  
15 one favour to beg of the candid and courteous Reader, that when he meets with any thing in this paper which may appear a little dull or heavy, (tho' I hope this will not be often) he will believe it is the work of some other Person, and not of  
NESTOR IRONSIDE.

20 I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of my self, *more Majorum*, almost the length of a whole *Guardian*. I shall therefore fill up the remaining part of it with what still relates to my own person, and my correspondents. Now I would have them all know, that on the twentieth instant it is my intention  
25 to erect a Lion's head in imitation of those I have described in *Venice*, through which all the private intelligence of that common-wealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being  
30 my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the Lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the Lion swallows I shall digest for the use of the

public. This head requires some time to finish, the workman being resolved to give it several masterly touches, and to represent it as ravenous as possible. It will be set up in *Button's* Coffee-house in *Covent-Garden*, who is directed to shew the way to the Lion's head, and to instruct any young Author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy.

## THE FREE-HOLDER.

N<sup>o</sup> 22. *Monday, March 5. [1716.]*

*Studiis rudis, sermone barbarus, impetu strenuus, manu promptus,  
cogitatione celer. Vell. Patrc.*

For the honour of his Majesty, and the safety of his government, we cannot but observe, that those who have appeared the greatest enemies to both, are of that rank of men, who are commonly distinguished by the title of *Fox-hunters*. As several of these have had no part of their education in cities, camps, or courts, it is doubtful whether they are of greater ornament or use to the nation in which they live. It would be an everlasting reproach to politicks, should such men be able to overturn an establishment which has been formed by the wisest laws, and is supported by the ablest heads. The wrong notions and prejudices which cleave to many of these country-gentlemen, who have always lived out of the way of being better informed, are not easy to be conceived by a person who has never conversed with them.

That I may give my Readers an image of these rural Statesmen, I shall, without farther preface, set down an account of a discourse I chanced to have with one of them some time ago. I was travelling towards one of the remote parts of *England*, when about three a-clock in the afternoon, seeing a country-gentleman trotting before me with a Spaniel by his horse's side, I made up to him. Our conversation opened, as usual, upon the weather; in which we were very unanimous; having both agreed that it was too dry for the season of the year. My

fellow-traveller, upon this, observed to me, that there had been no good weather since the Revolution. I was a little startled at so extraordinary a remark, but would not interrupt him till he proceeded to tell me of the fine weather they used to have in King *Charles* the Second's reign. I only answered that I did not see how the badness of the weather could be the King's fault ; and, without waiting for his reply, asked him whose house it was we saw upon a rising-ground at a little distance from us. He told me it belonged to an old fanatical cur, Mr. Such a one, *You must have heard of him*, says he, *he's one of the Rump.* I knew the Gentleman's character upon hearing his name, but assured him that to my knowledge he was a good Churchman : *Ay !* says he with a kind of surprize, *We were told in the country, that he spoke twice in the Queen's time against taking off the duties upon French claret.* This naturally led us in the proceedings of late Parliaments, upon which occasion he affirmed roundly, that there had not been one good law passed since King *William*'s accession to the throne, except the Act for preserving the game. I had a mind to see him out, and therefore did not care for contradicting him. *Is it not hard,* says he, *that honest Gentlemen should be taken into Custody of Messengers to prevent them from acting according to their consciences ? But,* says he, *what can we expect when a parcel of factious sons of whores —* He was going on in great passion, but chanced to miss his dog, who was amusing himself about a bush, that grew at some distance behind us. We stood still till he had whistled him up ; when he fell into a long panegyrick upon his Spaniel, who seemed indeed excellent in his kind : but I found the most remarkable adventure of his life was, that he had once like to have worried a dissenting-teacher. The master could hardly sit on his horse for laughing all the while he was giving me the particulars of this story, which I found had mightily endeared his dog to him, and as he himself told me, had made him a great favourite among

all the honest Gentlemen of the country. We were at length diverted from this piece of mirth by a post-boy, who winding his horn at us, my companion gave him two or three curses, and left the way clear for him. *I fancy, said I, that post brings*  
5 *news from Scotland. I shall long to see the next Gazette. Sir,* says he, *I make it a rule never to believe any of your printed news. We never see, Sir, how things go, except now and then in Dyer's Letter, and I read that more for the style than the news. The man has a clever pen it must be owned. But is it*  
10 *not strange that we should be making war upon Church of England men with Dutch and Swiss soldiers, men of antimonarchical principles? these foreigners will never be loved in England, Sir; they have not that wit and good-breeding that we have. I must confess I did not expect to hear my new acquaintance*  
15 *value himself upon these qualifications, but finding him such a Critick upon foreigners, I asked him if he had ever travelled; he told me, he did not know what travelling was good for, but to teach a man to ride the great horse, to jabber French, and to talk against Passive-obedience: to which he added, that he*  
20 *scarce ever knew a traveller in his life who had not forsook his principles, and lost his hunting-seat. For my part, says he, I and my father before me have always been for Passive-obedience, and shall be always for opposing a Prince who makes use of Ministers that are of another opinion. But where do you intend*  
25 *to inn to night? (for we were now come in sight of the next town) I can help you to a very good Landlord if you will go along with me. He is a lusty jolly fellow, that lives well, at least three yards in the girt, and the best Church of England man upon the road. I had a curiosity to see this High-church*  
30 *Inn-keeper, as well as to enjoy more of the conversation of my fellow-traveller, and therefore readily consented to set our horses together for that night. As we rode side by side through the town, I was let into the characters of all the principal inhabitants whom we met in our way. One was a dog, another*

a whelp, another a cur, and another the son of a bitch, under which several denominations were comprehended all that voted on the *Whig* side in the last election of Burgesses. As for those of his own party, he distinguished them by a nod of his head, and asking them how they did by their christian names. 5 Upon our arrival at the Inn, my companion fetched out the jolly Landlord, who knew him by his whistle. Many endearments, and private whispers passed between them ; though it was easy to see, by the Landlord's scratching his head, that things did not go to their wishes. The Landlord had swelled his body to a prodigious size, and worked up his complexion to a standing crimson by his zeal for the prosperity of the church, which he expressed every hour of the day, as his customers dropt in, by repeated bumpers. He had not time to go to church himself, but, as my friend told me in my ear, had headed a mob at the pulling down of two or three meeting-houses. While supper was preparing, he enlarged upon the happiness of the neighbouring Shire ; *For, says he, there is scarce a Presbyterian in the whole county except the Bishop.* 10 In short, I found by his discourse that he had learned a great deal of politicks, but not one word of religion, from the Parson of his parish ; and, indeed, that he had scarce any other notion of religion, but that it consisted in hating Presbyterians. I 15 had a remarkable instance of his notions in this particular. Upon seeing a poor decrepid old woman pass under the window where we sate, he desired me to take notice of her ; and afterwards informed me, that she was generally reputed a witch by the country people, but that, for his part, he was apt to believe she was a Presbyterian. 20 25

Supper was no sooner served in, than he took occasion, from a shoulder of mutton that lay before us, to cry up the plenty of *England*, which would be the happiest country in the world, provided we would live within our selves. Upon which, he expatiated on the inconveniencies of trade, that carried from us the 30

commodities of our country, and made a parcel of upstarts as rich as men of the most ancient families of *England*. He then declared frankly, that he had always been against all treaties and alliances with foreigners ; *Our wooden walls*, says he, *are our security, and we may bid defiance to the whole world, especially if they should attack us when the Militia is out.* I ventured to reply, that I had as great an opinion of the *English* fleet as he had ; but I could not see how they could be payed, and manned, and fitted out, unless we encouraged trade and navigation. He replied, with some vehemence, that he would undertake to prove, trade would be the ruin of the *English* nation. I would fain have put him upon it ; but he contented himself with affirming it more eagerly, to which he added two or three curses upon the *London* Merchants, not forgetting the Directors of the Bank. After supper he asked me if I was an admirer of punch ; and immediately called for a sneaker. I took this occasion to insinuate the advantages of trade, by observing to him, that water was the only native of *England* that could be made use of on this occasion : but that the lemons, the brandy, the sugar, and the nutmeg, were all foreigners. This put him into some confusion ; but the landlord, who overheard me, brought him off, by affirming, that for constant use, there was no liquor like a cup of *English* water, provided it had malt enough in it. My 'Squire laughed heartily at the conceit, and made the Landlord sit down with us. We sate pretty late over our punch ; and, amidst a great deal of improving discourse, drank the healths of several persons in the country, whom I had never heard of, that, they both assured me, were the ablest Statesmen in the nation : and of some *Londoners*, whom they extolled to the skies for their wit, and who, I knew, passed in town for silly fellows. It being now midnight, and my friend perceiving by his Almanack that the Moon was up, he called for his horses, and took a sudden resolution to go to his house, which was at three miles distance from the town,

after having bethought himself that he never slept well out of his own bed. He shook me very heartily by the hand at parting, and discovered a great air of satisfaction in his looks, that he had met with an opportunity of shewing his parts, and left me a much wiser man than he found me.

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N° 44. *Monday, May 21. [1716.]*

*Multaque præterea variarum monstra ferarum  
 Centauri in foribus stabulant, scyllæque biformes,  
 Et centum-geminus Briareus, ac bellua Lernæ  
 Horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimæra,  
 Gorgones, Harpyiaeque, et forma tricorporis umbræ.  
 Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum  
 Æneas, strictamque aciem venientibus offert.  
 Et, ni docta comes tenues sine corpore vitas  
 Admoneat volitare cava sub imagine formæ,  
 Irruat, et frustra ferro diverberet umbras. Virg.*

As I was last *Friday* taking a walk in the Park, I saw a country Gentleman at the side of *Rosamond*'s pond, pulling a handful of oats out of his pocket, and with a great deal of pleasure, gathering the Ducks about him. Upon my coming up to him, who should it be but my friend the Fox-hunter, whom I gave some account of in my twenty second paper! I immediately joined him, and partook of his diversion, till he had not an oat left in his pocket. We then made the tour of the park together, when after having entertained me with the description of a Decoy-pond that lay near his seat in the country, and of a Meeting-house that was going to be re-built in a neighbouring market-town, he gave me an account of some very odd adventures which he had met with that morning; and which I shall lay together in a short and faithful history, as well as my memory will give me leave.

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My friend, who has a natural aversion to *London*, would never have come up, had not he been subpœnaed to it, as he told me, in order to give his testimony for one of the rebels, whom he knew to be a very fair sports-man. Having travelled all night, to avoid the inconveniencies of dust and heat, he arrived with his guide, a little after break of day, at *Charing-cross*; where, to his great surprize, he saw a running footman carried in a chair, followed by a water-man in the same kind of vehicle. He was wondering at the extravagance of their Masters, that furnished them with such dresses and accommodations, when on a sudden he beheld a chimney-sweeper, conveyed after the same manner, with three footmen running before him. During his progress through the *Strand*, he met with several other figures no less wonderful and surprizing. Seeing a great many in rich morning-gowns, he was amazed to find that persons of Quality were up so early: and was no less astonished to see many Lawyers in their bar-gowns, when he knew by his Almanack the Term was ended. As he was extremely puzzled and confounded in himself what all this should mean, a Hackney-coach chancing to pass by him, four *Batts* popped out their heads all at once, which very much frightened both him and his horse. My friend, who always takes care to cure his horse of such starting fits, spurred him up to the very side of the coach, to the no small diversion of the *Batts*; who, seeing him with his long whip, horse-hair perriwig, Jockey belt, and coat without sleeves, fancied him to be one of the Masqueraders on horseback, and received him with a loud peal of laughter. His mind being full of idle stories, which are spread up and down the nation by the disaffected, he immediately concluded that all the persons he saw in these strange habits were foreigners, and conceived great indignation against them, for pretending to laugh at an *English* Country-gentleman. But he soon recovered out of his error, by hearing the voices of several of them, and

particularly of a shepherdess quarrelling with her coachman, and threatening to break his bones in very intelligible *English*, though with a masculine tone. His astonishment still increased upon him, to see a continued procession of Harlequins, Scaramouches, Punchinello's and a thousand other merry dresses, by which people of Quality distinguish their wit from that of the vulgar.

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Being now advanced as far as *Somerset-house*, and observing it to be the great hive whence this swarm of Chimeras issued forth from time to time, my friend took his station among a cluster of mob, who were making themselves merry with their betters. The first that came out was a very venerable matron, with a nose and chin, that were within a very little of touching one another. My friend, at the first view fancying her to be an old woman of Quality, out of his good breeding put off his hat to her, when the person pulling off her Masque, to his great surprise appeared a smock-faced young fellow. His attention was soon taken off from this object, and turned to another that had very hollow eyes and a wrinkled face, which flourished in all the bloom of fifteen. The whiteness of the lilly was blended in it with the blush of the rose. He mistook it for a very whimsical kind of masque; but upon a nearer view he found that she held her vizard in her hand, and that what he saw was only her natural countenance, touched up with the usual improvements of an aged Coquette.

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The next who shewed her self was a female Quaker, so very pretty, that he could not forbear licking his lips, and saying to the mob about him, *It is ten thousand pities she is not a church-woman*. The Quaker was followed by half a dozen Nuns, who filed off one after another up *Catharine-street*, to their respective convents in *Drury-lane*.

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The 'Squire observing the preciseness of their dress, began now to imagine after all, that this was a nest of sectaries; for he had often heard that the town was full of them. He was

confirmed in this opinion upon seeing a Conjurer, whom he guessed to be the Holder-forth. However, to satisfie himself he asked a Porter, who stood next him, what religion these people were of? The Porter replied, *They are of no religion*; 5 *it is a Masquerade*. Upon that, says my friend, I began to smoke that they were a parcel of mummers; and being himself one of the Quorum in his own County, could not but wonder that none of the *Middlesex* Justices took care to lay some of them by the heels. He was the more provoked in 10 the spirit of Magistracy, upon discovering two very unseemly objects: the first was a Judge, who rapped out a great oath at his footman; and the other a big-bellied woman, who upon taking a leap into the coach, miscarried of a cushion. What still gave him greater offence was a drunken Bishop, who 15 reeled from one side of the Court to the other, and was very sweet upon an *Indian* Queen. But his Worship, in the midst of his austerity, was mollified at the sight of a very lovely milk-maid, whom he began to regard with an eye of mercy, and conceived a particular affection for her, until he found, 20 to his great amazement, that the standers-by suspected her to be a Dutchess.

I must not conclude this narrative without mentioning one disaster which happened to my friend on this occasion. Having for his better convenience dismounted, and mixed 25 among the crowd, he found, upon his arrival at the Inn, that he had lost his purse and his almanack. And though it is no wonder such a trick should be played him by some of the curious spectators, he cannot beat it out of his head, but that it was a Cardinal who picked his pocket, and that this Cardinal 30 was a Presbyterian in disguise.

Nº 47. Friday, June 1. [1716.]

— *cessit furor, et rabida ora quierunt.* Virg.

I question not but most of my readers will be very well pleased to hear, that my friend the fox-hunter, of whose arrival in town I gave notice in my forty fourth paper, is become a convert to the present establishment, and a good subject to King *George*. The motives to his conversion shall be the subject of this paper, as they may be of use to other persons who labour under those prejudices and prepossessions, which hung so long upon the mind of my worthy friend. These I had an opportunity of learning the other day, when, at his request, we took a ramble together to see the curiosities of this great town.

The first circumstance, as he ingenuously confessed to me (while we were in the coach together) which helped to disabuse him, was seeing King *Charles I.* on horseback, at *Charing-Cross*; for he was sure that Prince could never have kept his seat there, had the stories been true he had heard in the country, that *forty one* was come about again.

He owned to me that he looked with horror on the new Church that is half built in the *Strand*, as taking it at first sight to be half demolished: But upon enquiring of the workmen, was agreeably surprized to find, that instead of pulling it down, they were building it up; and that fifty more were raising in other parts of the town.

To these I must add a third circumstance, which I find had no small share in my friend's conversion. Since his coming to town, he chanced to look into the Church of St. *Paul*, about the middle of sermon-time, where having first examined the dome, to see if it stood safe, (for the screw-plot still ran in his head) he observed, that the Lord-mayor, Aldermen, and city-sword were a part of the congregation. This sight had the

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more weight with him, as by good luck not above two of that venerable body were fallen a-sleep.

This discourse held us till we came to the Tower; for our first visit was to the Lions. My friend, who had a great deal of talk with their keeper, enquired very much after their health, and whether none of them had fallen sick upon the taking of *Perth*, and the flight of the *Pretender*? and hearing they were never better in their lives, I found he was extreamly startled: for he had learned from his cradle, that the Lions in the tower were the best judges of the title of our *British Kings*, and always sympathized with our soveraigns.

After having here satiated our curiosity, we repaired to the *Monument*, where my fellow-traveller, being a well-breathed man, mounted the ascent with much speed and activity. I was forced to halt so often in this perpendicular march, that, upon my joining him on the top of the pillar, I found he had counted all the steeples and towers which were discernable from this advantageous situation, and was endeavouring to compute the number of acres they stood upon. We were both of us very well pleased with this part of the prospect; but I found he cast an evil eye upon several ware-houses, and other buildings, that looked like barns, and seemed capable of receiving great multitudes of people. His heart misgave him that these were so many meeting-houses, but, upon communicating his suspicions to me, I soon made him easy in this particular.

We then turned our eyes upon the river, which gave me an occasion to inspire him with some favourable thoughts of trade and merchandise, that had filled the *Thames* with such crowds of ships, and covered the shore with such swarms of people.

We descended very leisurely, my friend being careful to count the steps, which he registered in a blank leaf of his new almanack. Upon our coming to the bottom, observing an *English* inscription upon the basis, he read it over several times, and told me he could scarce believe his own eyes, for

that he had often heard from an old Attorney, who lived near him in the country, that it was the Presbyterians who burned down the city ; whereas, says he, this pillar positively affirms in so many words, that *the burning of this ancient city was begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the popish faction, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion, and old English liberty, and introducing popery and slavery.* This account, which he looked upon to be more authentick, than if it had been in print, I found, made a very great impression upon him.

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We now took coach again, and made the best of our way for the *Royal Exchange*, though I found he did not much care to venture himself into the throng of that place ; for he told me he had heard they were, generally speaking, Republicans, and was afraid of having his pocket picked amongst them. But he soon conceived a better opinion of them, when he spied the statue of King *Charles II.* standing up in the middle of the crowd, and most of the Kings in *Baker's chronicle* ranged in order over their heads ; from whence he very justly concluded, that an antimonarchical assembly could never chuse such a place to meet in once a day.

To continue this good disposition in my friend, after a short stay at *Stocks Market*, we drove away directly for the *Meuse*, where he was not a little edified with the sight of those fine sets of horses which have been brought over from *Hanover*, and with the care that is taken of them. He made many good remarks upon this occasion, and was so pleased with his company, that I had much ado to get him out of the stable.

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In our progress to *St. James's Park* (for that was the end of our journey) he took notice, with great satisfaction, that, contrary to his intelligence in the country, the shops were all open and full of business ; that the soldiers walked civilly in the streets ; that Clergymen, instead of being affronted, had generally the wall given them ; and that he had heard the

bells ring to prayers from morning to night, in some part of the town or another.

As he was full of these honest reflections, it happened very luckily for us that one of the King's coaches passed by with 5 the three young Princesses in it, whom by an accidental stop we had an opportunity of surveying for some time: my friend was ravished with the beauty, innocence, and sweetness, that appeared in all their faces. He declared several times that they were the finest children he had ever seen in all his 10 life; and assured me that, before this sight, if any one had told him it had been possible for three such pretty children to have been born out of *England*, he should never have believed them.

We were now walking together in the park, and as it is usual 15 for men who are naturally warm and heady, to be transported with the greatest flush of good-nature when they are once sweetned; he owned to me very frankly, he had been much imposed upon by those false accounts of things he had heard in the country; and that he would make it his business, upon 20 his return thither, to set his neighbours right, and give them a more just notion of the present state of affairs.

What confirm'd my friend in this excellent temper of mind, and gave him an inexpressible satisfaction, was a message he received, as we were walking together, from the prisoner, for 25 whom he had given his testimony in his late tryal. This person having been condemned for his part in the late rebellion, sent him word that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to reprieve him, with several of his friends, in order, as it was thought, to give them their lives; and that he hoped before 30 he went out of town they should have a cheerful meeting, and drink health and prosperity to King *George*.

## NOTES

### A LETTER FROM ITALY

On December 9, 1701, Addison wrote to Wortley Montagu from Geneva: "I am just now arrived at Geneva by a very troublesome journey over the Alps, where I have been for some days together shivering among the eternal snows. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices, and you cannot imagine how much I am pleased with the sight of a plain, that is as agreeable to me at present as a shore was about a year ago after our tempest at Genoa. During my passage over the mountains I made a rhyming epistle to my Lord Halifax, which perhaps I will trouble you with the sight of, if I do not find it to be nonsense upon a review. You will think it, I dare say, as extraordinary a thing to make a copy of verses in a voyage over the Alps as to write an heroic poem in a hackney coach, and I believe I am the first that ever thought of Parnassus on Mont Cenis."

Charles Montagu (1661-1715), Earl of Halifax, entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1682. In 1687 he wrote with Prior *The City and the Country Mouse*, a parody on Dryden's *The Hind and the Panther*. His *Epistle to the . . . Earl of Dorset* (1690) celebrated King William's victory at the Boyne. In March, 1692, he was a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury and in 1694 Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the next year he began to interest himself in re-establishing the currency, a service for which he received the thanks of the House of Commons in 1697. He was made First Lord of the Treasury in 1698; he resigned in June, 1700. The same year he was created Baron Halifax. In 1701 he was impeached for "high crime and misdemeanor." The charge of neglecting the auditorship of the exchequer, however, was not sustained. During the remainder of Queen Anne's reign, Halifax was out of office; in 1714 he became First Lord of the Treasury, and later Earl of Halifax. In March, 1715, he took his seat in the House of Lords. He died May 19, 1715. The principal authorities for his life are given in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.* His *Works and Life* appeared in 1715.

Pope's well-known lines (*Epistle to Arbuthnot*, 231-233):

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,  
Sat full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;  
Fed with soft Dedication all day long,

are supposed to refer to Halifax. On this point, however, one should consult Roscoe's edition of Pope, IV, 344-345. Halifax received the dedications of Addison's *Letter from Italy*; *The Spectator*, vol. II; *The Tatler*, vol. IV; Congreve's *Birth of the Muse*; Tickell's *Homer*; Stepney's *An Epistle . . . on His Majesty's Voyage to Holland*; Smith's *Phædra and Hippolitus*; Durfey's *Third Part of Don Quixote*; Congreve's *Double Dealer*. See also Addison's *Account of the Greatest English Poets*; Rowe's *Mæcenas: Verses Occasion'd by the Honours Conferred on the Right Honourable, the Earl of Halifax*; and Prior's verses *To the Honourable Charles Montagu*.

PAGE 1 Motto: Virg., *Georg.*, ii, 173-175.

LINE 2 From Britannia's publick posts retire: very gracefully expressed: Halifax had been dismissed from office (see the preceding biographical account).

12 Classic ground: Miss Aikin (*Life of Addison*, I, 120) believes that this phrase "here makes its appearance, in all probability, for the first time." *The Oxford Dictionary* gives no earlier example.

19 Nar: the Nera. See Addison's *Remarks on Italy* (Bohn ed., I, 413-415). It may here be noted that in general those *Remarks* are the best commentary on this poem.

20 Clitumnus: see *Remarks on Italy* (Bohn ed., I, 409-410) and the passages in the Latin poets to whom Addison there refers.

21 Mincio: see the *Remarks* (Bohn, I, 376-377); cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, l. 86: "Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds."

23 Albula: In his *Remarks* (Bohn, I, 482) Addison says: "On our way to Tivoli I saw the rivulet of Salforata, formerly called Albula, and smelt the stench that arises from its waters some time before I saw them. Martial mentions this offensive smell in an epigram of the fourth book, as he does the rivulet itself in the first.

"Quod siccæ redolet lacus lacunæ,  
Crudarum nebulæ quod Albularum. Lib. iv. Ep. 4.

"Itur ad Herculeæ gelidas qua Tiburis arcæ,  
Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis. Lib. i. Ep. 5."

26 Eridanus: "fluviorum rex Eridanus," Virg., *Georg.*, i, 482. The Eridanus is the modern Po.

40 **Thrifty urns**: because the river god pours from his urn scantily.

47 **Your lines**: Halifax had celebrated the battle of the Boyne in *An Epistle To the Right Honourable Charles Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesties' Household*, . . . London, . . . 1690. The second edition (1690) adds after *Household* the phrase *Occasion'd by his Majesty's Victory in Ireland*. On King William's descent from the house of Nassau, see the genealogical tables opposite pp. 6-7 of vol. I, and p. 432, vol. II, of Ruth Putnam's *William the Silent*, New York: Putnam, 1895.

49-50 **Pierce . . . verse**: In Addison's time, as in Milton's (*L'Allegro*, 137-138), the rhyme was perfect. On eighteenth-century pronunciation in general, see A. J. Ellis, *Early English Pronunciation*, Part IV, pp. 997-1084 (London, 1874, Early English Text Society, Extra Series, XXIII).

63 **Baia**: in Campania, within a small bay to the west of Naples. It was a famous and very luxurious winter resort of the Romans. See Addison's *Remarks on Italy* (Bohn, I, 432, 435, 486).

73 **An amphitheater**: the Coliseum.

75 **On**: on the occasion of.

77 **Pillars rough with sculpture**: the columns of Antoninus and of Trajan. See Addison's *Remarks* (Bohn, I, 478).

79 **Romans**: the genitive plural without the apostrophe, common in the eighteenth century.

82 **Airy channels**: the aqueducts.

87-92 **In solemn silence, etc.**: These six lines vaguely suggest Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn* and Freneau's *Indian Burying Ground*.

101 **Here pleasing airs, etc.**: cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, ll. 135-144.

136 **Ten degrees**: The latitude of London is about 51° N.; that of Rome, 41°.

149-151 **The Dane and Swede . . . Soon as her fleets appear**: Boyer's *History of King William the Third*, III, 458-459, tells how "a League was made between the Kings of Denmark and Poland, with the Czar of Muscovy, to crush the young King of Sweden with their united Force, and kindle a violent War in the North. Whilst the Poles sat down before Riga, in Livonia, the King of Denmark attack'd the Duke of Holstein, the Brother-in-Law, and Confederate of the King of Sweden; And under pretence of having some Forts Demolish'd, proceeded to subdue his whole Country, and laid Siege to Tonnaingen: Tho' both without Success; Several Princes and States concern'd themselves in making up this Breach, but none so particularly as *England* and *Holland*, who finding an amicable Mediation would not do, his Majesty

thought fit to send a Squadron of Thirty *English* and *Dutch* Men of War into the *Sound*, besides Fire-ships and Bomb vessels. . . . Whereupon the *Danish* Fleet quitted the *Sound*; and presently . . . retir'd in some Confusion, . . . the Peace was at length sign'd on the 18th of *August* [1700], between *Denmark*, *Sweden*, and the Duke of *Holstein*, with the Exclusion of *Moscowy* and *Poland*."

153 Th' ambitious Gaul, etc.: As a Whig, Addison of course supported the king in his desire for war with France, a desire which was opposed by the Tory ministry and the Tory majority in the Parliament of 1701. History at this point, which is very complicated, is conveniently summarized in Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, chap. xlivi, §§ 8-22. On the matter of bribery, Boyer tells us (*William III*, III, 467-468) that the "great quantity of Foreign Gold in *England*, at this Time gave occasion for a Report that Count *Fallard* the *French* Ambassador had brought it over, and distributed it among some Members of the H.[ouse] of Com.[mons]. But what Truth there is in this, I shall not pretend to determine."

161-162 At this figure Dr. Johnson roars: "To *bridle a goddess* is no very delicate idea; but why must she be *bridled*? because she *longs to launch*; an act which was never hindered by a *bridle*: and whither will she *launch*? into a *nobler strain*. She is in the first line a *horse*, in the second a *boat*: and the care of the poet is to keep his *horse* or his *boat* from *singing*" (Johnson's *Lives*, ed. Cunningham, II, 158).

## THE CAMPAIGN

*The Campaign* as printed in Tickell is preceded by the following half title:

THE  
CAMPAIGN,  
A  
POEM,  
To His GRACE the  
DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

— *Rheni pacator et Istri.*

*Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit  
Ordinibus; latatur Eques, plauditque Senator,  
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.*

*Claud. de Laud. Stile.*

*Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ sub impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimus, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continentis junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus fas, lex, potentissima sint.* (Liv. Hist. lib. 33.)

The first edition of *The Campaign* (see Bibliography) contained only the first of these quotations. The full references are: for the first, Claudian, *De Laudibus Stilichonis*, ll. 13, 48-50; for the second, Livy, xxxiii, 33, 5-7.

The circumstances under which *The Campaign* was written are thus summarized by Tickell (Addison's Works, 1721, I, x-xi): "He [Addison] remained for some time, after his return to *England*, without any public employment, which he did not obtain 'till the year 1704, when the Duke of *Marlborough* arrived at the highest pitch of glory, by delivering all *Europe* from slavery, and furnished Mr. *Addison* with a subject worthy of that genius which appears in his Poem called *The Campaign*. The Lord-Treasurer *Godolphin*, who was a fine judge of Poetry, had a sight of this work, when it was only carried on as far as the applauded simile of the *Angel*; and approved the Poem, by bestowing on the Author, in a few days after, the place of Commissioner of Appeals, vacant by the removal of the famous Mr. *Locke* to the council of Trade." The best short account of the life and campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough is that in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, which gives ample references to the authorities for detailed study.

**LINES 1-2** While crouds of princes, etc.: "Not many days after the Battle of *Hochstet*, the Emperor wrote a Letter to his Grace, wherein, after having given him the honourable and kind Appellations of *most Illustrious Cousin*, and *most Dear Prince*, his Imperial Majesty told him, 'That he had freely, and of his own accord, admitted him among the Princes of the Holy Empire, not so much in consideration of his Noble Family, as upon account of his Personal Merit, and his great Deserts towards the August House of *Austria*, and the Holy *Roman Empire*.'" (Boyer, *Annals of the Reign of Queen Anne*, III, 93.)

**3** While Emperors to you commit their cause: "Prince Lewis of Baden . . . said [June 13, 1704], That his Grace was come to save the Empire, and give him an opportunity to Vindicate his Honour, which he was sensible was in some manner at the last Stake in the opinion of some People." (*Annals*, III, 57.)

**4** Anna's praises: see the *Annals*, III, 167-169, for an account of Marlborough's visit to St. James's House, Dec.  $\frac{15}{25}$ , 1704, "where he

was received with all the marks of Grace and Favour by Her Majesty, and His Royal Highness, Prince *George of Denmark*," and for the complimentary addresses from the Lord Keeper and from Parliament.

5 **What the Muse recites:** Among other poems on Marlborough's victory the chief was John Philips's *Blenheim*, 1705. Pseudo-Miltonic in style, it was politically a Tory poem. In addition may be mentioned John Dennis's *Britannia Triumphans; or, a Poem on the Battel of Blenheim*, John Dunton's *The Blenheim Hero*, and Nahum Tate's *The Triumph, or Warriour's Welcome*. There were also a number of Latin poems from the universities; several are collected in a volume called *Plausus Musarum Oxoniensium*, etc., Oxford, 1704.

17 **Ausonia's states:** Italy. Taine says of *The Campaign (Histoire de la littérature anglaise*, ed. Paris, 1863, III, 113): "Les pays y ont leur nom noble : l'Italie s'appelle l'Ausonie, la mer Noire s'appelle la mer Scythique."

25 **Great Leopold:** Leopold I (1640-1705), emperor 1658-1705.

37-38 **Thy fav'rites, etc.:** perfunctory and inaccurate : Marlborough's rise to power was in no small degree owing to his extremely cordial relations with the Duchess of Cleveland, on which see Jesse's *Memoirs*, I, 302, 337, and Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*, No. 137. It is probable that he was also helped by the influence of his sister, who was the mistress of the Duke of York.

47 **Soon as soft vernal breezes, etc.:** On the 5th of May Marlborough set out from the Hague.

50 **Crossing the provinces himself had won:** In his Netherlands campaigns of 1702 and 1703, Marlborough had taken Kaiserswerth and Bonn on the Rhine and Roermonde, Liège, and Huy on the Meuse. Through this district he now proceeded, May 7-10, from Utrecht to Maestricht. (Coxe's *Memoirs of... Marlborough*, London, 1820, I, 324.)

52 **War:** army.

63 **The stream:** the Moselle.

87 **The Neckar:** On the 3d of June Marlborough arrived at Ladenburg ; he crossed the Neckar at that point on the 4th or 5th of June. (Coxe, I, 332-334.)

99-100 **At length... Eugenio:** On June 10, at Mondelsheim, Marlborough had his first interview with Prince Eugene.

115-116 **Britannia's graceful sons... the hero's presence warms:** "His Grace ordering his Army to be drawn up in Battalia before the Prince," says Boyer, "his Highness express'd his surprize to find them in so good Condition, after so long and quick a March. . . . My Lord, I never saw better Horses, better Cloaths, finer Belts and

**Accoutrements:** Yet all these may be had for Money; but there is a Spirit in the looks of your Men, which I never yet saw in my Life. His Grace was extremely well pleas'd with the Compliment, and return'd it thus, 'Sir, If it be as you say, that Spirit is inspired to them by your Presence.' (Annals, III, 56.) The inaptness of "Britannia's graceful sons" has frequently been pointed out.

128 **Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:** On the 2d of July Marlborough reached the Schellenberg, which "is a height overhanging Donawerth and the left bank of the Danube. It rises in a gradual though unequal ascent, which at the intended point of attack, was about a quarter of a mile wide, on which the enemy were encamped in several lines." (Coxe, I, 351.) Marlborough attacked almost immediately and, after a fight in which the allies had some 1500 men killed and 4000 wounded, dislodged and almost completely destroyed the enemy. For the particulars, see Coxe, I, 350-361.

132-133 **Rows of hollow brass, Tube behind tube:** This is the typical classical treatment of such things as guns or cannon. Cf. Pope's "unwearied fowler" (*Windsor Forest*, 125 ff.) who "lifts the tube, and levels with his eye."

143 **Throng'd war:** compact battle line.

144 **Battel:** the main body of an army, as distinguished from the *van* or the *rear*.

168 **Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed:** Pope and Swift, in their *Illepl Bâbous; or, The Art of Sinking in Poetry*, 1727 (chap. xii, § 6), thus criticise this line and several others of *The Campaign*: "The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words, and vacuity of sense, being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries employ this figure.

"The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,  
The food of armies and support of wars,  
Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,  
Lessen his numbers and contract his host,  
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,  
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd."

These are lines 199, 202, 192, 268, 168, and 190 of *The Campaign*.

In the final section of chap. xv of the *Illepl Bâbous*, Pope and Swift seem to be satirizing *The Campaign* as a whole in giving these directions to the poet who would describe a battle: "For a *Battle*. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's *Iliad*, with a

spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle."

192 *Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight*: This suggests the Anglo-Saxon *wæpna lāf*. Addison, however, was probably following Virgil's *reliquias Danaum* (*Aen.*, i, 30).

197 ff. *To Donawert, etc.*: "The Elector of *Bavaria* was no sooner inform'd of the Defeat of his Troops at *Schellenberg*, than he quitted his advantageous Camp between *Dillengen* and *Lawingen*, and came to the other side of the *Danube*, over against *Donawert* in his march to the River *Lech*, to prevent the Confederates cutting off his Retreat to his own Country. The same Night he sent Orders to his Garrison at *Donawert* to set fire to the Town, to burn their Bridges and Magazines, and then to retire, for which end they had put Straw in every House; but the Confederates being advanced into the Suburbs, and laying their Bridge to pass into the Town, the Garrison durst not stay, for fear of having their Retreat cut off, and preferr'd their own Safety before the execution of their Orders: whereby the Townsmen saved their Houses. The Enemy burnt only their Bridges, and some Magazines, and retired in great hast early the next day [July 4]; and at the same time the Confederates enter'd the Town without any opposition, and found in it 2000 Sacks of Meal, and great store of Oats, and all sorts of Provision and Ammunition, which the Enemy had not time to destroy." (*Annals*, III, 61.)

243 *Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd*: On August 4 the Elector of *Bavaria* was joined by *Tallard*.

287-292 *The storm*: On the great storm of November, 1703, see *Defoe, The Layman's Sermon upon the Late Storm*, London, 1704; also *The Storm: or, a Collection of the Most Remarkable Casualties and Disasters, which happened in the late Dreadful Tempest, both by Sea and Land*, London, 1704. *Evelyn* notes (26-27 November, 1703): "The effects of the hurricane and tempest of wind, rain and lightning thro' all the nation, especially London, were very dismal. Many houses demolish'd and people kill'd. As to my own losses, the subversion of woods and timber, both ornamental and valuable through my whole estate, and about my house the woods crowning the garden mount, and growing along the park meadow, the damage to my own dwelling, farms and outhouses, is almost tragical, not to be parallel'd with any thing happening in our age. I am not able to describe it, but submit to the pleasure of Almighty God."

298 *Laughs at the shaking of the British spear*: cf. *Job* xli. 29.

309 **Dormer**: The *Annals of Queen Anne* (III, Appendix, p. 21) mentions two officers of this name: Colonel Philip Dormer and Captain James Dormer, both of the Battalion of Guards. The former, who is meant here, was killed; the latter was wounded.

327-334 **From Blenheim's tow'r's the Gaul . . . His waving banners . . .** The hardy veteran with tears resigns: "The French Horse being entirely defeated, and our Troops Masters of all the Ground, which was between the Enemies Left, and the Village of *Bleinheim*, the 28 Battalions, and 12 Squadrons of Dragoons which were in that Village, found themselves cut off from the rest of their Army; And despairing of being able to make their Escape, after a weak Attempt to repulse our whole Infantry that surrounded the Village, they capitulated at last about 8 of the Clock; laid down their Arms; deliver'd their Colours and Standards; and surrendred themselves Prisoners of War." (*Annals*, III, 80.) Some accounts make them tear up or burn the colors and bury their arms. (See Alison's *Marlborough*, New York, 1868, p. 98, and the references in his footnote.)

335 ff. **Unfortunate Tallard**: The Duc de Tallard (Camille d'Hostun), Marshal of France, had command of the right wing of the French, opposite the Duke of Marlborough. The Marquis de la Beaulme, only son of Tallard, was severely wounded, and died a few days after the battle.

361-364 **From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls, etc.**: "Nor was it long before the Duke's, and Prince *Eugene's* Opinion [i.e. "that it would be . . . advantageous . . . to join all the Forces, to streighten the Enemy more and more, and to oblige the French to quit Germany, and repass the Rhine"] was confirm'd, by the Example of the City of *Ausberg*, which the *French*, . . . , quitted the 16th of *August*, . . . . The Magistrates being Assembled immediately after, sent 4 Deputies to wait on the Duke of *Marlborough*, and desire his Protection. . . . The same morning [August 19] . . . , a Deputy from the City of *Memmingen* waited on his Grace to desire his Protection." (*Annals*, III, 89.) "On the 22d the Governor of *Ulm*, who did justly apprehend a Siege, sent out of the Town 430 Prisoners, which the Enemy had taken at *Hochstet*, . . . and other Places, with a Compliment to the Duke of *Marlborough*, That he would be pleased to take a fitting opportunity, to return an equal number; but those Prisoners being *Germans*, his Grace sent them to Prince *Eugene*. The Electors made some Overtures to deliver not only *Ulm*, but the whole Electorate of *Bavaria*, upon certain conditions." (*Annals*, III, 90.) *Ulm* finally surrendered on the 11th of September.

383 **A mighty bulwark**: Landau.

407 **Austria's young monarch**: Joseph I, son of Leopold, joined the army before Landau.

421-424 **Thus the great father, etc.**: *Aeneid*, i, 588 ff.

437 ff. **Treves, Traerbach**: At Marlborough's approach the French garrison abandoned Treves. On November 3 "his Grace went . . . to the rising Grounds near *Traerbach*, to take a narrow View of the Place, and review'd the *Dutch*, which were lately arriv'd in the Neighbourhood from the *Maese*; and having given the necessary Directions for the Siege of *Traerbach*, the Care whereof was committed to the Prince of *Hesse Cassel*, his Grace set out the next Day early on his return to the Camp at *Weissemburg*." (*Annals*, III, 112.) The siege was carried on by the Prince of Hesse during the absence of Marlborough, who had left on December 12 for The Hague. Traerbach surrendered on the 20th. Lines 440-442 are therefore perfunctory and rather less than half true.

455 **Th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free**: Bavaria. The Hister, or Ister, of Latin writers is the lower Danube.

476 **And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most**: Upon this line Pope seems to have modelled his "He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most." (Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, l. 366.)

## CATO

Tickell writes: "The Tragedy of *CATO* appeared in public in the year 1713; when the greater part of the last *Act* was added by the Author, to the foregoing which he had kept by him for many years. He took up a design of writing a play upon this subject, when he was very young at the University; and even attempted something in it there, though not a line as it now stands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and retouched in England, without any formed resolution of bringing it upon the Stage, until his friends of the first Quality and Distinction prevailed on him, to put the last finishing to it, at a time when they thought the Doctrine of Liberty very seasonable." (Preface to ed. 1721, pp. xiii-xiv.)

Steele comments upon this part of Tickell's preface as follows: "Mr. TICKELL's account of its being taken up, laid down, and at last perfected, after such long intervals and pauses, would make any one believe, who did not know Mr. ADDISON, that it was accomplished with the greatest pain and labour; and the issue rather of Learning and Industry than Capacity and Genius: but I do assure you, that never Play which could bring the author any reputation for Wit and

Conduct, notwithstanding it was so long before it was finished, employed the Author so little time in writing.

"If I remember right, the Fifth Act was written in less than a week's time! For this was particular in this Writer, that when he had taken his resolution, or made his Plan for what he designed to write; he would walk about the room and dictate it into Language, with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down: and attend to the Coherence and Grammar of what he dictated." (Dedication to *The Drummer*, ed. 1722; reprinted in Arber's *English Garner*, VI, 534-535.)

That the political interpretations of *Cato* were forced appears from the following letter from Gay to Johnson, April 23, 1713: "*Cato* affords universal discourse, and is received with universal applause: My Lord Oxford, Lord Chancellor, and Speaker of the House of Commons, have bespoke the box on the stage for next Saturday. The character of Cato is a man of strict virtue, and a lover of his country. The audience several nights clapped some particular passages, which they thought reflected on the Tories. Some passages in the prologue were strained that way; viz.

Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause;  
Such tears as Patriots shed for dying laws:

never failed of raising a loud clap; but you see that the Ministry are so far from thinking it touches them, that the Treasurer and Chancellor will honour the play with their presence." (See Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, VI, 84.)

The first four acts of *Cato* may be summarized as follows:

*Act I.* In the first scene, Portius and Marcus lament the increasing power of Cæsar, and compare his "impious greatness" with Cato's helpless but splendidly virtuous position. Portius is the more composed: he encourages Marcus with bits of their father's philosophy. Marcus refuses to be comforted:

Passion un pity'd, and successless love,  
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate  
My other griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind!

Portius, concealing the fact that he also loves Lucia, advises Marcus to guard his heart on this weak side. He reminds Marcus that Juba, who is in love with their sister Marcia, loves war and honor more. Marcus, at first angry, presently begs his brother to

Pardon a weak, distempered soul, that swells  
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calm.

Sempronius, in the next scene, feigns cordiality, praising Cato's virtue, but lamenting that Cato's daughter is not propitious. Portius sternly checks him for speaking of love at such a time.

Syphax reports that the Numidian soldiers are ready to revolt. Sempronius urges haste, and plots with Syphax to win over Juba, who seems inclined to join with Cato. Syphax advises Juba to abandon Cato. He is making some progress when Marcia enters.

Juba greet Marcia ardently. She replies impersonally and with dignity. Juba begs that she will wish him well in battle. She replies:

My prayers and wishes always shall attend  
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,  
And men approved of by the gods and Cato.

Juba hastens to his troops.

Alone with Lucia, Marcia admits her love for Juba, but resolves not to entertain thoughts of love while Cato's life is in danger. Lucia wishes that she had this firmness of purpose. It presently appears that Lucia, although she holds both the sons of Cato high in her esteem, loves Portius for his "complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness."

*Act II.* Cato addresses the Senators, asking if they are still for war. Sempronius is passionately for war, Lucius weakly counsels peace. Cato dislikes the tone of both speeches:

Immoderate valour swells into a fault,  
And fear, admitted into public councils,  
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.

Decius, a herald from Cæsar's camp, urges Cato to make peace with Cæsar. Upon Cato's reply that he is unwilling to think of life upon such conditions, Decius bids Cato name his terms. Cato answers:

. . . Bid him disband his legions,  
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,  
Submit his actions to the public censure,  
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.

Decius reminds Cato that he no longer has all Rome to second him. Cato replies:

Let him consider that, who drives us hither:  
'T is Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,  
And thinned its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye  
Beholds this man in a false, glaring light,  
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;  
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black

With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes  
 That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.  
 I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch  
 Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;  
 But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds  
 Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

The Senators thank Cato for his speech. As the sitting closes with a unanimous voice for holding out against Cæsar, Juba enters to learn the decision.

Juba commends the resolution of the Senators, but suggests that they leave Utica to arm Numidia in their cause. Cato rejects this plan, and holds forth upon Roman virtue. Juba tells Cato of his love for Marcia. Cato dismisses him without encouragement.

Crestfallen at Cato's reproof, Juba meets Syphax, who rallies him upon his changed manner, and presently suggests carrying away Marcia by force. Juba calls Syphax a "false old traitor." Realizing that he has gone too far, Syphax abruptly changes his tone, pleading excessive concern for Juba's welfare. Juba regrets his hasty speech. Left brooding upon his insult, Syphax commits himself wholly to the cause of Cæsar.

Sempronius now reports that the soldiers are about to storm the senate-house. Syphax promises assistance.

*Act III.* Marcus begs Portius to plead his cause with Lucia. Portius tries in vain to excuse himself. Portius accordingly pleads his brother's cause. Lucia hears him for his own sake, but pledges herself never to plight her faith while such a cloud of mischief hangs about. At length she closes the interview:

Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me if thou think'st  
 Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

Marcus hears his fate and is passionately reproaching both Lucia and Portius when shouts of alarm interrupt him. The brothers hurry to the scene of mutiny. Cato beats down the sedition by the sheer force of his words and his manner.

*Act IV.* Lucia and Marcia are lamenting their fates when Sempronius enters disguised as Juba. As he is about to seize Marcia, Juba enters and kills him. Marcia, mistaking Sempronius in his Numidian dress for Juba, mourns her lover's death. Juba, who has overheard her, enters. Presently Marcia dismisses her lover thus:

Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,  
 Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,  
 And make the gods propitious to our love.

Meantime Marcus has been killed during the mutiny. Cato speaks with stern satisfaction of his son's service, and laments the decline of Roman virtue.

LINES 23-24 This (l. 23) : the sword ; this (l. 24) : Plato's *Phædo*.

54-61 Look not thus sternly . . . And mock thy hopes: Lines 54-61 are in neither the first nor the second edition of *Cato*. They appear in the third edition (1713).

197 Impute: take into account. See *Oxford Dictionary*, s.v. *impute*, 4; cf. in Swift's "Prayer for Stella," 6 November, 1722, the petition, "Accept and impute all her good deeds."

203 See Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, London, 1858, p. 114.

### THE TATLER

"The first number of the *Tatler* appeared on Tuesday, April 12, 1709, and it was published three times a week — on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, the post days. The ordinary copies, consisting of one folio leaf, were sold at a penny, but after the twenty-fifth number copies were printed with a sheet left blank for correspondence; for these there was a charge of three half-pence." (Aitken's *Steele*, I, 243.) The *Tatler* ran through 271 numbers, of which 41 are supposed to have been written by Addison alone and 34 by Steele and Addison together. On the 2d of January, 1710-1711, Swift wrote to Stella: "Steele's last *Tatler* came out to-day. . . . He never told so much as Mr. Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I."

In his *Present State of Wit*, 1711, Gay wrote: "Before I proceed further in the account of our Weekly Papers, it will be necessary to inform you that at the beginning of the winter, to the infinite surprise of all men, MR. STEELE flang up his *Tatler*; and instead of ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire, subscribed himself RICHARD STEELE to the last of those Papers, after a handsome compliment to the Town for their kind acceptance of his endeavours to divert them.

"The chief reason he thought fit to give for his leaving off writing was, that having been so long looked on in all public places and companies as the Author of those papers, he found that his most intimate friends and acquaintance were in pain to speak or act before him.

"The Town was very far from being satisfied with this reason, and most people judged the true cause to be, either

"That he was quite spent, and wanted matter to continue his undertaking any longer; or

"That he laid it down as a sort of submission to, and composition with, the Government, for some past offences ; or lastly,

"That he had a mind to vary his Shape, and appear again in some new light. However that were, his disappearance seemed to be bewailed as some general calamity. Every one wanted so agreeable an amusement, and the Coffee-houses began to be sensible that the *Esquire's Lucubrations* alone had brought them more customers, than all other News Papers put together.

"It must indeed be confessed that never man threw up his pen, under stronger temptations to have employed it longer. His reputation was at a greater height, than I believe ever any living author's was before him. It is reasonable to suppose that his gains were proportionably considerable. Every one read him with pleasure and good-will; and the Tories, in respect to his other good qualities, had almost forgiven his unaccountable imprudence in declaring against them." (Arber's *English Garner*, VI, 507-508.)

The best general account of the *Tatler* is perhaps that in Aitken's *Steele*, I, 239-258.

PAGE 34 Motto: Horace, *Sat.*, iii, 2, 19: "When he had lost all business of his own, He ran in quest of news through all the town."

On the general type of person set forth in this number, compare the "Character of a Coffee-House Politician" in *An Essay in Defence of the Female Sex. In which are inserted the Characters of A Pedant, A Squire, . . . etc.*, London, 1696, pp. 87 ff.: "He converses more with *News Papers, Gazettes and Votes*, than with his *Shop Books*, and his constant application to the *Publick* takes him off all Care for his *Private Concern*. He is always settling the *Nation*, yet cou'd never manage his own *Family*. . . . they ought to have been wiser, than to have busied themselves so much, and so earnestly about Affairs, which all their care and Sollicitude could have no more Influence upon, than over the Weather. 'Twas pleasant to see what Shoals the report of the arrival of a *Holland*, or *Flanders Mail* brought to the *Secretary's Office*, the *Post Office*, and the *Coffee-House*; . . . . No sooner is it rumour'd that a Breach is made in the *Castle Wall*, or the *White Flag* hung out, but a *Council of War* is call'd in every *Coffee-house* in Town; the *French* and *Dutch Prints*, their *Intelligencies* are call'd for immediately, and examin'd, and not a shot is mention'd, but they start as if the Ball whizz'd just then by their Ears."

34 2 An Upholsterer: He has been identified with an Edward Arne, upholsterer, of Covent Garden, the father of Dr. Thomas Augustus Arne, the musician. A very similar character appears in Fielding's

*Coffee House Politician* (1730) and in Arthur Murphy's *The Upholsterer; or, What News* (1757).

**34 10 The Post-man:** According to John Dunton (*Life and Errors*, II, 428-429), the *Postman*, published on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, made £600 a year. "In a word," says Dunton, "The Post-Man (or rather 'Post-Angel') out-flies 'The Post-Master,' 'Post-Boy,' 'Daily Courant,' (and those lesser-flyers, the 'English' and 'London Post')—so that Fonvive is the glory and mirror of News-Writers." "It is Mr. Fonvive," Dunton explains in a footnote, "a French Protestant, that writes the Post-Man." . . . "His Post-Man is that general Echo, whereby what is done in London, &c. is heard all over Europe. . . . In short, Fonvive is a Weekly Almanack, shewing impartially what weather is in the State; and, like the Doves of Aleppo, carries News to every part of the known World." The *Postman* was a single folio sheet of two columns, uniform with the *Spectator* in size. According to Fox Bourne, the *Postman* was started in 1695; in 1711, says Timperley (*History of Printing*, ed. Bohn, p. 600), it was "Printed by Francis Leach, in Elliott's-court, Little Britain."

**34 12-13 Dutch Mails:** A post schedule printed in Ashton's *Social Life*, I, 133, says that in 1709 "letters return from all parts of England and North Britain, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; from Wales, Mondays and Fridays; from Kent and the Downs every day; but from beyond Sea uncertain." From Luttrell's *Brief Relation of State Affairs* it appears that the Dutch posts, though very irregular, were expected on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Steele says in his first *Tatler* that he shall publish the paper "every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, . . . for the convenience of the post." That, however, may refer to either the incoming or the outgoing post.

**34 14 What passed in Poland, etc.:** In its attitude toward foreign happenings the *Spectator* avowedly opposed itself to most other newspapers: cf. the note on *Gazette* (p. 42, l. 9).

**34 16 King Augustus:** Augustus II of Saxony, King of Poland, 1697-1733. He had been deposed in 1704, but was reinstated after the defeat of Charles XII at the battle of Pultowa, July 8, 1709.

**35 2 St. James's Park:** see Wheatley and Cunningham's *London*, II, 288-296.

**35 8 Muff:** cf. Ashton's *Social Life*, I, 156, and *Spect.* 16: "I have receiv'd a Letter, desiring me to be very satirical upon the little Muff that is now in Fashion."

**35 8 Campaign-wig:** Fairholt's *Costume in England*, II, 318-319, quotes Holme's *Academy of Armory* (1684), which defines a campaign-wig

as "having the side or bottom locks turned up into bobs or knots tied up with ribbons," . . . "knots or bobs, or a *dildo* on each side, with a curled forehead." See cuts 3 and 4 on p. 319 of Fairholt and cf. Farquhar's *Love and a Bottle* (1698), i, 1.

**35 11 Prevented**: here with a shade of the old meaning, *to anticipate*.

**35 13 Bender**: Defeated by Peter the Great at Pultowa, July 8, 1709, Charles XII fled to the Turks. He remained at Bender, on the Dniester in Bessarabia, for three years. He returned to Sweden in 1714.

**35 21-24 His wound . . . in the Heel**: at the battle of Pultowa, July 8, 1709. Luttrell notes (*Brief Relation*, VI, 478) "that the king was wounded . . . before the battle, with a musket ball in the heel."

**35 30 The Supplement . . . the English-post**: *The Supplement* was "an alternate edition of 'The Postboy,' 'by Jacob Abellius, a postscriptorian,' otherwise Boyer." (H. R. Fox Bourne, *English Newspapers*, I, 68.) According to Fox Bourne (I, 57), the *English Post* was started in 1695. But No. 34, according to the British Museum catalogue, is dated December, 1700. The *English Post* ran to at least 221 numbers: the British Museum has an incomplete file (Nos. 34-221, with many omissions) for 1700-1702. A rather prejudiced contemporary, John Dunton (*Life and Errors*, 435), tells us that "Mr. Crouch collects his news with so much accuracy and judgment, that he is only outdone by the 'Post-Man,' and those High-flyers . . . ; so that I admire 'The English Post' should still continue in the number of the Lesser-flyers; for Crouch prints nothing but what is very useful and very diverting. But I think I have given you the very soul of his Character, when I have told you that his talent lies at Collection." Nathaniel Crouch, editor of the *English Post*, was really a pseudonym for Richard (later Robert) Burton (1632?-1725?).

**35 32 Daily-courant**: The advertisement at the end of the first issue (11 March, 1712), which is reproduced in facsimile at the end of Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, Vol. II, says: "The Courant (as the Title shows) will be Publish'd Daily: being design'd to give all the Material News as soon as every Post arrives: and is confin'd to half the Compass, to save the Publick at least half the Impertinences, of ordinary News-Papers." "'The Daily Courant,' the first English daily paper," gave "on a single folio page six short paragraphs of news translated from 'The Harlem Courant,' one from 'The Amsterdam Courant,' and three from 'The Paris Gazette,' followed by this advertisement: 'It will be found from the foreign prints which from time to time, as occasion offers, will be mentioned in this paper, that the author has taken care to be duly furnished with all that comes

from abroad in any language.' " (Fox Bourne, *English Newspapers*, I, 66.)

Thus conducted for the first forty issues, the *Daily Courant* then fell into the hands of Samuel Buckley, who later printed the *Spectator*. He enlarged it by an additional page, including domestic news and advertisements as well as foreign news. In 1735 the *Courant* was merged with the *Daily Gazetteer*.

**36 1 Post-boy** : Writing in 1706, John Dunton says that "Boyer's 'Post-Boy' (published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,) might properly be called 'The Spanish and English Intelligence' . . . Mr. Boyer is the greatest master of the French Tongue (witness his 'French Grammar' and 'French Dictionary') and the most impartial Historian (witness his 'Annals of Queen Anne') of any we have in England." Abel Roper started the *Postboy* in 1695; according to Dunton he was Boyer's publisher in 1706. Boyer, who succeeded one Thomas in the editorship, had charge of the paper from 1705 to 1709. The only copy that we have examined, the issue "From Saturday, May 3, to Tuesday, May 6, 1715," is of two columns, in folio, contains eight pages of news, the English and the French text in parallel columns, and is "Printed for John Morphew near Stationers-Hall." The British Museum has an incomplete file, Nos. 9-2422, with many omissions, 1695-1710, including as printers Roper, E. Wilkinson and R. Clavel, J. Salusbury, and R. Baldwin.

**36 11 The Mall** : a walk on the north side of St. James's Park. Swift writes to Stella (27 Dec., 1712): "I met Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day and took a turn with them."

**36 28 Prince Menzikoff, and the Dutchesse of Mirandola** : Alexander Danilovitch Mentschikoff (*circ. 1672-circ. 1730*), general and minister under Peter the Great. After the death of Peter, Mentschikoff virtually controlled the policy of Catharine I (1725-1727); early in the reign of Peter II, he was deposed and sent to Siberia. With others of the Russian court, Mentschikoff accompanied Peter the Great to England in 1698.

**37 19-20 The present Negotiations of peace** : The Peace of Utrecht (1713) was preceded by indecisive negotiations extending through portions of the years 1708, 1709, and 1710.

**38 Motto** : Terence, *Andria*, Prologue, l. 17: "While they pretend to know more than others, they know nothing in reality."

**38 7 Tom Folio** : As early as 1725 Tom Folio was identified with Thomas Rawlinson (1681-1725). Thomas Hearne, who knew Rawlinson well, wrote in his diary on Sept. 4, 1725: "Some gave out, and

published it too in printed papers, that Mr. Rawlinson understood the editions and title-pages of books only, without any other skill in them, and thereupon they stiled him TOM FOLIO. But these were only buffoons, and persons of very shallow learning." This identification does not in any way fit Rawlinson, who was a rich collector and a patron of antiquaries, not a bookselling agent; but it is contemporary.

38 20 **Aldus**: Aldus Manutius (*circ. 1450-1515*), the famous Venetian printer, founder of the Aldine press, which was kept up by his son Paulus (1512-1574) and his grandson Aldus (1547-1597), neither of whom equalled the first Aldus. See Renouard, *Annales de l'Imprimerie des Aldes*, 2 vols., Paris, 1804.

38 20 **Elzevir**: a family of celebrated Dutch printers. They began to print about 1583; Louis Elzevir was working as late as 1712. Their best work was done between 1625 and 1650; it took the form of editions of the classics in 12mo and smaller, and of French works on history and politics in 24mo ("Petites Républiques"). See Bérard, *Essai bibliographique sur les éditions des Elzevirs*, Paris, 1822; E. M. Goldsmid, *A Complete Catalogue of all the Publications of the Elzevir Presses*, etc., Edinburgh, 1885-1888.

38 22 **Harry Stephens**: (*Fr. Henri Estienne; Lat. Stephanus*), born at Paris in 1470; began to print about 1503; died 1520.

38 25-26 **Cries up the goodness of the Paper, etc.**: Addison himself, it is to be observed, was thoroughly appreciative of beautiful and correct editions: in *Spect.* 370 he speaks of Holland and Venice as worthy of imitation in that there "Elzevir and Aldus are more frequently mentioned than any Pensioner of the one or Doge of the other." And a little later he adds: "The new edition which is given us of Cæsar's Commentaries [a beautiful edition by Dr. Samuel Clarke, published in 1712 by Tonson in folio] is a Work that does Honour to the English Press. It is no wonder that an Edition should be very correct, which has passed through the Hands of one of the most accurate, learned, and judicious Writers this Age has produced. The Beauty of the Paper, of the Character, and of the several Cuts with which this noble Work is Illustrated, makes it the finest Book that I have ever seen; and is a true Instance of the English Genius."

39 7 **Flashy**: lacking substance, trashy, insipid. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, l. 122; Bacon, *Of Studies*.

39 17 **A late paper**: *Taller* 154.

39 23 **Aeneas**: *Aeneid*, vi, 893 ff.

39 29 **Daniel Heinsius's Edition**: *P. Virgilii | Maronis | Opera | nunc | emendatoria. | Lugd. Batavor. | Ex officina Elzeviriana. A°. 1636.*

Dibdin (*Greek and Latin Classics*, II, 547-548) speaks of a "true" and a "false" edition, and discriminates between them.

40 4-5 **Reclaim** against such a **Punctuation**: Nichols has "declaim," which is almost certainly wrong: the 1710-1711 edition of the *Tatler* has *reclaim* (in italics); Tickell has the same. Furthermore, in his mock annotations in *Spect.* 470 Addison uses the word *reclaim*. Evidently the word was in use by scholars.

40 6 **One Simile of Virgil writ in his own hand**: cf. Earle's character of "An Antiquary" from the *Microcosmographie*, 1628: "He would give all the Bookes in his Study (which are rarities all) for one of the old Romane binding, or sixe lines of *Tully* in his owne hand." (Arber's ed., p. 29.)

40 19 **Pastor-fido**: a pastoral drama by Giovanni Battista Guarini (1537-1612), first acted in 1583, first printed in 1590.

41 13-14 **Six lines of Boileau**: Boileau, *Oeuvres*, ed. Gidel, I, 92, Satire iv (*Les folies humaines*), ll. 5-10.

42 **Motto**: Catullus, *De Suffeno*, xxii, 14-20: "Suffenus has no more wit than a mere clown, when he attempts to write verses; and yet he is never happier than when he is scribbling; so much does he admire himself and his compositions. And, indeed, this is the foible of every one of us; for there is no man living who is not a Suffenus in one thing or other."

42 6-7 **A late paper of yours**: No. 155.

42 9 **Gazette**: *The London Gazette*, begun Nov. 14, 1665, as the *Oxford Gazette* and changing with No. 24 (Feb. 5, 1666) to its present title, was "published by Authority"; it has continued to the present time. The nature of its authority appears from a letter written by Steele, who became *Gazetteer* in 1707, to Joshua Dawson, Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland: "Having for some time since been appointed by the Secretaries of State to write the *Gazette* I have authority to use their names in desiring such intelligence as may be usefull or necessary to be inserted in that Paper." (Aitken's *Steele*, I, 155.)

So far as this passage is concerned, however, we shall probably understand Addison's meaning if we consider the *Gazette* as a journal devoted chiefly to foreign news. Addison says in *Spect.* 105: "If you mention either of the Kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Gazette* you drop him." Smith (*Spectator*, I, 318) quotes Clodpate in Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*, who says (act i, scene 1): "Oh, I love *Gazettes* extreamly . . . they are such pretty penn'd Things; and I do love to hear of *Wisnowisky*, *Potosky*, General *Wrangle*, and Count *Tot*, and all those brave fellows."

42 18 Waller: In his *Account of the Greatest English Poets* (1694) Addison had written:

But now, my muse, a softer strain rehearse,  
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;  
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:  
Muse, turn thy verse with art to Waller's praise.  
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire  
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;  
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move.

Addison mentions Waller in *Spect.* 8.

43 1 Gothick: Until a little after the middle of the eighteenth century, when it began to be vindicated by Warton and Hurd, the word Gothic, as applied to art and to literature, was a term of reproach, meaning "barbarous," "inelegant." Examples of its use, chronologically arranged, are given in the *Oxford Dictionary*. On the work of Warton, Hurd, and other admirers of mediævalism, see the histories of romanticism by Phelps (chap. vi) and Beers (chap. vii); on the Gothic revival in architecture, see Eastlake's *Gothic Revival*, London, 1872, and C. H. Moore's *Development and Character of Gothic Architecture*, New York, 1899.

43 27 Sting in the tail of an Epigram . . . so . . . your Criticks call it: The *Oxford Dictionary* quotes Topsell's *Serpents* (1653): "Some learned Writers . . . have compared a Scorpion to an Epigram . . . because as the sting of the Scorpion lyeth in the tayl, so the force and vertue of an Epigram is in the conclusion." The *Century Dictionary* quotes also these lines, which we have not been able to identify:

The qualities rare in a bee that we meet  
In an epigram never should fail;  
The body should always be little and sweet,  
And a sting should be left in its tail.

44 1 Roscommon's translation: Wentworth Dillon (1633?-1685), fourth Earl of Roscommon, published in 1680 a translation into English blank verse of Horace's *Art of Poetry*.

45 30 Cupid . . . like a Porcupine: cf. *Spect.* 377, where Addison says, "I think Mr. Cowley has with greater justness of thought compared a beautiful woman to a porcupine, that sends an arrow from every part."

46 Motto: Virgil, *Aeneid*, i, 208: "Through various hazards and events we move."

The device represented by the paper, a satire of society by means of the fictitious adventures of a piece of money, is not uncommon. Cf. John

Taylor, *A Shilling, or the Trauiles of Twelvepence*, 1622; Richard Bathurst, "Adventures of a Halfpenny," 1753 (*Adventurer*, No. 43); Charles Johnstone, *Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea*, 1760-65; H. Scott, *The Adventures of a Rupee*, 1782. The hint of this paper may have come from Swift, who wrote to Stella on November 30, 1710: "You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the Tatlers. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the Shilling."

48 13 *A Serjeant made use of me*: On the methods of recruiting at this time, see Farquhar's *Recruiting-Officer*, 1706, especially act ii, scene 3. The point is that to take money from a sergeant bound a man to enlistment. Thus, in the scene referred to, Sergeant Kite gives broad-pieces to two unwilling recruits and then informs them that they are enlisted; they deny it, whereupon a dispute occurs. Meanwhile Captain Plume has entered and asks what is the matter.

"*Kite*. They disobey command; they deny their being listed.

"*Apple* [tree, one of the unwilling recruits]. Nay, sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot; but we humbly conceive in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

"*Plume*. That's easily known. Have either of you received any of the queen's money?"

48 22 *Bent me*: an ancient popular custom. See Brand-Hazlitt, *Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*, II, 50-51; cf. *Hudibras*, i, 1, 488:

Like Commendation Ninepence crook't,  
With to and from my love it lookt;

and see Dr. Grey's note on the passage. Cf. Gay's *Pastorals*, v, 129.

49 2 *Squirmed*: threw with a jerk. Cf. *Spect.* 77.

49 12-13 *Pair of Breeches*: Strype (1720) says of the Commonwealth coins that they all "had upon one side the cross of England, in a single Escotcheon; and on the other side the English Cross in one Escotcheon, and the Irish harp in another; not impaled, but joined together in two several Escotcheons." The effect was rather like the letter W, with a straight line drawn across the top. See Humphreys, *The Coinage of the British Empire*, London, 1854, Fig. 17 in Plate X, opp. p. 108.

49 28 *Clipped my Brims*, etc.: Evelyn speaks, July 15, 1694, of "many executed at London for *clipping money*, now don to that intolerable extent, that there was hardly any money that was worth above halfe the nominal value." Cf. Dec. 23, 1695; January 12, 1696.

50 1-2 *In the midst of this general calamity*, etc.: "The general coinage had fallen into a bad state, and much old hammered money

(still in circulation) had become thin, and was counterfeited. . . . After the death of the queen in 1695, the king, . . . , determined on taking into consideration the bad state of the coinage . . . , to restore its general character. A tax was therefore laid upon dwelling-houses, . . . to supply the deficiency of the clipped money; and in order that there might be as little delay as possible in carrying a complete new coinage into effect, mints were established at York, Bristol, Norwich, Exeter, and Chester, the coins of each mint being respectively marked with the initial letter of the name of the place. By means of the assistance of these country mints the new coinage was completed in two years. . . . On the new coinage the king's bust appears alone, surrounded by 'Gulielmus III. Dei Gratia:' the reverse has the four shields as before, but without W or M in the angles, and all the pieces are alike, with the exception of mint-marks." (Humphreys, *Coinage of the British Empire*, pp. 125-126.) Cf. Fig. 14 in Plate XI, *ibid.*, opp. p. 115. For the legislative measures, see the Statutes at Large, 7 William III, cap. i; 8 William III, cap. ii; and 9 William III, cap. ii.

**50 14** *The splendid Shilling*: John Philips's *The Splendid Shilling, An Imitation of Milton*, was surreptitiously printed in 1701 in a *Collection of Poems* published by David Brown and Benjamin Tooke, and again, in an edition printed by Benj. Bragge, in 1705. In 1705 Philips himself issued an authorized edition ("Now first correctly published").

**50 20** *Motto*: Horace, *Carm.*, iii, 11, 35: "Gloriously false."

**50 24** *Sir John Mandeville*: The book of travels of which Mandeville is the ostensible author was composed early in the second half of the fourteenth century. It was originally written in French, and is a compilation from various sources. See G. F. Warner's edition for the Roxburghe Club, and also his article in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

**51 3-4** *The Red-Cross Knight* in Spenser: the hero of the first book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. "The Red-Cross Knight is St. George, the patron saint of England, and represents holiness or Christian purity, and is clothed in the 'whole armor of God,' described by St. Paul in the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians." (Spenser's Works, Boston, 1855, I, 33.)

**51 20** *Freezing . . . of . . . Speeches*: At least three writers before Addison had told at some length the story of the frozen words, and another had alluded to it:

Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano* was written in 1514 and published in 1528; there were English translations in 1561, 1577, 1588, 1603, etc. A little beyond the middle of his second book (pp. 189-190 in the London edition of 1727), Castiglione says: "The Luccese going thereupon

with some of his Companions towards Muscovy, came to the Boristhenes, which he found frozen hard as the very Marble, and on the other Side espied the Muscovites, who through Fear of the Pole durst not venture further. After some few Signs, each being known to the other, the Muscovites speaking as loud as they were able, told what they expected for their Sables: but so excessive was the Cold, that the Words freezing e'er they reach'd opposite Side of the River, could not be heard there. The Poles, sensible how the Case stood, kindled instantly a great Fire in the midst of the River, for thither they supposed the Words to reach e'er the Cold stopp'd them: and the Fire was what the Ice, being so very thick, could easily bear. Upon this the Words, that had remain'd frozen for the Space of an Hour, began to thaw; coming towards them with that sort of Murmur, which the Snow makes in its Fall from the Mountains in the Month of May; and were perfectly well understood, though by that time the Men on the other Side were departed."

Rabelais's *Pantagruel*, of which the earliest edition with a date is 1533, relates (bk. iv, chap. 55) "How Pantagruel, being at Sea, heard various unfrozen Words" and (*ibid.*, chap. 56) "How among the frozen Words, Pantagruel found some odd ones." In the course of the narrative . . . "the skipper made answer: . . . 'The words and cries of men and women . . . froze in the air; and now, the rigour of the winter being over, . . . they melt and are heard.'" . . . "He [Pantagruel] then threw on the deck whole handfuls of frozen words, which seemed like your rough sugar-plums, . . . ; and when we had somewhat warmed them between our hands, they melted like snow, and we really heard them, but could not understand them, for it was a barbarous gibberish." (Motteaux's translation, in Morley's "Universal Library," pp. 194-195.)

Peter Heylin alludes to Castiglione's account; in his **ΜΙΚΠΟ-ΚΟΣΜΟΣ** *A Little Description of the Great World*, 1629, he says: "This excesse of cold in the aire, [of Muscovy] gave occasion to *Castilian* in his *Aulicus*, wittily & not incongruously to saine; that if two men being somewhat distant talk together in the winter, their words will be so frozen that they cannot be heard: but if the parties in the spring return to the same place, their words will melt in the same order that they were frozen & spoken, and be plainly understood." (Ed. Oxford, 1639, p. 345.)

In Part II (ed. 1703, p. 43) of Ward's *London Spy*, one of the two sailors who are exchanging stories tells his companion, "I have been . . . where it has been so Cold, it has Frozen our Words in our Mouths, that we could not hear one another speak, till we came into a warmer

Latitude to thaw 'em; and then all our Discourse broke out together like a Clap of Thunder, that there was never such a Confusion of Tongues ever heard at Babel."

51 26 **Like words, etc.** : *Hudibras*, i, 1, 148.

52 19 **Nec vox, nec verba, etc.** : Ovid, *Met.*, xi, 326 : *nec vox temptataque verba sequuntur*.

53 16 **Wapping** : a quarter of St. Mary, Whitechapel, along the north side of the Thames below the Tower. Strype wrote in 1720: "Wappin is to this Day chiefly inhabited by Seafaring Men, and Tradesmen dealing in Commodities for the Supply of Shipping, and Shipmen. It stands exceeding thick with Buildings, and is very populous." (*Survey*, bk. iv, p. 39.)

53 29 **Et timide verba intermissa retentat** : Ovid, *Met.*, i, 745.

54 24 **Kit** : "a miniature violin, about sixteen inches long, having three strings." (*Century Dictionary*.)

## THE SPECTATOR

The *Spectator* began to appear on March 1, 1711, and was issued daily, except Sunday, until December 6, 1712. These five hundred and fifty-five papers (Vols. I-VII in most collected editions) constitute the original series. On Friday, June 18, 1714, Addison revived the *Spectator* and continued it (on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays) until Wednesday, December 20, 1714, when it ended with No. 635. The *Spectator* was printed on both sides of a single folio sheet. The essay filled the two columns of the first page and usually about a column on the reverse of the sheet; the remaining space was given up to advertisements of current books, plays, and what not.

After fourteen numbers had appeared, Swift wrote to Stella (March 16, 1711): "Have you seen the *Spectator* yet, a paper that comes out every day? It is written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his *Tatler*, and they all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club."

Gay wrote (*The Present State of Wit*, 1711): "The *Spectator*, whom we regard as our shelter from that flood of false wit and impertinence which was breaking in upon us, is in every one's hand, and a constant topic of our morning conversation at tea-tables and coffee-houses." (Arber's *English Garner*, VI, 503 ff.)

With No. 445 the price of the *Spectator* was doubled (from one penny to twopence) in consequence of the Stamp Tax (10 Ann. cap. 19) of

half a penny. Swift wrote to Stella (7 Aug. 1712): "Now every single half sheet pays a halfpenny to the queen. The Observator is fallen; the Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying Post; the Examiner is deadly sick; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks the stamping is worth a halfpenny." The form of the stamp is shown in Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, II, 78.

In closing the *Spectator* Steele said: "All the Members of the Imaginary Society, which were described in my First Papers, having disappeared one after another, it is high time for the Spectator himself to go off the Stage. But, now I am to take my Leave I am under greater Anxiety than I have known for the Work of any Day since I undertook this Province. It is much more difficult to converse with the World in a real than a personated Character. That might pass for Humour, in the Spectator, which would look like Arrogance in a Writer who sets his Name to his Work. The Fictitious Person might contemn those who disapproved him, and extoll his own Performances, without giving Offence. He might assume a Mock-Authority; without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The Praises or Censures of himself fall only upon the Creature of his Imagination, and if any one finds fault with him, the Author may reply with the Philosopher of old, *Thou dost but beat the Case of Anaxarchus*. When I speak in my own private Sentiments, I cannot but address my self to my Readers in a more submissive manner, and with a just Gratitude, for the kind Reception which they have given to these Daily Papers that have been published for almost the space of Two Years last past.

"I hope the Apology I have made as to the Licence allowable to a feigned Character, may excuse any thing which has been said in these Discourses of the *Spectator* and his works; but the Imputation of the grossest Vanity would still dwell upon me, if I did not give some Account by what Means I was enabled to keep up the Spirit of so long and approved a Performance. All the Papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O, that is to say, all the Papers which I have distinguished by any Letter in the Name of the Muse CLIO, were given by the Gentleman, of whose Assistance I formerly boasted in the Preface and concluding Leaf of my *Tatlers*. I am indeed much more proud of his long continued Friendship, than I should be of the Fame of being thought the Author of any Writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the *Tender Husband*, I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other

publish a Work written by us both, which should bear the Name of *the Monument*, in Memory of our Friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here, was as Honorary to that Sacred Name, as Learning, Wit, and Humanity render those Pieces which I have taught the Reader how to distinguish for his. When the Play abovementioned was last Acted, there were so many applauded Strokes in it which I had from the same Hand, that I thought very meanly of my self that I had never publickly acknowledged them. After I have put other friends upon importuning him to publish Dramatick, as well as other Writings he has by him, I shall end what I think I am obliged to say on this Head, by giving my Reader this Hint for the better judging of my Productions, that the best Comment upon them would be an Account when the Patron to the *Tender Husband* was in *England*, or Abroad.

“ The Reader will also find some Papers which are marked with the Letter X, for which he is obliged to the ingenious Gentleman who diverted the Town with the Epilogue to the *Distressed Mother*. I might have owned these several Papers with the free Consent of these Gentlemen, who did not write them with a design of being known for the Authors. But as a candid and sincere Behaviour ought to be preferred to all other Considerations, I would not let my Heart reproach me with a Consciousness of having acquired a Praise which is not my Right.

“ The other Assurances which I have had have been conveyed by Letter, sometimes by whole Papers, and other Times by short Hints by unknown Hands. I have not been able to trace Favours of this kind, with any Certainty, but to the following Names, which I place in the Order wherein I received the Obligation, tho’ the first I am going to Name can hardly be mentioned in a List wherein he would not deserve the Precedence. The Persons to whom I am to make these acknowledgments are Mr. *Henry Martin*, Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Hughs*, Mr. *Carey* of *New-College* in *Oxford*, Mr. *Tickell* of *Queen’s* in the same University, Mr. *Parnelle*, and Mr. *Eusden* of *Trinity* in *Cambridge*. Thus to speak in the Language of my late Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, I have Balanced my Accounts with all my Creditors for Wit and Learning. But as these Excellent Performances would not have seen the Light without the Means of this Paper, I may still arrogate to my self the Merit of their being communicated to the Publick.

“ I have nothing more to add, but having swelled this Work to Five hundred and fifty five Papers, they will be disposed into seven Volumes, four of which are already published, and the three others in the Press. It will not be demanded of me why I now leave off, tho’ I must own

my self obliged to give an Account to the Town of my Time hereafter, since I retire when their Partiality to me is so great, that an Edition of the former Volumes of *Spectators* of above Nine thousand each Book, is already sold off, and the Tax on each half Sheet has brought into the Stamp-Office one Week with another above 20*l.* a Week arising from this single Paper, notwithstanding it at first reduced it to less than half the Number that was usually Printed before this Tax was laid.

"I humbly beseech the Continuance of this Inclination to favour what I may hereafter produce, and hope I have in many Occurrences of Life tasted so deeply of Pain and Sorrow, that I am Proof against much more prosperous Circumstances than any Advantages to which my own Industry can possibly exalt me.

"I am,

"My Good-natured Reader,

"Your most Obedient,

"Most Obliged Humble Servant,

"Richard Steele."

The best accounts of the *Spectator* are in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (under *Addison*) and in Aitken's *Life of Sir Richard Steele*, bk. v, chap. i.

56 Motto: Horace, *Ars Poet.*, 143-144:

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;

Another out of smoke brings glorious light,

And (without raising expectation high)

Surprises us with dazzling miracles. — ROSCOMMON.

56 2-3 Black or fair: of dark or light complexion.

56 3 Cholerick: see note to p. 64, l. 20.

57 31 Grand Cairo: This is supposed to be a sarcasm on the Orientalist John Greaves (1602-1652), Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, who published *Pyramidographia, or a Discourse of the Pyramids of Egypt* (1646). His works were collected and edited by Birch in 1737, London, 2 vols. The *Spectator* mentions Grand Cairo again in Nos. 8, 17, 46, 69, 101, 159, 604. Compare the learned German whom Addison met on his travels (Bohn, I, 432).

58 5-20 On the coffee-houses in general, see Cunningham and Wheatley, *London Past and Present*; E. F. Robinson, *The Early History of Coffee Houses in England*, London, 1893; Timbs, *Clubs and Club Life in London*; Larwood and Hotten, *History of Signboards*; Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, chaps. 18 and 19; Sydney, *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, I, chap. 6.

58 7 Will's: at No. 1, Bow Street, corner of Russell Street; named from William Urwin, who kept it. Cf. *Tatler* 1 ("poetry under that of Will's Coffee-House") and Wheatley and Cunningham, III, 517 ff. In Congreve's *Love for Love*, i, 1, Jeremy says: "Confound that Will's coffee-house: it has ruined more young men than the Royal Oak lottery."

58 9 Child's: in St. Paul's Churchyard. Cf. *Spect.* 556, 609.

58 10 Post-Man: see Notes, p. 34, l. 10.

58 12 St. James's Coffee-house: on the south-west corner of St. James's Street, a Whig coffee-house. See *Spect.* 24, 403. "Foreign and domestic news," says the first *Tatler*, "you shall have from St. James's Coffee House." John Macky notes in his *Journey through England* (ed. 1722, p. 168): "I must not forget to tell you, that the Parties have their different places, where however a stranger is always well received; but a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-Tree or Ozinda's than a Tory will be seen at St. James."

58 13 Politicks: politicians.

58 14-15 The Grecian: in Devereaux Court, Strand. It was named from one Constantine, a Greek, who kept it. Cf. *Spect.* 49, 403; *Tat.* 6; Thoresby's *Diary*, 22 May, 1712, and 17 June, 1712.

58 15 Cocoa-Tree: 64 St. James's Street, a Tory coffee-house. See Wheatley and Cunningham's *London*.

58 15-16 Drury-Lane; Hay-Market: The Drury Lane Theatre (Theatre Royal) of Addison's time was the second, designed by Wren and opened (with a prologue by Dryden "On the Opening of the New House") in 1674. For its inside appearance in 1701, see Colley Cibber's *Apology*, ed. 1740, p. 338. "The Haymarket Opera House, built and established by Sir John Vanbrugh, was opened April 9, 1705, with a performance of Dryden's *Indian Emperor*." (Wheatley and Cunningham, *London*, II, 199.) It is to be distinguished from "The Little Theatre in the Haymarket," which was not opened until 1721.

58 17 The Exchange: the (second) Royal Exchange.

58 18 Jonathan's: in 'Change Alley, Cornhill. It was "the general mart for Stock-jobbers" (*Tat.* 38). At Jonathan's is laid the first scene in the fourth act of Mrs. Centlivre's *A Bold Stroke for a Wife* (1718). The stage setting reads: "Jonathan's Coffee-house, in 'Change-alley. A crowd of People with Rolls of Paper and Parchment in their Hands; a Bar, and Coffee Boys waiting. Enter Tradelove and Stock-Jobbers, with Rolls of Paper and Parchment."

58 28-29 Blots . . . the game: The game here seems to be backgammon, in which a "blot" (*Oxford Dictionary*, "blot," 2) is the action of exposing a piece so that it is liable to be taken.

60 8 Mr. Buckley's: At the end of the original sheets of the *Spectator* one reads: "London: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain."

60 Motto: *Juv., Sat.*, vii, 166-167:

— *Haec alii sex*

*Vel plures, uno clamant ore.*

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

60 14 Sir Roger de Coverly: Sir Roger is mentioned in *Spectator* 2 (Steele); 6 (S.); 34 (Addison); 100 (S.); 106 (A.); 107 (S.); 108 (A.); 109 (S.); 110 (A.); 112 (A.); 113 (S.); 114 (S.); 115 (A.); 116 (Budgell); 117 (A.); 118 (S.); 119 (A.); 120 (A.); 122 (A.); 123 (A.); 125 (A.); 126 (A.); 127 (A.); 128 (A.); 130 (A.); 131 (A.); 132 (S.); 137 (S.); 141 (S.); 161 (B.); 174 (S.); 212 (S.); 221 (A.); 251 (A.); 264 (S.); 269 (A.); 271 (A.); 295 (A.); 329 (A.); 331 (B.); 335 (A.); 338 (?); 359 (B.); 383 (A.); 395 (B.); 401 (B.); 424 (S.); 435 (A.); 517 (A.); 518 (S.).

Tyers (in *An Historical Essay on Mr. Addison*, 1782) found the original of Sir Roger in Sir John Pakington (1671-1727) a Worcestershire knight indeed, but twice married and an eager and successful politician and Member of Parliament. For a fuller statement of the discrepancies between Sir Roger and Sir John, see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

Sir Roger is really a refinement upon the comparatively abstract characters of earlier writers: upon Sir Jeoffrey Notch of the *Toller*, of course, and perhaps upon much earlier and more abstract sketches, such as the following of "An upstart country knight" in Earle's *Microcosmographie*, 1628: "His house-keeping is seen much in the distinct families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels, and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is exceeding ambitious to seem delighted in the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses. A justice of peace he is to domineer in his parish, and do his neighbour wrong with more right. . . . He is fearful of being sheriff of the shire by instinct, and dreads the assize-week as much as the prisoner."

Contemporary evidence on the intention of the *Spectator* is, on the one hand, the passage in the preface to Budgell's translation of *Theophrastus*, 1714, in which he says that "Theophrastus was the *Spectator* of the age he lived in. He drew the pictures of particular men," etc.; and, on the other hand, such statements as that by Tickell in his preface to Addison's Works (p. xiii) about "the feigned person of the Author, and of the several characters that compose his club"; by

Steele or Addison in *Spect.* 262 ("When I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable, every letter of it, that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real"); and by Addison himself in a dozen such passages as that in No. 34, where he says, "I must . . . entreat every particular person, who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people," or in Nos. 567 and 568, where Addison makes such excellent fun of the otherwise coffee-house politicians who read into innocent *Spectator* papers all sorts of treasonable utterances. Cf. also *Spect.* 46.

All this search for originals is a tribute to the vividness of the *Spectator's* characters: no one thinks of trying to find the prototype of Earle's abstract country squire. And yet this vast gain in distinctness argues no difference in method, but simply a difference in skill: instead of proving the absence of an original in Earle's case, or the presence of one in Addison's, it simply shows that the creator of Sir Roger surpassed previous efforts at character writing by having a greater measure of skill at this kind of portraiture.

**60 15-16 Famous country-dance:** Chappell's *Old English Popular Music*, II, 46 n., says that "according to Ralph Thoresby's MS. account of the family of Calverley, of Calverley in Yorkshire, the dance of *Roger de Coverley* was named after a knight who lived in the reign of Richard I." It appears, according to Chappell, in Playford's *Division Violin*, 1685; *The Dancing Master*, 1696, etc. In *Tatler* 34 it is called *Roger de Caubly*.

**60 25 Soho-Square:** also known as King's Square; on the south side of Oxford Street. According to Strype (1720), it was "a very large and open Place, enclosed with a high Pallisado Pale, the Square within being neatly kept. . . . This Square hath very good Buildings on all Sides, especially the East and South, which are well inhabited by Nobility and Gentry." (Bk. vi, p. 87.) Mr. Wills notes that "Sir Roger changed his residence at each subsequent visit to London. The 'Spectator' in his 335th number, lodges him in Norfolk Street, Strand, and in No. 410, in Bow Street, Covent Garden."

**60 27 A perverse beautiful Widow:** She has been identified with a certain Mrs. Catherine Bovey (1669-1726), to whom Steele dedicated the second volume of his *Ladies' Library*. She is the Portia of Mrs. Manley's *New Atalantis*. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, VI, 37-38; Wills's note; Coombe's *Westminster Abbey*, II, 36, and Fig. 12 in Plate 17.

**61 2 My Lord Rochester:** John Wilmot (1647-1680), second Earl of Rochester, poet and man of fashion, whom Evelyn (24 Nov., 1670) calls "a very prophane wit," and of whom Pepys (17 Feb., 1669) thought it "to the King's everlasting shame to have so idle a rogue his companion," is perhaps best remembered for his epigram on Charles II:

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,  
Whose word no man relies on;  
He never said a foolish thing,  
Nor ever did a wise one.

The best edition of Rochester's works is that in 2 vols., London, 1731-1732; the best short sketch of his life is in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

**61 2-3 Sir George Etheredge:** Sir George Etheredge (1635?-1691?), English dramatist, wrote *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub*, 1664; *She Would if She Could*, 1668; *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1676. The best account of his life is in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*; the best edition of his works is that by A. W. Verity, London, 1888. Rochester and Etheredge were friends, so that Sir Roger may be supposed often to have met them together: see the *Hatton Correspondence*, ed. E. M. Thompson for the Camden Society, I, 133, for an account of a drunken frolic in which Rochester and Etheredge attacked the watch at Epsom.

**61 4 Bully Dawson:** According to Oldys (MS. note in Brit. Mus. copy of Langbaine's *Lives*), Dawson was the original of Captain Hackaw in Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia*. In Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living* (p. 62) Bully Dawson writes to Bully W——: "If you intend to be my Rival in Glory, you must fight a Bailiff once a Day, stand Kick and Cuff once a week, Challenge some Coward or other once a Month, Bilk your Lodging once a Quarter, and Cheat a Taylor once a Year . . . ; never till then will the fame of Bully W—— ring like Dawson's in every Coffee-house, or be the merry Subject of every Tavern Tittle-tattle."

**61 27 The Game-act:** see Notes, p. 146, l. 17.

**61 29 The Inner-Temple:** One of the Inns of Court, the others being the Middle Temple, Gray's Inn, and Lincoln's Inn. The property, which lies between Fleet Street and the Thames, was acquired by lease from the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, to whom it had passed at the death of the Earl of Pembroke. See Wheatley and Cunningham's *London*, under "Temple" and "Inns of Court."

**62 1 Longinus:** The treatise "On the Sublime" (*Περὶ Τύπου*), which in Addison's time was thought to be the work of the historical Longinus

of the third century of our era, was very influential in eighteenth-century criticism. There was an English edition in 1636 (G. Langbaine, Oxford), and an English translation (by John Hall, London) in 1652, twenty-two years before Boileau's famous *Traité du sublime ou du merveilleux dans le discours, traduit du grec de Longin*, which reached at least its seventh edition before 1700.

62 2 Littleton: Sir Thomas Littleton (1402-1481), judge and legal writer. The first dated edition of his *Tenures* is 1516.

62 2 Coke: Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634), the great jurist. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.* XI, 229 ff. His *First Part of the Institutes of the Lawes of England, or a Commentarie upon Littleton* was published in 1628. In it (Part I, Preface) he calls Littleton's *Tenures* "the most perfect and absolute work that ever was written in any human science."

62 20 The time of the Play: On the time of plays see Aitken's *Steele*, II, 367-8. They seem to have begun usually at about half past six o'clock. Sir Roger's party in *Spect.* 335, however, start at four o'clock from Norfolk Buildings to be in ample time for the *Distrest Mother* at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. Operas seem to have been sometimes given early in the afternoon, for Lady Hervey writes: "Tuesday, 3 a clock, March 28, 1710. This opera is done so early that I shall play at Crimp after," etc. (*Letter Book of John Hervey*, I, 265.)

62 21 New-Inn; Russell Court: the New Inn, 21 Wych Street, Drury Lane, an Inn of Chancery appertaining to the Middle Temple (Wheatley and Cunningham's *London*, II, 583); Russell Court, Drury Lane, a narrow passage for foot-passengers only, leading from Drury into Catherine Street, Covent Garden (*ibid.*, III, 190).

62 24 The Rose: the Rose Tavern . . . in Russell Street, Covent Garden, adjoining Drury Lane Theatre (Wheatley and Cunningham's *London*, III, 170). For the relative positions of these places, see the plan opposite p. 108 of Strype's *Stowe*, ed. 1720, vol. II.

62 27 Sir Andrew Freeport: Sir Andrew has been identified with Henry Martyn (or Martin), who died in 1726 (see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, XXXVI, 279). The identification is improbable, for Martin was himself a contributor to the *Spectator*: he certainly wrote No. 180 and possibly Nos. 200 and 232. Cf. No. 555.

63 18 Captain Sentry: Lieutenant-Colonel Kempenfelt, father of the "brave Kempenfelt" who went down with the *Royal George*, has been suggested as the original.

64 20 Humourists: people of a certain temperament, persistently of one mood or attitude. According to the old physiology there were

four liquid elements of the human body: blood, phlegm, choler (Gr.  $\chiολή$ ) or yellow bile, and melancholy (Gr.  $\muελαγχολία$ ) or black bile; as one or another of these humors predominated, a person was said to be of a sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric or bilious, or melancholy temperament. Cf. Chaucer's "Nonne Preestes Tale," ll. 4116 ff., and the notes thereon in Skeat's larger edition. See also Greenough and Kittredge, *Words and Their Ways*, pp. 30 ff.

"Humor plays," especially developed by Chapman and Ben Jonson, were prominent in English dramatic literature between 1590 and 1600. The fact that the most famous of these humor plays, Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, becomes in French *Chacun dans son caractère*, emphasizes the rather close connection between this dramatic characterization by humors and the character writings of Overbury, Earle, La Bruyère, and others, of which the *Spectator* essays are themselves the most finished example. There is a considerable bibliography of character writings in Bliss's edition (London, 1811) of Earle's *Microcosmographie*, 1628, and a still better one by Professor E. C. Baldwin in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, New Series, XII, No. 1, pp. 104-114. Several important character books are accessible in a volume of the "Carisbrooke Library" called *Character Writings of the Seventeenth Century*, London, Routledge, 1891.

**64 22 Will. Honeycomb:** Will Honeycomb, to whom the eighth volume of the *Spectator* was dedicated, has been identified with a Colonel William Cleland (1674?-1741) of the Life Guards. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, XI, 30.

**65 6 Duke of Monmouth:** James Fitzroy, Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles II, was born at Rotterdam in 1649 and executed at London in 1685. Pepys speaks (3 Feb., 1664-5) of "a masquerade before the King and Court the other day. Where six women . . . and six men (the Duke of Monmouth . . . being . . . of them) in vizards, but most rich and antique dresses, did dance admirably and most gloriously"; and Evelyn, who was less dazzled by Monmouth's fine air, recorded on the day of the execution: "Thus ended this quondam Duke, darling of his father and ye ladies, being extremely handsome and adroit; an excellent souldier and dancer."

**65 13 Tom Mirabell:** Professor Carpenter notes that "Steele apparently makes up this name, which has a flavor of the fop and the rake about it. There had been several Mirabels or Mirabells in English plays. See Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Wild-goose Chase*, Farquhar, *The Inconstant*, and Congreve, *The Way of the World*." (*Selections from Steele*, Boston: Athenæum Press Series, 1897.)

**66** Motto : Horace, *Ars Poet.*, 5: "Admitted to the sight, would you not laugh?"

**66 13** Nicolini : Nicolino Grimaldi (1673-1726), the famous Italian opera singer, went to England in 1708. He took part in *Camilla*, *Almahide*, *Hydaspe*, and *Rinaldo*. Addison praises him cordially in No. 405, in which appears the advertisement: "Signor Cavaliero Nicolini Grimaldi will take his leave of England in the opera of Antiochus." Of Nicolini's singing Burney says (*History of Music*, IV, 207): "This great singer and still greater actor, was a Neapolitan; his voice was at first a soprano, but afterwards descended into a fine contralto."

**66 14** Boat; sea : In act 2, scene 1, appears "a prospect of a calm and sun-shiny sea, with a boat at anchor close upon the shore." (scene 3) "the woman in the boat invites Rinaldo to enter." His companions for a while restrain him, but at length (scene 3, end) "He breaks violently from their hold, and enters the boat, which immediately steers out into the open sea, and sails out of sight."

**66 16-18** Painted dragons, enchanted chariots, real Cascades : For the dragons and the chariot, see the stage direction of act 1, scene 5: "Armed in the air, in a chariot drawn by two huge dragons, out of whose mouths issue fire and smoke." The cascades appear in act 3, scene 1, when, according to the stage direction, "a dreadful prospect of a mountain horribly steep, . . . rocks, and caves, and waterfalls are seen upon the ascent."

**67 18** The Opera : *Rinaldo*, Händel's first English opera, was performed at the Haymarket, February 24, 1711, and ran until the second of June. The text, of which the English words are by Aaron Hill and the Italian by Rossi, is based upon a part of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*; the English and Italian versions are printed side by side in Aaron Hill's *Dramatic Works*, London, 1760. For the music, see Händel's *Werke*, vol. LVIII, Leipzig, 1874.

Of Händel's life the best short notice is perhaps that in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, which gives many bibliographical references; on his English period in particular, see Schoelcher, pp. 26-32; Mrs. Marshall, pp. 47-65; Chrysander, I, 251-309. On the general state of English music at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and Händel's influence upon it, see Lecky, I, 531 ff., and the larger histories of music: Burney, London, 1789, vol. IV, chaps. 5 and 6; Hawkins, London, 1776, vol. V, Books i and ii; Naumann, trans. Praeger, London, 1886, chaps. 25-27.

The attitude of Addison and Steele was rather personal. Addison's *Rosamond*, the music for which was written by Clayton, a member of

the school directly opposed to Händel, had signally failed in 1707; Steele was so much interested in the success of the English musicians, Clayton among others, who were trying to rival the Italian singers and composers—as his ownership of their concert rooms in York Buildings gave him good reason for being—that he wrote to Pope (26 July, 1711) “to know whether [he were] at leisure to help Mr. Clayton, that is Me.” In earlier days (*Tatler* 115) Steele had thought Nicolini’s acting “so significant, that a deaf man might go along with [i.e. follow] him in the sense of the part he acted.”

67 15-16 **To enter . . . and to fly about the stage**: George Hogarth, *Memoirs*, II, 275, says: “Almirena’s song [“Angelletti che cantati,” etc.] is introduced, in the original score, by a long symphony of twenty bars for octave flutes, in imitation of birds, which is not inserted in the printed music, but its place is merely indicated by a mark of twenty bars rest. During the performance of this symphony, the sparrows were let loose, and flew about the stage.” The stage direction (act i, scene 6) is “A delightful grove in which the birds are heard to sing, and seen flying up and down among the trees.”

67 21 **Sir Martin Mar-all**: Dryden’s *S'r Martin Mar-all, Or The Feign'd Innocence: A Comedy*, London, 1668, adapted from the Duke of Newcastle’s translation of Molière’s *L’Étourdi*, contains a scene (v, 1) where Sir Martin pretends to serenade his mistress, while in reality his man Warner furnishes the music from behind the scenes. “The song being done,” the stage direction runs, . . . “Sir Martin continues fumbling and gazing on his mistress,” who, perceiving the trick, exclaims: “His man played and sung for him, and he, it seems, did not know when he should give over.”

67 30 **New-River**: an artificial watercourse some thirty miles long, constructed 1607-1613 to supply the city of London. See Wheatley and Cunningham, II, 584-5. Lady Wentworth (*Wentworth Papers*, p. 65) writes in commendation of a certain house that “tear is New Rever water in all the offices.”

67 30 **Jetteaus**: jets of water, a form probably arising, says the *Oxford Dictionary*, from confusion of It. *getto* (*d’acqua*) with Fr. *jet d’eau*.

68 2-3 **Thunder and lightning**: In act 3, scene 2, “Godfrey, Eustatio, and the soldiers, having climb’d half way up the mountain, are stopp’d by a row of ugly spirits, who start up before ‘em; the soldiers, frightened, endeavour to run back, but are cut off in their way by another troop, who start up below ‘em. In the midst of their confusion, the mountain opens and swallows ‘em up, with thunder, lightning, and amazing noises.”

**68 5-6 Several Engines filled with water:** Nichols has the following note: "An alarm of fire having occasioned great confusion in the play house, a manager came forward, and begged the audience to be composed, for he had the pleasure to assure them that there was water enough a-top to drown them all." (*Spectator*, 1797, I, 30, note.)

**68 8 Owner of this Theatre:** Christopher Rich, who died in 1714. See *Tatler* 12, 42, 99 (of which Rich is the "Devito"); and *Spectator* 258, where Rich figures as "Kit Crotchet." John Rich, the "immortal Rich" of the *Dunciad*, was his father. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.* Cibber (*Life*, ed. 1756, I, 306 ff.) and Genest contain a good deal of material on Rich's theatrical squabbles. Aitken's papers on "Actors and Managers under Queen Anne" in *Athenaeum*, Aug. 11 and 28, 1888, are also valuable.

**68 14 The argument:** The argument in full is as follows: "Godfrey, General of the Christian Forces in the expedition against the Saracens, to engage the assistance of Rinaldo, a famous hero of those times, promises to give him his daughter Almirena when the city of Jerusalem shou'd fall into his hands. The Christians, with Rinaldo at their head, conquer Palestine, and besiege its King Argantes in that city. Armida, an Amazon enchantress, in love with and beloved by Argantes, contrives by magic to entrap Rinaldo in an enchanted castle, whence, after much difficulty, being deliver'd by Godfrey, he returns to the army, takes Jerusalem, converts Argantes and Armida to the Christian faith, and marries Almirena, according to the promise of her father Godfrey." (Aaron Hill, *Dramatic Works*, London, 1760, 2 vols., p. 79. Cf. *ibid.*, p. ix.)

**68 22 The Italian . . . preface:** This preface ("Il Poeta al Lettore") is in vol. I, pp. 77-78, of Aaron Hill's *Dramatic Works*, London, 2 vols., 1760.

**68 29 Afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer Hendel, etc.:** "Il signor Hendel, Orfeo del nostro secolo, nel porla in musica, a pena mi diede tempo di scrivere, e viddi, con mio grande stupore, in due sole settimane armonizata da quell' ingegno sublime, al maggior grado di perfezzione un' opera intiera." (A. Hill, *Dramatic Works*, London, 1760, I, 77.)

**68 31-32 Composed this Opera in a fortnight:** In at least two other cases Händel is known to have composed very rapidly: he wrote *The Messiah* in twenty-three days (cf. Chrysander in *Allgem. Deutsche Biog.*, XII, 789) and composed his first opera, *Almira*, faster than the librettist could supply the words. (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, XXIV, 279.)

**69 13 M. Boileau:** Boileau's *Œuvres*, ed. Gidel, Paris, 1870-73, II, 44:

Tous les jours à la cour un sot de qualité  
Peut juger de travers avec impunité;  
A Malherbe, à Racan, préférer Théophile,  
Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile.

Cf. Mme de Sévigné's *Letters*, ed. Monmerqué (*Les Grands Écrivains de la France*, ed. Regnier), Paris: Hachette, 1862-66, V, 229 (Letter 628): "Je crois, ma fille, que je serais fort de votre avis sur le poème épique : le *cliquant* du Tasse m'a charmée." See also Boileau, *L'Art Poétique*, iii, 205, *Réflexions sur Longin*, ii; Voltaire's *Works*, ed. Benchot, Paris, 1826-40, XII, 509. Cf. also *Spect.* 279, 369.

69 14 *Clinquant*: Bishop Hurd (*Works*, London, 1811, IV, 314) in his *Letters on Chivalry and Romance* (1762) says: "A lucky word in a verse, which sounds well and every body gets by heart, goes further than a volume of just criticism. In short, the exact, but cold Boileau happened to say something of the *cliquant* of Tasso; and the magic of this word, like the report of Astolfo's horn in Ariosto, overturned at once the solid and well-built reputation of the Italian poetry. It is not perhaps strange that this potent word should do its business in France. What was less to be expected, it put us into a fright on this side the water. Mr. Addison, who gave the law in taste here, took it up, and sent it about the kingdom in his polite and popular essays. It became a sort of watchword among the critics; and, on the sudden, nothing was heard, on all sides, but the *cliquant* of Tasso."

69 23 *Whittington and his Cat*: For the legend about Whittington, see Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, II, 65-78; Joseph Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales* (3d ed., London, 1898, p. 167); *Harper's Magazine*, August, 1901 (CIII, 459 ff.). Powell seems to have taken the hint: in *Les Soupirs de la Grand Britaigne: Or, The Groans of Great Britain, Being the Second Part to the Groans of Europe* (London, 1713), which is generally ascribed to Defoe, we find (pp. 73-74): "I was the other Day at a Coffee-House, when the following Advertisement was thrown in . . . At Punche's Theatre, in the Little Piazza Covent-Garden; this present Evening, will be perform'd an Entertainment, call'd the History of Sir Richard Whittington, showing his Rise from a Scullion to be Lord-Mayor of London, with the Comical Humours of Old Madge the Jolly Chamber Maid, and the Representation of the Sea, and the Court of Great Britain, concluding with the Court of Aldermen, and Whittington, Lord-Mayor; honour'd with the Presence of King Henry VIII and his Queen Anna Bullen; with other diverting Decorations proper to the Play, beginning at Six of the Clock. Note, No Money to be return'd after the Entertainment is begun. VIVAT REGINA. Boxes Two Shillings. Pit One.

"On Enquiring into the matter, I find this has long been a Noble Diversion of our Quality and Gentry, and that Mr. Powel by Subscriptions and full House has gather'd such Wealth as is ten times sufficient to buy all the Poets in England."

**69 33 Pied Piper:** It is unnecessary to speak of Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," which has brought this old story into English nursery legend; on earlier versions, see Baring Gould, *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, Philadelphia, 1869, pp. 417 ff.

**70 4 London and Wise:** the royal gardeners; see Mr. Gregory Smith's valuable note in his edition of the *Spectator*; also Lecky, I, 523 ff., and the Honorable Alicia Amherst, *A History of Gardening in England*, pp. 217-218.

**70 8 Undertakers:** managers, promoters. See Greenough and Kittridge, *Words and Their Ways*, pp. 252-253.

**70 Motto:** Horace, *Epist.*, ii, 208-209:

Visions and magic spells can you despise,  
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies?

**70 20-21 Stranger . . . in the candle:** Sir Thomas Browne (*Vulgar Errors*, ed. 1672, p. 317) esteems this phenomenon of "low consideration." It is due, he says, to "the fungous parcels about the wicks of candles: which only signifieth a moist and pluvious ayr about them, hindering the avolation of the light and favillous particles: whereupon they are forced to settle upon the Snaft." The "fungous parcels," it seems, were actually called "strangers." See Brand's *Pop. Antiq.*, ed. 1803, II, 503 (ed. Hazlitt, III, 181).

**70 23 Join-hand:** connected writing, to be entered upon only after one has learned to form the letters separately. In Dekker and Webster's *Westward Hoe*, act ii, scene 1, the writing-master says: "I trust, ere few days be at an end, to have her fall to her joining, for she has her letters *ad unguem*."

**70 25 Childermas-day:** The popular name for Holy Innocents Day, which falls on the twenty-eighth of December and commemorates the slaughter of the children in Bethlehem by order of Herod (Matthew ii. 16-18). But in this case the meaning is obviously that of "the day of the week throughout the year, answering to the day in which the feast of the Holy Innocents is solemnized" (Johnson). This explains the phrase "a day in every week." Cf. in Swift's *Directions to Servants* the "Advice to the Cook."

**71 1 Salt:** Sir Thomas Browne says in his *Vulgar Errors*, 1646 (bk. 5, chap. xx, § 3): "The falling of Salt is an authentick pre-sagement of ill lucke, nor can every temper contemne it, from whence notwithstanding nothing can be naturally feared: nor was the same a generall prognosticke of future evil among the ancients, but a particular omination concerning the breach of friendship: for salt as incorrup-tible, was the Simbole of friendship, and before the other service was

offered unto their guests; which if it casually fell was accounted ominous, and their amitie of no duration." See also Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, ed. Hazlitt, III, 164-165; Bishop Hall's "Superstitious Man" in his *Characters of Virtues and Vices*; Congreve's *Love for Love*, act iii, scene 9, where Sir Sampson says, "Ha! thou'rt . . . as melancholic as if thou hadst spilt the salt, or pared thy nails on a Sunday."

71 16-17 **Battle of Almanza**: April 25, 1707, a victory of the French and Spanish over the allies, which established Philip V on the Spanish throne.

71 20 **Knife and Fork**: On this superstition, see Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, II, 222. It is to be noted that the superstition has become a bit of popular manners.

71 32 **Aspect**: here probably colored by the earlier sense of the word, which was astrological: see Greenough and Kittredge, *Words and Their Ways*, pp. 33-34.

72 7 On superstitions connected with shooting stars, see Brand, ed. Hazlitt, III, 214.

72 9 **Merry-thought**: wishbone. In the *British Apollo* of Nov. 26-Dec. 1, 1708 (vol. I, No. 84, Q. 6), we have the question, "For what Reason is the Bone next the Breast of a Fowl, &c. Called the Merry-thought. And when was it first Called so." The answer is "The Original of that Name was doubtless from the Pleasant Fancies, that commonly arise upon the Breaking of that Bone, and 't was then certainly call'd so, when those merry Notions were first started." Johnson finds the word used in Eachard's *Contempt of the Clergy*, 1670.

72 9 **A Screech-owl**: Sir Thomas Browne, *Vulgar Errors*, bk. v, chap. 23, treats "Of the ominous Appearing of Owls and Ravens"; *The Athenian Mercury*, vol. I, No. 22, Q. 1, discusses "Why Rats, Toads, Ravens, Screech-Owls, &c. are Ominous; and how come they to foreknow fatal Events." See also Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, ed. Hazlitt, III, 194-196.

72 11 ff. **Cricket, thirteen, death-watches**: On superstitions about crickets, see Brand, London, 1813, II, 510-512; on the number thirteen, supposed to have had its origin in the circumstances of the Paschal Supper and therefore especially applicable to companies at table together, see Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, ed. Hazlitt, III, 232. On the death-watch, Sir Thomas Browne, at the beginning of the seventh chapter in his second book of *Vulgar Errors*, observes: "Few ears have escaped the noise of the death-watch, that is, the little clickling sound heard often in many rooms, somewhat resembling that of a watch; and this is conceived to be an evil omen or prediction of some person's

death: wherein notwithstanding there is nothing of rational presage or just cause of terror unto melancholy and meticulous heads. For this noise is made by a little sheathwinged grey insect, found often in wainscot benches and wood-work in the summer." Cf. the *British Apollo*, vol. III, No. 49, Q. 4.

74 Motto: Virgil, *Georg.*, i, 201:

So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,  
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:  
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,  
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.—DRYDEN.

74 4 Publisher tells me, etc.: On the circulation of the *Spectator*, see Aitken, *Steele*, I, 318-320. From its beginning until No. 446 (August 1, 1712), which was the first number published after the stamp-tax came into force, the circulation of the *Spectator* steadily increased. In No. 262 (31 December, 1711) Addison wrote: "I find that the demand of my papers has increased every month since their first appearance in the world." The stamp-tax, which as we saw from Swift's letter (p. 280, above) played such havoc with the other papers, reduced the circulation of the *Spectator* by more than one half. Thus reduced, it still had a daily circulation of more than 1600 copies, as we see from Steele's closing paper (No. 555), in which he sets the average amount paid each week in taxes above £20. These estimates are strangely at variance with Dr. Fleetwood's letter, dated June 17, 1712, which puts the daily circulation of the *Spectator* at that time as high as 14,000 copies.

Then, too, the *Spectator* in volumes sold largely. In No. 488 Addison wrote, "My bookseller has now about ten thousand of the third and fourth Volumes, having already disposed of as large an edition both of the first and second Volumes," and by December 6, 1712, when No. 555 appeared, Steele was able to report that "an edition of the former volumes of *Spectators* of above nine thousand each book is already sold off."

74 22 It was said of Socrates: Cicero, *Tusc. Quæst.*, v, 10: "Socrates autem primus philosophiam devocavit e caelo, et in urbis collocavit, et in domos etiam introduxit," etc.

75 5 Sir Francis Bacon: *Advancement of Learning*, bk. ii, Introduction, § 14 (*Works*, ed. Spedding, Ellis, and Heath, IV, 290).

75 12 What passes in Muscovy, etc.: cf. *Spect.* 105: "The state pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the Gazette, you drop him."

**76 24 Royal-society:** Both Addison and Steele are inclined to make fun of the Royal Society. The author of *Tat.* 221, probably Addison, writes of a certain gentleman that he was chosen "a Fellow of the Royal Society, from which time I do not remember ever to have heard him speak as other people did, or talk in a manner that any of his family could understand"; and in *Tat.* 236 Steele says, "When I meet with a young fellow that is an humble admirer of these Sciences, but more dull than the rest of the Company, I conclude him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society." Cf. *Tat.* 7, 119, 200, 216.

**75 29 Another set of men:** cf. the political upholsterer of *Tat.* 155.

**78 Motto:** Horace, *Odes*, i, 4, 13-17:

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate  
 Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate:  
 Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,  
 And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:  
 Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go  
 To storied ghosts, and Pluto's house below.—CREECH.

**78 2 Westminster Abby:** In general connection with this paper one may read Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, Letter xiii; Washington Irving's "Westminster Abbey" in his *Sketch Book*; and Charles Lamb's "The Tombs in the Abbey" in *Last Essays of Elia*.

**78 22 Homer:** *Iliad*, xvii, 216.

**78 23 Virgil:** *Aeneid*, vi, 483.

**78 24 In Holy Writ:** Wisdom of Solomon, v, 12-13: (12) "Or like as when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through, (13) Even so we in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end, and had no sign of virtue to show; but were consumed in our own wickedness." These verses form a portion of the morning lesson for the day which celebrates the conversion of St. Paul, and of the evening lesson for All Saints' Day. From this and from the fact that Addison quotes the passage incorrectly, it seems probable that he relied upon his memory of it as he had heard it read in church.

**79 1 Entertained my self with:** occupied my time (by watching). Cf.

I play the noble housewife with the time,  
 To entertain't so merrily with a fool.—*All's Well*, ii, 2, 62-63.

**79 22 In Greek or Hebrew:** Sir Samuel Morland, 1625-1695, "a person," according to Coombe, "of extensive erudition, and particularly

versed in the Oriental tongues," celebrated the virtues of his second wife, Carola Harsnett, in Hebrew and in Greek; and of his third, Ann Feilding, in Hebrew and in Ethiopic. See Stanley's *Westminster Abbey*, p. 348; Coombe, II, 38-39; the latter has (Plate 18, opp. p. 37, vol. II) a picture of the monument.

**79 24-25 Poets who had no Monuments**: Of such Ben Jonson would be a conspicuous example.

**79 27 Uninhabited monuments, etc.**: "These monuments were chiefly in the northern aisle of the Nave—to General Killigrew, killed in the Battle of Almanza; to Colonel Bingfield, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, killed at the Battle of Ramillies, . . . ; to Lieutenant Heneage Twysden, killed at the Battle of Blaregnies, and his two brothers, John and Josiah, of whom the first was lieutenant under Sir Cloutesley Shovel, and perished with him, and the second was killed at the siege of Agremont in Flanders.

"In the southern aisle was the cenotaph to Major Creed, who fell in his third charge at Blenheim, and was buried on the spot." (Stanley, *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, pp. 263-264.)

**80 3-4 Sir Cloutesley Shovel's monument**: Admiral Sir Cloutesley Shovel (1650-1707) was cast on the shore of the Scilly Islands, after the wreck of his fleet. His monument is in the south aisle of the nave, just before one reaches the south transept. Addison's description is misleading: the figure on the tomb has indeed the "long periwig," but is otherwise attired like a Roman commander. See Coombe's *History of Westminster Abbey*, Plate 22, vol. II, opp. p. 58.

**80 22 Another day**: *Spect.* 329.

**81 Motto**: Juvenal, *Sat.*, xv, 159:

From spotted skins the leopard does refrain.—**TATE**.

**82 5-9 Liberties with the Opera, etc.**: On the opera and the puppet show, see Nos. 5 and 17; on the dress and equipage of persons of quality, Nos. 8 (on masquerades), 16 (on various articles of dress), and 29 (on dress at the opera).

**83 7-8 You mention Fox-hunters with . . . little respect**: see *Tat.* 37, of which the authorship is uncertain.

**83 15 The good man, etc.**: a very old fable. See *Pantschatantra*, ed. Benfey, I, 602, II, 552; *Æsop*, ed. Jacobs, I, 258, II, 213-214; *Phædrus*, *Fab.*, ii, 2; Diodorus Siculus, xxxiii, 10; Jacques de Vitry, *Exempla*, ccii (ed. Crane, London, 1890, p. 84); Allan Ramsay, *Fab.* 18 ("In ancient times there is a story"); Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, I, 16.

**84 20** **The Roman Triumvirate:** Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, xix; for an English version see Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, pp. 168-169. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 1.

**84 30** **Punch:** the puppet stage, here sharply opposed to serious drama; cf. Steele in *Tatler* 115. The standard history of the puppet stage is Charles Magnin's *Histoire des marionnettes*, etc., 2d edition, Paris, 1862; for a short note see the *Encycl. Brit.*, s.v. *Punchinello*.

**85** **Motto:** Virgil, *Aen.*, vii, 805-806:

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.—DRYDEN.

**85 11** **Leonora:** According to the edition of 1797, Leonora is supposed to have been a Miss Shephe(a)rd, who became Mrs. Perry. She is likewise the Leonora of *Spect.* 92. The Leonora of No. 163 and the Parthenia of No. 140 are supposed to refer to another Miss Shepherd, a sister of the one named above. Both were descended from Sir Fleetwood Shepheard.

**86 12-13** **Fagots in the muster of a Regiment:** Fagots are dummies, usually either military or political.

**86 23** **Ogleby's Virgil:** John Ogilby (1600-1676) did *The Works of Publius Virgilius Maro. Translated by J. Ogilby*, two parts, London, 1649; also *The Works of Publius Virgilius Maro. Translated, adorn'd with sculpture, and illustrated with annotations, by J. Ogilby*, London, 1654. The latter, which the translator entitles his "second English Virgil," is an entirely different work from the edition of 1649.

**86 24** **Dryden's Juvenal:** *The Satires Of Decimus Junius Juvenalis Translated into English Verse. By Mr. Dryden, And Several other Eminent Hands. Together with the Satires Of Aulus Persius Flaccus. Made English by Mr. Dryden . . . London, MDCXCIII.*

**86 25 ff.** The influence of these huge French romances of the seventeenth century upon English readers cannot easily be overestimated. The excessive love for them on the part of fashionable women is satirized by Steele in *Tatler* 75 and 139, and in *The Tender Husband*, i, 1; also by Pope in the *Dunciad*, ii, 38, and in *The Rape of the Lock*, ii, 37-38, where the altar to Love has for its foundation "twelve vast French Romances neatly gilt." For more serious discussion of their influence in England, see Jusserand's *English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*, chap. 7; on their position in French literature, Petit de Julleville, *Histoire de la langue et de la littérature française*, IV, chap. 7, § 2, pp. 435 ff., and the bibliography on pp. 460 ff.; Körting, *Geschichte des französischen Romans im XVII. Jahrhundert*, I, ii, 2, 7, 9; F. Brunetière, *Études critiques sur l'histoire de la littérature française*, chap. 2.

**86 25 Cassandra:** *Cassandra*, 1642, by La Calprenède, was translated by Charles Cotterell, London, 1661, and "By Several Hands," London, 1703. Jusserand (*English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*, p. 364) mentions a translation in 1652 ff. Cassandra is a misnomer: the romance is about Cassander, king of Macedon.

**86 26 Cleopatra:** *Cleopatre* by La Calprenède, published in twelve volumes between 1647 and 1663, was translated under the title of *Hymen's Præludia; or, Love's Masterpiece, etc.*, 1652-60; there was another edition in 1674.

**86 27 Astræa:** *Astræa*, 1610-27, by Honoré D'Urfé, was translated in three folio volumes by a "Person of Quality," 1657-58. The preface is signed J. D. (probably John Davies).

**86 28 Sir Isaac Newton's works:** No collected edition of the works of Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727) appeared until long after Addison's death; Leonora may be supposed to have had the *Principia*, 1687, among her folios "finely bound and gilt," and perhaps with the quartos the English edition of the *Opticks*, 1704.

**86 29 Grand Cyrus:** *Artamène ou le Grand Cyrus*, by Mme. de Scudéry, published 1649-53 in ten volumes under the name of her brother George, was translated into English by F. G., 1653-55.

**86 30 Pembroke's Arcadia:** *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, 1590, by Sir Philip Sidney.

**86 31 Lock of human understanding:** John Locke's (1632-1704) *An Essay concerning Humane Understanding*, London, 1690. A fifth edition, "with many large additions," was published in 1706.

**86 34 Sherlock upon Death:** William Sherlock (circ. 1641-1707), Dean of St. Paul's, published his *A Practical Discourse concerning Death* at London in 1689. It reached a twelfth edition in 1703. It is mentioned in *Spect.* 289. The third part of Dryden's *Miscellany* (1693) contains (p. 444) some verses by Prior "To the Reverend Dr. Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, on his Practical Discourse concerning Death."

**87 1 Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony:** *The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony*, an anonymous translation of the popular fifteenth-century French work *Quinze joyes de mariage*, attributed to A. de la Sale, was published in 1682; *The Fifteen Real Comforts of Matrimony, being in requital of the late fifteen Sham-Comforts . . . Written by a person of quality of the female sex*, in 1683, *The Fifteen Comforts of Rash and Inconsiderate Marriage . . . Done out of French, Fourth edition, with the addition of three Comforts*, in 1694.

**87 2 Sir William Temple's Essays:** The essays of Sir William Temple (1628-1699) were first published in 1680 as *Miscellanea. By a Person*

of Honour. These were gradually augmented until in a third edition, 1691-92, they appeared in two parts. *Miscellanea. The Third Part . . . By the late Sir William Temple, Bar. Published by Jonathan Swift*, appeared at London in 1701.

87 3 Father Malbranche's search after Truth, translated into English: Two translations were printed in 1694: *Malebranch's Search after Truth . . . Done out of French from the last Edition* [By Richard Sault], London, . . . 1694; and *Father Malebranche's treatise concerning the Search after Truth. The whole work compleat . . . all translated by T. Taylor*, Oxford, 1694. Addison seems to refer to the latter.

87 5 The Academy of Compliments: The British Museum has *The Academy of Compliments: or, a new way of wooing, etc.*, London, 1685; and *The compleat Academy of Compliments: containing . . . choice sentences . . . together with a collection of the newest songs, etc.*, London, 1705. There must have been an earlier edition, however, or an earlier book with the same title, for *The Academy of Compliments* stands first in the library of the Town Gallant (*Character of a Town Gallant*, 1675, in the *Old Book Collector's Miscellany*, vol. II, No. 19, p. 5).

87 6 Culpepper's Midwifery: Nicholas Culpepper (1616-1654) published *The Compleat Midwife's Practice enlarged . . . 1663*, and *A Directory for Midwives*, 1651.

87 7 Ladies Calling: Of *The Ladies Calling, By the Author of the Whole Duty of Man*, the British Museum has the second edition, Oxford, 1673; third, 1675; fifth, 1677; seventh, 1700. *The Whole Duty of Man* has been attributed to a half dozen different people: see Lowndes, *Bibliographer's Manual*, V<sup>2</sup>, 2912; Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill, II, 239; C. E. Doble in *The Academy*, Nov., 1882.

87 8 Tales in verse by Mr. Durfey: Thomas D'Urfey (1653-1723), poet and playwright, wrote *Tales tragical and comical . . . Done into several sorts of English verse . . .* London, 1704. D'Urfey is mentioned in *Guardian* 29, 67, 82;  *Tatler* 1, 11, 43; *Lover* 40. Cf. *Dunciad*, iii, 146, and *Essay on Criticism*, 616-617:

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,  
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.

87 10 Classick Authors in wood: that is, dummy books.

87 12 Clelia: *Clelia* (1654-1661, 10 vols.) by Mme. de Scudéry was translated in five parts, 1656-1661, by John Davies (Parts 1-3) and George Havers (Parts 4-5).

87 14 Baker's Chronicle: *A Chronicle of the Kings of England from the Time of the Romans Government unto the Raigne of our Soveraigne*

*Lord King Charles*, etc., London, 1643. Sir Roger's principal authority for English history. It reached a ninth edition in 1696.

87 15 **Advice to a Daughter**: *The Lady's New-Years Gift; or, Advice to a Daughter*, by George Savile (1633-1695), Marquis of Halifax. See his *Miscellanies*, ed. 1704, pp. 1-84.

87 16 **New Atalantis**: *Secret Memoirs and Manners of Several Persons of Quality, of Both Sexes, From the New Atalantis, an Island in the Mediterranean*, London, 1709, by Mrs. Mary de la Rivière Manley (1672?-1724). See her life in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.* See also *Tatler* 210, 224; *Guardian* 53, 63, 107; *Theatre* 26; Steele's Letters, ed. John Nichols, 1787, I, 274, II, 455.

87 17 **Mr. Steele's Christian Hero**: *The Christian Hero: an Argument proving that No Principles but those of Religion are sufficient to make a Great Man*, London, 1701.

87 18 **Prayer book . . . Hungary water**: cf. *Spect.* 79, especially the couplet, which Dr. Johnson says is anonymous:

Together lye her Prayer-Book and Paint,  
At once t' improve the Sinner and the Saint.

Cf. also Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, i, 138: "Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux."

87 20 **Dr. Sacheverell's Speech**: *The Speech of Henry Sacheverell, D.D., upon his Impeachment at the bar of the House of Lords. . . . March 7, 1710*, London, 1710. The Sacheverell literature is very large (see Madan's *Sacheverell Bibliography*, Oxford, 1887, and the note at the end of the article in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*), but the point for us to note is simply that during his trial for "malicious, scandalous, and seditious libels" he was eagerly supported by Tory ladies. Lady Wentworth writes (6 March, 1710): "Sacheverell will make all the Ladys turn good huswivs, they goe att seven every mornin." (*Wentworth Papers*, p. 113.) Cf. *Tat.* 142; *Spect.* 57.

87 21 **Fielding's Tryal**: *The Arraignment, Tryal, and Conviction of R. Fielding, . . . London, 1708*. Robert ("Beau") Fielding was tried for bigamy. See *Tat.* 50, 51; *Wentworth Papers*, 14 Dec., 1705; 29 July, 1706; Luttrell's *Brief Relation*, etc., 29 June, 2 July, 25 July, 1706; Jesse, *Memoirs of the Court of England from . . . 1688 to the Death of George the Second*, II, 255 ff. The case is reported at length in *State Trials*, ed. 1730, vol. V.

87 22 **Seneca's Morals**: Inasmuch as Leonora had her classic authors "in wood," this Seneca was very likely the translation by Sir Roger L'Estrange, which reached its tenth edition in 1711.

87 28 Taylor's *holy Living and Dying*: Jeremy Taylor (1613-1677) wrote *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living*, etc., London, 1650, and *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying*, etc., London, 1651.

87 24 La Ferte's *Instructions for Country Dances*: In the *Spectator*, No. 52 and others, appears the advertisement of "Mr. Fert, Dancing Master, who keeps his School in Compton Street Soho, over-against St. Ann's Church Back-door." He may have written *The Dancing Master; or, plain and easie rules for the dancing of Country dances*, second edition, London, 1652. It reached a twelfth edition in 1703.

88 15 *Grottoes*: Cf. Nos. 447 and 632, also Pope's *Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, IV, 494, and VI, 385. Lecky (I, 525-526) has a brief notice of Queen Anne-gardens. The Hon. Alicia Amherst's *History of Gardening in England* treats the matter in more detail, and has at the end a bibliography, chronologically arranged, from which one can very readily discover what Addison's contemporaries wrote upon the subject.

88 28 *Consort*: a company of players or singers; most strictly, probably, a string quartet. More correctly *concert*: see *Oxford Dictionary*. Cf. *Spect.* 5, 418.

89 8 *Another Paper*: No. 92.

89 Motto: Horace, *Epist.*, ii, 2, 102-103:

Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace  
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head rhyming race.—POPE.

89 13 *Tragedy . . . the noblest*: Aristotle thought so: see the final section of his *Poetics*.

89 16 Says Seneca: *De Providentia*, ii, 6: "Ecce spectaculum dignum," etc. Addison uses this passage again as the motto for the title-page of his *Cato*.

90 6 In other following papers: Nos. 40, 42, 44.

90 8 Aristotle observes: *Poetics*, iv; *Rhet.*, iii, 1.

90 19 *Rhyme*: Some of the critical treatises which had discussed rhyme before Addison's day are: *pro*, Daniel's *Defence of Rhyme*, 1603, Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 1668, and his *Defence of the Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 1668; *con*, Campion's *Observations on the Art of English Poesie*, 1602, and Sir Robert Howard's Preface to *The Great Favourite, or the Duke of Lerma*, 1668. The documents in the Dryden-Howard controversy should be read together; they are so placed in Arber's *English Garner*, II, 487 ff. For discussion of the subject see Ward's *English Dramatic Poetry*, London, 1899, III, 314 ff.; and especially Lounsbury's *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, New York, 1901, pp. 210 ff.

90 34 **An Hemistick**: see Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (*Works* ed. Scott-Saintsbury, XV, 363). That essay touches nearly all the points mentioned in this paper.

92 2 **A fine observation in Aristotle**: *Poetics*, xxii, 3 ff.

92 9 **Horace . . . in the following verses**: *Ars Poet.*, 95-98.

92 20 **Lee**: Nathaniel Lee (*circ.* 1650-*circ.* 1690); his best known plays are *The Rival Queens, or the Death of Alexander the Great*, 1677; *Mithridates, King of Pontus*, 1678; with Dryden, *Œdipus*, 1679. Dryden (*Parallel of Poetry and Painting*, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, XVII, 320-321) comments at some length on Lee's tempestuousness: "Another who had a great genius for tragedy, following the fury of his natural temper, made every man, and woman too, in his plays, stark raging mad; there was not a sober person to be had for love or money. All was tempestuous and blustering; heaven and earth were coming together at every word; a mere hurricane from the beginning to the end,—and every actor seemed to be hastening on the day of judgment." Lee felt the same thing himself: in the Dedication of his *Cæsar Borgia*, 1680, he wrote, "I abound in ungoverned fancy."

92 32 **Then he would talk, etc.**: Nichols (*Literary Illustrations*, II, 195 ff.) prints a letter from Warburton in which Addison is said to have "coldly imitated" the above line from Lee in his *Cato*, act i, scene 4, where Juba says, "True she is fair. O how divinely fair!" "I pronounce the more boldly of this," says Warburton, "because Mr. A. in his 39 Spec. expresses his admiration of it."

93 6 **Otway**: Thomas Otway (1652-1685), best known for his *Alcibiades*, 1675; *The Orphan*, 1680; *Venice Preserved*, 1682.

93 17 **Venice Preserved**: "The plot," says Sidney Lee (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, XLII, 350-351), was "drawn from the Abbé St. Réal's 'Conjuration des Espagnols contre la Venise en 1618,' of which an English translation had appeared in 1675. But Otway modified the story at many points . . .; and, while he accepted the historical names of the conspirators, he subordinated the true leader of the conspiracy, the Spanish envoy in Venice, the Marquis de Bedamar, to Jaffier and Pierre, who were historically insignificant. He is thus solely responsible for the dramatic interest imported into the tale. According to his version of it, Priuli, a senator of Venice, has renounced his daughter, Belvidera, because she has married Jaffier, a man poor and undistinguished. Pierre, a close friend of Jaffier, persuades him, when smarting under Priuli's taunts, to join a conspiracy which aims at the lives of all the senators. Jaffier is led to confide the secret of the plot to his wife, and her frenzied appeals to him to save her father goad him

into betraying the conspiracy to the senate, and sacrificing his dearest friend."

93 24 *Si pro patria*: *Florus*, iv, 1, 12.

94 Motto: *Horace*, *Epist.*, ii, 1, 208-213:

Yet lest you think I really more than teach,  
Or praise, malignant, arts I cannot reach,  
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,  
To know the poet from the man of rhymes;  
'T is he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;  
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,  
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;  
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,  
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.—POPE.

94 5-6 A ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism: a palpable hit at John Dennis, who is said thus to have acknowledged it. "On the 17th of May, 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning . . . [Dennis] . . . entered . . . [Curl's book-] shop, and opening one of the volumes of the *Spectator*, in the large paper, did suddenly, without the least provocation, tear out that of No. — [40] where the author treats of poetical justice, and cast it into the street." (Pope's *Works*, ed. Elwin, X, 459.) In Dennis's *Original Letters*, II, 407-416, is printed his letter to the *Spectator* in defence of his doctrine. It concludes: "Thus . . . I have discussed the business of poetical justice, and shewn it to be the foundation of all tragedy; and therefore whatever persons, whether ancient or modern, have written dialogues which they call tragedies, where this justice is not observed, these persons have entertained and amused the world with romantic lamentable tales, instead of just tragedies, and of lawful fables." In his letter to Sir Richard Blackmore (*Original Letters*, I, 1-12) Dennis is especially insistent upon his theory; in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham (I, 55-57) he admits that the attacks of various papers in the *Spectator* led him to write his *Remarks upon Cato*.

94 12-13 To raise commiseration and terror: Aristotle, *Poetics*, xiii: "A perfect tragedy should . . . imitate actions which excite pity and fear, this being the distinctive mark of tragic imitation" (Butcher's translation).

95 2 Aristotle considers: Addison seems here to refer to *Poetics*, xiii, 6: *σημεῖον δὲ μέγιστον*, etc., which Butcher translates "On the stage and in dramatic competition, such plays, if they are well represented, are the most tragic in effect."

95 13 The best Plays, etc.: Otway's *Orphan* and his *Venice Preserved*, Lee's *Alexander the Great*, and Dryden and Lee's *Oedipus* are mentioned in a note on the previous essay; Lee's *Theodosius, or the Force of Love* (1680) was drawn from La Calprenède's romance *Pharamond* (1661); Dryden's *All for Love or the World Well Lost* (1678) was his version of Shakspere's *Antony and Cleopatra*; *Oroonoko* (1696), by Thomas Southerne (1660-1746), was founded on Mrs. Behn's *Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave* (1668). On these plays in general, see Ward's *English Dramatic Poetry*, vol. III, chap. 9.

95 15-17 King Lear . . . as it is reformed: *The History of King Lear. Acted at the Duke's Theatre. Reviv'd with Alterations. By N. Tate. London, . . . 1681.* In Tate's version there is no Fool, and Cordelia lives to marry Edgar; there is a summary of the plot, with extracts, in the Appendix (pp. 467 ff.) of Dr. Furness's *Variorum Lear*, Philadelphia, 1880. Tate also adapted *Richard II* in *The Sicilian Usurper*, 1681, and *Coriolanus* in *The Ingratitude of a Common-Wealth*, 1682. The controversy between Addison and Dennis over Tate's version of *King Lear* is conveniently summarized in Lounsbury's *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, pp. 405 ff.

95 23 The Mourning Bride, etc.: *The Mourning Bride*, 1697, was by William Congreve (1670-1729); *Tamerlane*, 1702, by Nicholas Rowe (1674-1718); *Ulysses*, 1706, also by Rowe; *Phædra and Hippolytus*, acted 1707, was by Edmund ("Rag") Smith (1672-1710). There are good brief accounts of all these plays except the last in Ward's ninth chapter. Addison's commendation of *Phædra and Hippolytus* here and in *Spect.* 18 may have been partly a perfunctory return of a compliment in the dedication of Smith's play, where Addison's poem on the peace of Ryswick is called "the best Latin poem since the *Æneid*." There are notices of Smith in Dr. Johnson's *Lives* and in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

95 32 Tragi-comedy: see Ward, *English Dramatic Poetry*, III, 314 ff.; Lounsbury, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, chapter iv ("The Intermingling of the Comic and the Tragic"). Dryden, among the many who discussed this matter, seems to have been most in Addison's mind; Dryden's dramatic theories are conveniently summarized in G. S. Collins's *Dryden's Dramatic Theory and Praxis*, Leipzig, 1892.

96 6-15 A double Plot . . . an Under-plot: On these matters nearly all dramatic critics from Aristotle to Dennis had declared themselves. For Dryden's opinions, see the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (ed. Scott-Saintsbury, XV, 298 ff., 332 ff.); Preface to *Love Triumphant* (VIII, 375-376): "For my action, it is evidently double; and in that I have the most of the ancients for my examples. Yet I dare not defend this

way by reason, much less by their authority; for their actions, though double, were of the same species; that is to say, in their comedies, two amours; and their persons were better linked in interest than mine. Yet even this is a fault which I should often practise, if I were to write again, because it is agreeable to the English genius."

96 28 **Powell**: George Powell (1658?-1714), the actor who played Portius in Addison's *Cato*. He is to be distinguished from the Martin Powell, puppet-showman, who is satirized in *Spectator* 14 and in *Tatler* 44, 50, etc.

97 18 **Oedipus**: The first edition differs slightly from the version of the *Spectator*: in l. 2 the first edition has "Crime"; in l. 3 it has "If wandring in the maze of Fate I run"; in the second passage, l. 4, it has "The pond'rous Earth."

98 **Motto**: Juvenal, *Sat.*, xiv, 321: "Good taste and nature always speak the same."

The historical development of the method of satire used in this paper, the converse of the method in "Gulliver's Travels," would furnish matter for a considerable essay. This would include at least: Marana, *The Turkish Spy* (1684, or earlier), said to have been written in Italian, thence translated into English, and finally done into French; William King's *A Journey to London in the Year 1698 . . . Written originally in French . . . and newly translated into English* (King's Works, London, 1776, II, 187 ff.); Swift's hint at the method, noted above (1704); Antoine Galland's *Les mille et une Nuits, contes arabes traduits en français* (1704); Du Fresny's *Amusements sérieux et comiques d'un Siamois* (1707); the present essay (1711); Montesquieu's *Lettres persanes* (1721); Lord Lyttelton's *Persian Letters* (1735); J. B. de Boyer (Marquis d'Argens), *Lettres juives, chinoises, et cabalistiques* (1738-1769); Mme. de Graffigny, *Lettres d'une péruvienne* (1747); Dr. Dodd's *The African Prince, in England, to Zara at his Father's Court* (1749); Voltaire's *Lettres philosophiques* (Asiatic) (1752); *Lettres iroquoises* (1752); Horace Walpole's *Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese Philosopher at London, to his Friend Lien Chi, at Peking* (1757); Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* (1760-61); *The Algerine Spy* (1760-1761); *Letters of Shahcoolen, a Hindu Philosopher, residing in Philadelphia; to his Friend El Hassan, an Inhabitant of Delhi* (1802); William Wirt, *The Letters of a British Spy*, Richmond, Virginia, 1803; Southey's *Letters from England by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella* (1807); Ingersoll's *Inchiquin the Jesuit's Letters* (1810).

The subject is lightly touched in chap. vii of Whittuck's *The "Good Man" of the XVIIIth Century*, London, 1901.

Swift wrote to Stella (Letter xxi, London, April 28, 1711): "The *Spectator* is written by Steele with Addison's help; 't is often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too; but I never see him or Addison."

Often as this letter has been quoted, it has never been quite fully explained. It is to be read in connection with the second edition of Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, 1704. Opposite the title-page of that edition, among other "Treatises writ by the same Author, most of them mentioned in the following Discourses; which will be speedily published," is "A Voyage into England, by a Person of Quality in Terra Australia incognita, translated from the Original." By "long ago" in his note to Stella, Swift could hardly have meant 1704, at which time the *Tatler* had probably never been thought of; he very likely meant about the time of the actual visit of the Indian chiefs, or shortly after, when they figured in *Tatler* 171. And yet the visit of the Indian kings need not have changed any "under hints" which may have been intended six years before to be spoken by an Australian, for an Indian king who alludes familiarly to the elephant and the rhinoceros is more or less a citizen of the world.

98 14 **The four Indian Kings:** The Indian Kings, whose names according to Parkman were Tee Yee Neen Ho Gar Row, Emperor of the Six Nations; Sa Ga Yeath Qua Pieth Tow, King of the Maquas; Ho Nee Yeath Taw No Row, King of the Generethgarich; and Etow Oh Koam, King of the River Nations, visited London in April, 1710, to be assured of the power of the English queen and her people, and of their independence from France and Rome. The Mohawk chiefs were entertained at the public expense, taken to the theatre, given audience by the Queen, and so on. For a good short account and many bibliographical references, see Winsor, *Narrative and Critical History of America*, V, 107. Cf. *Tatler* 171.

98 19 **Their Landlord the Upholsterer:** cf. *Tat.* 171. This upholsterer is supposed to be one Thomas Arne, of King Street, Covent Garden (see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, II, 104 ff.). The weight of authority seems to distinguish him from the Edward Arne who is supposed to be the original of the political upholsterer of *Tat.* 155, 160, 178. Mr. Austin Dobson, however (*Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, Third Series, p. 328), makes the two upholsterers identical.

99 9-10 **A huge house:** St. Paul's.

101 32-33 Little black spots: patches.

102 Motto: Horace, *Epist.*, ii, 1, 63:

Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright.

102 27 M. Boileau: *Réflexions sur Longin*, I.

103 20 The old Song of Chevy-Chase: On the relation of this ballad, which is probably of late Elizabethan date, and the older ballad "The Hunting of the Cheviot," see Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, III, 304 ff., who prints both texts. Addison did not know the older ballad, which was first printed by Thomas Hearne in 1719; he probably read "Chevy Chase" in the second volume (pp. 238 ff.) of Dryden's *Miscellanies*, the third edition, 1702. "Chevy Chase" is a feeble version of an older ballad, written over for the broadside press. It was much in circulation during the seventeenth century.

103 23-24 The following words: *Defence of Poesie*, ed. A. S. Cook, p. 29.

103 33 The greatest modern Criticks: a generalization, thinks Mr. Gregory Smith, "for Le Bossu, the author of the *Traité du poème épique* (1675)." John Dennis advanced the same theory: see his *Grounds of Criticism in Poetry* and his *Advancement and Reformation of Modern Poetry*.

104 31-32 Valerius Flaccus, Statius: C. Valerius Flaccus (*fl. temp. Vespasian*) wrote the heroic poem *Argonautica*, in eight books. He was indebted to Apollonius Rhodius (*fl. circ. 222-181 B.C.*), who had written a similar poem, in four books, with the same title. P. Papinius Statius (*circ. 61-96*) wrote the *Thebaïs*, an heroic poem which embodies the ancient legends of the expedition of the Seven against Thebes.

107 23 Tum sic expirans, etc.: Virgil, *Aeneid*, xi, 820 ff.

107 24 ff. A gathering mist, etc.: Dryden's version (ed. 1697, pp. 573-4).

108 5-6 Vicisti . . .

. . . videre. — *Aeneid*, xii, 936-937.

108 24-26 At vero . . .

. . . tetendit. — *Aeneid*, x, 821-823.

108 27 ff. The pious Prince, etc.: Misquoted from Dryden's translation (x, 1165 ff.):

The pious Prince beheld young *Lausus* dead;  
He griev'd, he wept, the sight an Image brought  
Of his own filial Love; a sadly pleasing Thought,  
Then stretch'd his Hand to hold him up, and said,

Poor hapless Youth! what Praises can be paid  
To Love so great, to such transcendent Store  
Of early Worth, etc.

108 31 **Another opportunity**: *Spect.* 74; cf. also *Spect.* 85.

109 **Motto**: Virgil, *Georg.*, iv, 208-209:

Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,  
The fortune of the family remains,  
And grandsires' grandsons the long list contains.—DRYDEN.

109 1-2 **Several extraordinary Clubs**: Amorous, No. 30; Beefsteak, No. 9; Duellists, No. 9; Fat Mens, No. 9; Fringe Glove, No. 30; Handsome, No. 17; Hum-drum, No. 9; Kings, No. 9; Kit-Cat, No. 9; Merry, No. 17; Mum, No. 9; October, No. 9; Punning, No. 17; Scarecrows, No. 9; Skeletons, No. 9; Street, No. 9; Ugly, No. 17; Witty, No. 17.

110 4-5 **Towards the end** (or, as some of them say, **about the middle**) **of the Civil Wars**: The point is not uncertainty about the date when the club was founded, for that is fixed at 1650 by the fact that the club celebrated its jubilee "towards the close of 1700." What Addison means is that some (i.e. those who were not Royalists) would call 1650 the end of the Civil Wars; others (i.e. Royalists) would say, as Clarendon did upon the title-page of his *History*, that the Civil Wars reached their "happy End, and Conclusion" only "by the King's blessed Restoration, and Return, upon the 29th of May, in the Year 1660."

110 6 **The Great Fire**: of London, in 1666. Perhaps the most famous accounts of the fire are those in Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis* and Pepys's *Diary*. On March 16, 1667, Pepys writes: "Within these eight days I did see smoke remaining, coming out of some cellars from the late great fire, now above six months since."

110 14-15 **The famous Captain**, etc.: It is first of all important to note that the words "mentioned in my Lord Clarendon" do not appear in the original *Spectator*. We need not expect, therefore, to find in Clarendon the account of our captain's death, but only the mention of his name. There seem to be two possible cases. The first is that of Captain Archibald Douglas (see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, XV, 285-286), who was burned with his ship, the *Royal Oak*, at the defence of Chatham, in 1667. The circumstances of his death make his case a perfect parallel with that alluded to by Addison: Sir William Temple (*Memoirs*, II, 41) wrote to Lord Lisle in 1667 that he "would have been glad to have seen Mr. Cowley before he died, celebrated Captain Douglas his Death, who stood and burnt in one of our Ships at Chatham when his Soldiers

left him, because it should never be said, a *Douglas* quitted his Post without Order." But unfortunately Captain Douglas is not mentioned in Clarendon, and so cannot further be considered, unless we assume that the phrase "mentioned in my Lord Clarendon" was not added by Addison, but by someone else—perhaps Steele—who thought he knew to whom Addison was alluding. This is unlikely, though, for the addition was made as early as 1712 (in the first collected edition), and, if an error, would naturally have been corrected in one of the editions which appeared between that time and Addison's death.

Probably the better case, then, is that of Admiral the Earl of Sandwich (Edward Montagu, or Mountagu, 1625–1672), whose death at Solebay was similar to that of Captain Douglas at Chatham. Sandwich was probably more famous than Douglas, and he is certainly mentioned by Clarendon some fifteen times. The only drawback in his case seems to be that he was not strictly a "captain" but an admiral.

This is easily set aside: a passage in Bishop Parker's *History of his Own Times* (p. 151) not only illustrates the older and broader use of the word *captain* but applies it to this very case: "Amongst the English," he says, "many honorary soldiers were slain, and ten captains of ships. Amongst these were the Earl of Sandwich, and *Digby* son of the Earl of Bristol."

110 30 Kilderkin: "a vessel containing two Firkins or eighteen Gallons." (Bailey's Dictionary, 1730.)

110 32 The law in Ben Jonson's Club: The twenty-fourth and last of the *Leges Conviviales* is "Neminem reum pocula faciunto. Focus perennis esto." See Jonson's Works, ed. Cunningham, IX, 72.

111 6 The Kit-Cat: The Kit-Cat Club, to which Addison was admitted about 1703, consisted of about fifty Whig noblemen and gentlemen, such as the Duke of Marlborough, Godolphin, Halifax, Somers, Garth, Congreve, Steele, Walsh, Pulteney, Kneller, Tonson, and others. It was probably founded about 1700 and seems to have got its name from one Christopher ("Kit") Cat, a pastry-cook who was especially famous for his mutton pies. The portraits of the members, in a size which is still called by the name "kit-cat," are reproduced in *The Kit-Cat Club, done from the Original Paintings of Sir Godfrey Kneller*, London: Tonson, 1735. See Aitken's *Steele*, I, 96 ff.; Timbs, *Club Life*, I, 55–63.

111 6 October: The October Club was the Tory counterpart of the Whig Kit-Cat Club. Swift writes to Stella, 18 February, 1711: "We are plagued here with an October Club; that is, a set of above a hundred Parliament-men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the Parliament,

to consult affairs, and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads." The tavern in question was the Bell, in King Street, Westminster; see Timbs, *Club Life*, etc. (ed. London: Bentley, 1866, I, 17 ff.). By justifying to these country members the conduct of the ministry, Swift was instrumental in breaking up the club; see his *Advice to the Members of the October Club, 1711/12*. The *Spectator* of 22 April, 1711, advertised: "This Day is Publish'd, The Secret History of the October Club: From its Original to this time. By a Member. . . . Price 1 s."

111 15 **Whisk**: whist. According to the *Century Dictionary*, "whisk" characterizes the quick sweep, or whisk, with which the cards are gathered from the table as each trick is won; the modern *whist* is from the interjection enjoining silence. Bailey's Dictionary (1730) gives *whisk* but not *whist*.

112 **Motto**: Statius, *Theb.*, ii, 128-129: \*

As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,  
Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin.

113 2 **The Hay-market**: see note to *Spect.* 1.

113 31 **Mr. Cowley**: slightly changed from Cowley's *Davideis*, iii, 403-404. Cowley wrote (ll. 401 ff.):

So when a Scythian tiger, gazing round,  
An herd of kine in some fair plain has found,  
Lowing secure, he swells with angry pride,  
And calls forth all his spots on every side.

114 16 **In former papers**: See especially No. 57, by Addison.

114 21 **When the Romans and Sabines were at war**, etc.: Livy, i, 13.

114 29 **The Greeks thought**: There are brief discussions of this, with references to the ancient authorities, in Becker's *Charicles*, London, 1874, pp. 296 ff., and in Smith's *Dict. of Gr. and Rom. Antiq.*, London, 1890-1891, II, 269.

115 11 **When the Romans, etc.**: Livy, v, 50, 7: "Iam ante in eo religio civitatis apparuerat, quod, cum in publico deesses aurum, ex quo summa pactae mercedis Gallis confieret, a matronis conlatum acceperant, ut sacro auro abstineretur. Matronis gratiae actae, honosque additur, ut earum sicut virorum post mortem sollemnisi laudatio esset."

115 25 **The celebrated funeral oration of Pericles**: Thucydides, ii, 45.

116 **Motto**: Phædrus, *Fab.*, xiv, 3: "The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking."

119 Motto: Horace, *Carm.*, i, 17, 14-16:

Here plenty's liberal horn shall pour  
 Of fruits for thee a copious show'r,  
 Rich honours of the quiet plain.

121 12-13 Lives . . . rather as a relation than a dependant: cf. *Tat.* 255 and *Guard.* 163, where Addison shows the unhappy lot of a domestic chaplain whose patron was less kind than Sir Roger. See also, on the social position of the clergy, Lecky, I, 75 ff.

121 30 A little of Back-gammon: Swift's letters to Gay, 4 May, 1732, and to Lady Queensbury, 12 Aug., 1712, seem to show that some skill at backgammon was essential to the domestic chaplain of Addison's time.

122 22 The Bishop of St. Asaph: William Fleetwood (1656-1723) had succeeded William Beveridge (1637-1708) in 1708, but it is impossible to tell which (if either) is meant. Neither of them, nor any of their predecessors, appears elsewhere in the *Spectator*, except that No. 384, by Steele, commends Fleetwood's *Four Sermons*, 1712. Fleetwood was an ardent Whig, however, a fact which would hardly have commended these sermons to Sir Roger, even if they had been published when this paper was written. In 1705, to be sure, Fleetwood had published a volume of sixteen sermons; but that was before he became bishop. It is perhaps better, therefore, to suppose that the Chaplain used Beveridge's sermons, of which some one hundred and fifty, in six volumes, were published in 1709.

122 22 Dr. South: Robert South (1634-1716). His "sermons, many of them published separately (from 1660), were collected by himself in six volumes (1679-1715)." Cf. *Spect.* 307, 592.

122 24 Archbishop Tillotson: John Tillotson (1630-1694), Archbishop of Canterbury. According to the *Dict. Nat. Biog.* (LVI, 398), "the first collected edition of Tillotson's works contained fifty-four sermons and the 'Rule of Faith'; two hundred were added in succeeding editions, edited by Ralph Barker, 1695-1704, 14 vols." Tillotson is frequently mentioned in the *Spectator*; see especially No. 103, by Steele.

122 25 Bishop Sanderson: Robert Sanderson (1587-1663), Bishop of Lincoln. His sermons were published in 1627, 1632, 1657, 1689, etc. Addison seems not to mention him elsewhere. Hearne, in his diary, July 24, 1711, makes a "note of some divinity books for a young devine" in which he mentions "all Bishop Sanderson's pieces. He was a most incomparable judge, and there is nothing heterodox in any of his writings."

123 25 Dr. Barrow: Isaac Barrow (1630-1677), classical and theological scholar and mathematician. His theological works were published in four folio volumes (1683-9), under the editorship of Tillotson.

123 26 Dr. Calamy: Benjamin Calamy (1642-1686). His *Sermons Preached upon Several Occasions*, ed. J. Calamy, were published at London in 1687; they reached a fourth edition in 1704.

123 Motto: Phædrus, II, *Fab.* v, l. 3: "Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing."

123 10 Mr. William Wimble: Of about equal weight with those already mentioned is the identification of Will Wimble with Thomas Morecraft, who was referred to in 1741 (*Gent. Mag.* 2 July) as "the Person mentioned by the Spectator in the character of Will Wimble." Nichols (*Spectator*, London, 1797, iv, 106, n.) also suggests a certain "Bevis, of a family near Exeter." Addison is much more likely to have refined upon the sketch of the Honourable Thomas Gules of *Tatler* 256, who "was the Cadet of a very ancient Family; and . . . had never sullied himself with Business, but had chosen rather to starve like a Man of Honour than do any Thing beneath his Quality. He produced several Witnesses that he had never employed himself beyond the Twisting of a Whip, or the making of a Pair of Nut-Crackers, in which he only worked for his Diversion, in order to make a Present now and then to his Friends." Will Wimble is further mentioned in *Spect.* 109, 126, 131, 269. He was apparently much the same kind of person as Tom D'Urfey, of whom Addison says in *Guardian* 67: "But I must not omit that my old friend angles for a trout the best of any man in England. May flies come in late this season, or I myself should, before now, have had a trout of his hooking."

124 2 Character: The passage following makes this paper especially interesting in the development of character writing in England. It shows the formal character embedded in what is almost a scene from a novel; furthermore, it shows the character differing from the earlier work of Overbury, Earle, and others, in that the person here has a name, and that the characterization of him, though not in direct discourse, is really put into the mouth of one of the other persons in the story. Precisely the same is Irving's method of characterizing the Squire of Bracebridge Hall.

124 16 Carries a Tulip-root: This seems to have no particular significance; but see the Honorable Alicia Amherst's *History of Gardening in England*, pp. 135 and 188-191; see also the *Century Dictionary* under "tulipomania."

124 21 Made: trained.

126 19-20 **My twenty first Speculation**: the purpose of which is fairly well summed up in one sentence from it: "When I consider how each of these Professions [i.e. "Divinity, Law, and Physick"] are crowded with Multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, and how many Men of Merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the Science, than the Profession; I very much wonder at the humour of Parents, who will not rather chuse to place their Sons in a way of Life where an honest Industry cannot but thrive, than in Stations where the greatest Probity, Learning, and Good Sense may miscarry."

126 **Motto**: Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii, 755:

All things are full of Horror and affright,  
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.—DRYDEN.

126 28 **In the beautiful language of the Psalms**: Psalm cxlvii. 9.

127 29 **Mr. Locke**: *Essay concerning the Humane Understanding*, ii, 33, 5 ff. The passage directly quoted is 10.

129 10 ff. **Lucretius** . . . tells us: *De Rerum Natura*, iv, 33 ff.

129 25 **Josephus**: *Antiquities of the Jews*, xvii, 13, 4-5.

130 **Motto**: Pythag., *Carm. Aurea*, 1-2:

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,  
Worship th' immortal gods.

It is not unlikely that Addison used *The Life of Pythagoras, with his Symbols and Golden Verses. . . The Golden Verses Translated from the Greek by N. Rowe, Esq.; London, . . . 1707*.

133 **Motto**: Juvenal, *Sat.*, x, 356: "Pray for a sound mind in a sound body."

136 16 **Dr. Sydenham**: *The Whole Works of that Excellent Practical Physician Dr. Thomas Sydenham. . . Translated from the Original Latin, . . . London, . . . 1696*, p. 513: "As to the kind of Exercise, riding on Horse-back, when Old-age, or the Stone does not hinder, is much to be prefered before the Rest."

136 19 **Medicina Gymnastica**: *Medicina Gymnastica, or, A Treatise concerning the Power of Exercises, with respect to the Animal Economy; and the Great Necessity of it in the Cure of Several Distempers*, by Francis Fuller, London, 1705. See pp. 2, 50-52, 55, 79-82, 109-110, 113-119, 159, and especially pp. 165-206 ("Of the Exercise of Riding"). On Francis Fuller (1670-1706), see the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

136 21-22 **A dumb bell**: "Formerly," says the *Oxford Dictionary (Dumb-bell, 1)*: "an apparatus like that for swinging a church-bell, but

without the bell itself, and thus making no noise, in the 'ringing' of which bodily exercise was taken." Cf. Fuller, *Holy and Profane State*, liii, 4.

136 29-30 **A Latin treatise . . . σκιομάχια:** The book is *Artis Gymnastica apud Antiquos . . . Libri vi.* Venice, 1569. By Hieronymus Mercurialis. Σκιομάχια (Lat. *pugna umbrabilis*) is mentioned in Lib. iii, cap. 4 (fol. 50 c-d); v, 5 (fol. 73 d); vi, 2 (fol. 105 d).

137 1 ff. I could wish that several learned men, etc.: Cf. Holmes, *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, chap. 7.

137 Motto: Virgil, *Eclog.*, viii, 108: "With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds."

137 20-21 The relations that are made from all parts of the world: see, in general, Francis Hutchinson's *Historical Essay on Witchcraft*, 1716; Lecky's *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe*, chap. i. Addison probably read the relations of witchcraft in Joseph Glanvill's *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, which contained an account of the legendary Drummer at Tedworth, upon which was based the plot of Addison's *Drummer*. In the 17th and early 18th century the opinions of learned men were much divided upon the subject of witchcraft. Robert Boyle, Sir Thomas Browne, Sir Matthew Hale, Joseph Glanvill, Henry More, and many others believed in it. George Gifford (d. 1620), Selden, and Hobbes, among others, were sceptical. Yet both Selden and Hobbes believed in the laws against supposed witches. Gifford, who published *A Discourse of the Subtle Practices of the Devil by Witches*, in 1587, and *A Dialogue concerning Witches and Witchcraft*, in 1603, argued that those who gave testimony against supposed witches, as well as those whom they accused, might well be under the influence of the devil. On the opinions of learned men upon this subject, see Glanvill's *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, his *Philosophical Considerations touching Witches and Witchcraft*, and his biography by Dr. Ferris Greenslet (*Joseph Glanvill*, New York, 1900); Principal Tulloch, *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy*, II, 443 ff.; H. C. Foxcroft, *Life and Letters of Sir George Savile, First Marquis of Halifax*, II, 493 n.

In England the persecution of supposed witches was probably most severe at the time of the Commonwealth (John Stoughton, *Ecclesiastical History of England*, II, 383-387; Lecky, 116). Yet there was an official sentence of death for witchcraft in England in 1712 (Jane Wenham: see Hutchinson, ed. 1718, pp. 129-135; Thomas Wright, *Narratives of Sorcery and Magic*, II, 319 ff.), and as late as 1751 (Wright, II, 326 ff.) a mob killed a supposed witch, though the act against witchcraft

had been repealed in 1736. On the Continent the executions continued until almost the end of the 18th century (Soldan, *Geschichte der Hexenprocesse*, Stuttgart, 1880, II, 314, 322, 327). The witchcraft delusion in New England (1692-1693), though sufficiently horrible, was relatively brief and not particularly severe (see C. W. Upham, *Salem Witchcraft*, Boston, 1867; Justin Winsor, *The Literature of Witchcraft in New England*, Worcester, 1896; G. L. Kittredge, *The Old Farmer and His Almanack*, Boston, 1904).

138 16-17 The following description: a speech of Chamont, "a young Soulardier of Fortune" in Otway's *The Orphan, or, the Unhappy Marriage*, 1680, act ii, scene 1. The first line is in Otway, "Through a close lane." In Spect. 197 Addison again quotes from a speech of Chamont.

139 5 ff. Her prayers, etc.: On witches' prayers, see *Hudibras*, i, 3, 343 and Dr. Gray's note thereon, also Brand, ed. Ellis, II, 382; on pins, Brand, ed. Ellis, II, 376-377 n.; on witches preventing butter from churning, Grose's *Glossary*, London, 1790, p. 17, and Brand, ed. Ellis, II, 607-608; on witches riding broomsticks, cf. *Connoisseur*, No. 199; on witches and cats, Brand-Hazlitt, III, 88-91; on the nightmare, Brand-Hazlitt, II, 329-330; on ducking witches, Strutt, *Ordeals under the Saxons*, under "Ordeals by Water," 2.

141 Motto: Virgil, *Eclog.*, iii, 60: "All things are full of Jove."

141 14 Monsieur Bayle: see Bayle's *Dictionnaire*, under *Rorarius* (ed. Rotterdam, 1715, III, 451): "Joignez à cela ces paroles de M. Bernard: 'Les Philosophes les plus déterminez à croire que les bêtes ne sont que de pures machines, doivent avouer de bonne foi, qu'elles sont diverses actions, dont il leur est impossible d'expliquer le Mechanisme. Il seroit beaucoup plus court de se contenter de dire en général, que Dieu qui vouloit que leur machine subsistât pendant quelque tems, a par sa sagesse infinie disposé leur parties convénablement à cette intention. Il me semble d'avoir lu quelque part cette Thése. *Deus est anima brutorum*; l'expression est un peu dure; mais elle peut recevoir un fort bon sens.'" Jacob Tonson is responsible for the tradition that one seldom called upon Addison without seeing Bayle's *Dictionary* lying open upon his desk (Bohn, VI, 732).

141 20 Tully: Cicero, *De Nat. Deorum*, ii, 51. Cicero was not speaking particularly of lambs, but of all creatures that are nourished upon milk ("in iis animantibus quae lacte aluntur").

141 23 Dampier . . . tells us: "And this we take for a general rule; when we find any Fruits that we have not seen before, if we see them peck'd by Birds, we may freely eat, but if we see no such sign, we let them alone; for of this Fruit no Birds will taste." *A New Voyage*

round the World, in *Voyages and Descriptions*, vol. I, chap. 3. [5th ed., London, 1703, p. 39.]

142 34 Mr. Locke: *Essay concerning the Humane Understanding*, ii, 9, 13.

143 14 The learned Dr. Moor: *An Antidote against Atheisme* (1653), ii, 10, 7 (ed. 1653, pp. 88-89). On Henry More (1614-1687), the Cambridge Platonist, one should read the admirable chapter in Principal Tulloch's *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century*, II, 303-409.

143 14 From Cardan: *De Rerum Subtilitate*, lib. x. (*Opera*, Lugd., 1663, III, 545, col. 1.)

144 7 Mr. Boyle's remark: *A Disquisition about the Final Causes of Natural Things*, § 1, ¶ 11 (ed. London, 1688, pp. 60-61). Robert Boyle (1627-1691), natural philosopher and chemist, made no single discovery which could place him with such philosophers as Newton, but achieved results of the greatest value in introducing his generation to modern science as a whole. The law of proportion between elasticity and pressure is still called "Boyle's Law." Boyle is rather extravagantly praised in *Spect.* 531 and 554.

144 26 Our Royal Society: The Royal Society of London, incorporated in 1662, is the oldest and most famous scientific society in Great Britain. Thomas Sprat, who wrote a history of the Society in 1667, speaks of it as a means whereby young men "were invincibly armed against all the enchantments of enthusiasm." As such it was an influence opposed to that of the Cambridge Platonists. The Society has published *Philosophical Transactions* since 1666 and *Proceedings* since 1832. Among its earlier Presidents were Sir Christopher Wren, Samuel Pepys, and Sir Isaac Newton. The last was in office when Addison wrote the present essay. The best history of the Royal Society is that by C. R. Weld, London, 1848. The *History of the Royal Society*, by Dr. Thomas Birch (4 vols., London, 1756-57) is chiefly concerned with the scientific proceedings of the Society.

145 Motto: *Publilius Syrus, Sentent. C*, 17: "An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach." Most editions read *comes facundus*.

146 17 The game act: 3 James I, cap. 13, clause 5: "And be it further enacted . . . That if any Person or Persons not having [real estate] of the clear yearly Value of forty Pounds, or not worth in Goods or Chattels the Sum of two hundred Pounds, shall use any Gun, Bow or Cross-bow, to kill any Deer or Conies, or shall keep any Buckstalls or Engine-hays, Gate-nets, Purse-nets, Ferrets or Coney-dogs, except such

Person or Persons as shall have any ground imparked . . . for the Keeping . . . of any Deer or Conies . . . or Keepers or Warreners in their Parks . . . ; That then any Person having [real estate] of the clear yearly value of one hundred Pounds . . . in his own Right or in the Right of his Wife, may take from the Person or Possession of such Malefactor or Malefactors, and to his own Use forever keep, such Guns, Bows, Cross-bows, Buckstalls or Engine-hays, Purse-nets, Ferrets and Coney-dogs." (*Statutes at Large*, III, 57.) This act was repealed by 7-8 George IV, cap. 27.

146 32 **Cast**: to defeat in an action at law.

148 30 **Aggravation**: exaggeration; or perhaps, more specifically, exaggeration by heightening the grave, severe look of the portrait. The former meaning, though rare, is by far the more common; indeed no other case of the latter seems to have been recorded.

148 31 **Saracen's head**: On this and other signs, see Sadler and Hotten's *History of Signboards*, London, 1866, especially pp. 430-431.

149 **Motto**: Horace, *Odes*, iv, 4, 33-36:

Yet the best blood by learning is refin'd,  
And virtue arms the solid mind;  
Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,  
And the paternal stamp efface. — OLDISWORTH.

Addison wrote to his friend Wortley: "Dear Sir, Being very well pleased with this day's Spectator, I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of £2000 per annum, an estate in the Indies of £14,000, and what is worse than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this, and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too; to which I must add, that I have just resigned my fellowship, and that stocks sink every day. If you have any hints or subjects, pray send me up a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer, and perhaps would pass a month with you, if I know where. Lady Bellaston is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you. I am, dear sir, Yours eternally, J. Addison."

151 11 **According to Mr. Cowley**: "But there is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty." (*Essay x, "The Danger of Procrastination," Works*, ed. Hurd, London, 1809, III, 222.) Cf. "A fool at

forty is a fool indeed." (Young, *Love of Fame the Universal Passion*, ii, 282.)

154 Motto: Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi, 833-834:

This thirst of kindred blood, my sons, detest,  
Nor turn your force against your country's breast.—DRYDEN.

154 24 St. Anne's lane: "St. Anne's Lane, a place of some Trade, lieth betwixt Foster lane and St. Martins le Grand near Aldersgate" (Strype, 1720, I, 121). There is also a "Little St. Anne's Lane," running into (Great) Peter Street, Westminster, and numbered 62 on Strype's map (*ibid.* vol. I, between pp. 62 and 63).

155 33 Plutarch says very finely: *De Inimicorum Utilitate* (Works, Frankfort, 1599, II, 91, ll. 19 ff.).

156 7 That great rule: Luke vi, 27 ff. ("Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you," etc.)

157 18 Guelphes and Gibelines: opposing parties in Germany and in Italy from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. In Germany, the names were respectively applied to the Welfs of Altdorf and the imperial line of the Hohenstaufen; in Italy, to the party of the Pope and the party of the Emperor.

157 18-19 For and against the League: the Holy League, formed in 1576 to further Roman Catholic interests; at its head the family of Guise for many years contended against Henry of Navarre.

158 Motto: Virgil, *Aeneid*, x, 108:

Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me.—DRYDEN.

159 27 Diodorus Siculus: Diod. Sic., i, 35, 7.

160 Motto: Virgil, *Eclog.*, x, 63: "Once more, ye woods, adieu."

165 Motto: Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii, 604-606:

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,  
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,  
I will remove.—DRYDEN.

That Addison's contemporaries appreciated his particular talent for using the method practised in this essay (employed also in *Tatler* 81, 100, 102, 110, 116, 117, 120, 123, 146, 161, 250, 253, 256, 259, 262, 265, and in *Spect.* 3, 56, 83, 463, 499, 558, and 559) appears from Gay's *Present State of Wit*, 1711: "I am assured, from good hands, that all the visions, and other tracts of that way of writing, with a very great number of the most exquisite pieces of wit and raillery throughout the *Lucubrations* are entirely of this Gentleman's [i.e. Addison's] composing: which may, in some measure, account for that different Genius,

which appears in the winter papers, from those of the summer; at which time, as the *Examiner* often hinted, this friend of Mr. STEELE was in Ireland."

Steele praises this particular essay in his *Conscious Lovers* (acted 1722), act 1, the first speech of the second scene: "These moral writers practise virtue after death. This charming vision of Mirza! Such an author consulted in a morning sets the spirit for the vicissitudes of the day better than the glass does a man's person."

171 Motto: Horace, *Epist.*, ii, 1, 76-77:

I feel my honest indignation rise,  
When with affected air a coxcomb cries,  
The work I own has elegance and ease  
But sure no modern should pretend to please. — FRANCIS.

171 25 **Bavius and Mævius**: two very ill-natured poets, hostile to Horace and to Virgil. See Virgil, *Eclog.*, iii, 90-91; Horace, *Epod.*, x.

171 23-24 **Virgil . . . celebrated by Gallus, etc.**: On the relations of Virgil and Gallus, see Virgil, *Eclog.*, vi, 64, and Donatus, *Vit. Virg.*, §§ 30, 36; Propertius mentions Virgil in lib. ii, eleg., xxxiv, ll. 61-63; Horace, in *Carm.*, i, 3, 6; and i, 24, 10; *Sat.*, i, 5, 40; i, 6, 52-55; i, 10, 45, 81; and *Epod.*, ii, 1, 247. On Varus and Tucca, see Donatus, §§ 52, 53, 56, 57; on Ovid, *Trist.*, iv, 10, 51.

172 3 **Ingenuity**: ingenuousness.

172 4 **Sir John Denham**: "On Mr. John Fletcher's Works," Denham, *Works*, London, 1703, pp. 114-115. With Denham's lines, "Of eastern Kings," etc., compare Pope's "Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne" (*Epistle to Arbuthnot*, l. 198). Sir John Denham (1615-1669) is almost forgotten. Yet his *Cooper's Hill*, 1642, is important as one of the very first purely descriptive English poems. Pope imitated it in his *Windsor Forest*.

172 14 **The Art of Criticism**: Pope's *Essay on Criticism* appeared anonymously in 1711; it is advertised in *Spect.* 65, May 15, 1711, as "this day published." On December 20, 1711, Pope wrote to Steele, whom he supposed to be the author of *Spect.* 253: "Though it be the highest satisfaction to find oneself commended by a person whom all the world commends, yet I am not more obliged to you for that, than for your candour and frankness in acquainting me with the error I have been guilty of in speaking too freely of my brother moderns. . . . But if ever this Essay be thought worth a second edition, I shall be very glad to strike out all such strokes which you shall be so kind as to point out to me. I shall really be proud of being corrected." Steele thereupon

referred Pope to Addison, to whom he wrote October 10, 1714: "My bookseller is reprinting the *Essay on Criticism*, to which you have done too much honour in your *Spectator* of No. 253. The period in that paper where you say, 'I have admitted some strokes of ill-nature into that *Essay*,' is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written; but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objections. I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and you may be assured they shall be treated without mercy." One regrets to find that there seems to have been no reply from Addison.

172 27-28 **What Monsieur Boileau has . . . enlarged upon in the preface to his works:** Boileau, *Œuvres*, ed. Gidel, Paris, 1870-1873, I, 49: "Qu'est-ce qu'une pensée neuve, brillante, extraordinaire? Ce n'est point, comme se le persuadent les ignorants, une pensée que personne n'a jamais eue, ni dû avoir: c'est au contraire une pensée qui a dû venir à tout le monde, et que quelqu'un s'avise le premier d'exprimer. Un bon mot n'est bon mot qu'en ce qu'il dit une chose que chacun pensoit, et qu'il la dit d'une manière vive, fine et nouvelle."

173 12 **The characters of, etc.:** For the character of Horace, see *Essay on Criticism*, ll. 653 ff.; of Petronius, ll. 667 ff.; of Quintilian, 669 ff.; of Longinus, 675 ff.

173 15-17 **Longinus, etc.:** cf. Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, ll. 675 ff.:

Thee, bold Longinus, . . .  
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;  
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

Before either Pope or Addison, Boileau had noted this quality in Longinus: in the preface to his translation he observes, "En traitant des beautés de l'élocution, il a employé toutes les finesse de l'élocution. Souvent il fait la figure qu'il enseigne, et, en parlant du sublime, il est lui-même très-sublime." (*Œuvres*, ed. Gidel, III, 437.)

173 29 **The following verses:** ll. 344-347. With these lines compare the passage in Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668): "He creeps along with ten little words in every line, and helps out his numbers with *For to*, and *Unto*, and all the pretty expletives he can find, till he drags them to the end of another line; while the sense is left tired half way behind it." (Dryden's *Prose Works*, ed. Malone, London, 1800, vol. I, pt. 2, p. 38.)

173 30-31 **The following lines:** ll. 356-357.

174 1 **And afterwards:** ll. 364-373.

174 13 **A description in Homer's *Odyssey*:** *Odyssey*, xi, 593-598. The original issue adds, "which none of the Criticks have taken notice of."

That these words were omitted in Tickell's and in later editions was probably in deference to the following letter (October 10, 1714) from Pope (*Works*, ed. Elwin, VI, 410): "Give me leave to name another passage in the same *Spectator*, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon Homer's Verses of Sisyphus's Stone, as never having been made before by any of the critics. I happened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's Treatise, *Περὶ συνθέτων δρουάτων*, who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression, when you see the passage; which you must needs have read, though it be since slipt out of your memory." See Dionysius Halicarnassus, ed. Hudson, Oxford, 1704, II, 37.

174 29 **In a future paper:** Although allusions to Virgil are scattered through the entire series of *Spectator* papers, no single number seems to fulfil this half promise.

174 33-34 **The Essay on translated verse, the Essay on the art of poetry:** Wentworth Dillon (1634-1685), Earl of Roscommon, published in 1680 a translation into blank verse of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, and in 1684 *An Essay on Translated Verse* in heroic couplets. John Sheffield (1649-1721) published his *Essay on Poetry* anonymously in 1682.

175 Motto: Ovid, *Ars Amat.*, i, 241-242: "In these days simplicity is very rare."

175 12 **Come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene:** Prince Eugene had arrived in London only three days before the date of this essay; his mission was to unite England with Austria in war against France, and to restore to the Queen's favor the Duke of Marlborough. Failing in both objects, the Prince withdrew in March, 1712. "We may here take notice," writes Boyer (*Annals of Queen Anne*, X, 336), "that People were variously affected by his Highness's coming to *England* at this critical Juncture. All the *Whigs*, and not a few of the *Tories*, who began to be Jealous that a Peace would be concluded upon unsafe and dis honourable Terms, were extreamly rejoyc'd at his Highness's Arrival, hoping that the Proposals he was said to bring from the Emperor, back'd with his consummate Wisdom and great Address, would go near, if not to break off the present Negotiation, at least to engage *Great Britain* to make early Preparations to carry on the War with Vigour, as the most effectual Means to obtain a Safe, Honourable and Lasting Peace. Upon this score, together with the great Fame of his Highness's Immortal Atchievements, which rather increased than lessened by his Presence, vast multitudes of People crowded to see him; and with loud Acclamations attended him wherever he went. On the

other hand, the Friends of *France* and of the *Pretender*, who were equally desirous of a Peace upon any Conditions, being apprehensive that his Highness would blast their fond Expectation, could not forbear shewing their Discontent."

175 18 **Scanderbeg**: a great Turkish commander. He died in 1467. See Gibbon, chap. 67; cf. Sir William Temple, *Of Heroic Virtue*. Scanderbeg is mentioned in *Spect.* 316 (Hughes).

175 19 **Grays-Inn walks**: These walks, or gardens, extended from South Square, Gray's Inn, northward to King's (now Theobald's) Road. Francis Bacon, then Treasurer of Gray's Inn, is said to have planned the arrangement of walks and trees. As late as 1780, Sir Samuel Romilly wrote of his chambers at Gray's Inn: "My rooms are exceedingly lively. In the depths of winter the moment the sun peeps out, I am in the country. A cold country it is, for having only one row of houses between me and Highgate and Hampstead, a north-west wind blows full against my chambers." (Quoted by Douthwaite, *Gray's Inn*, London, 1866, Introduction, p. xv.)

176 6 **Doctor Barrow**: cf. *Spect.* 108.

176 17 **Tom Touchy**: see *Spect.* 122 (Addison).

176 21 **Moll White**: see *Spect.* 117.

177 16 **The late Act of Parliament**: The Act of Occasional Conformity (10 Anne, cap. 2) was "An Act for preserving the Protestant Religion, by better securing the Church of England, as by Law established; and for confirming the Toleration granted to Protestant Dissenters . . . ; and for the further securing the Protestant Succession, by requiring the Practisers of the Law in North Britain to take the Oaths, and subscribe the Declaration therein mentioned." (*Statutes at Large*, IV, 493-494.) This act, which is perhaps the most important ecclesiastical measure of Queen Anne's reign, attempted by increasing the force of the Test Act to exclude Dissenters from political power and office. In 1702, 1703, and 1704, bills against occasional conformity, having passed the Commons, were defeated by the Whig majority of the upper House. Finally, in 1711, the bill was passed. In 1718 it was repealed by the Whigs. (See Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, London, 1892, I, 117 ff.) The Test Act, which excluded from most civil offices those who would not receive the Anglican sacrament, kept out Roman Catholics but did not keep out moderate Dissenters. For the latter, or most of them, were willing to attend the Anglican church occasionally and to receive the Anglican sacrament. The High Church party regarded this practice of occasional conformity as an evasion of the intent of the Test Act. Hence the bill against occasional

conformity, which provided that "all persons in places of profit or trust, and all common councilmen in corporations, who, while holding office, were proved to have attended any Nonconformist place of worship, should forfeit the place, and should continue incapable of public employment till they should depose that for a whole year they had not attended a conventicle." (Lecky.)

Sir Roger no doubt agreed with the author of *An English Monster: or, the Character of an Occasional Conformist* (1703), who thus pictured his subject: "He [i.e. the occasional conformist] separates from the establish'd Church to keep up Animosities among the People, and conforms to it for his own private Advantage. He conforms to the Church to qualifie himself for an honourable and a gainful Office, and returns to the Schismatical Conventicle, when he is in Possession of it. He conforms now and then, to shew that he does not think it is a Sin to Conform; and refuses to do it at all other times, to prove that his Nonconforming proceeds from no better causes than Wilfulness, Obsturacy, and Pride. Under Pretence of reconciling differing Parties to one another, he industriously helps to make the Breach still wider between them." One instantly perceives and approves the skilful urbanity with which Addison, in marked contrast to the anonymous author just quoted, touches upon a phase of the controversy at which both sides could afford to smile.

177 21 *Plumb-porridge*: According to Butler (*Hudibras*, i, 1, 225 ff.) the character of Dissenters was such that

Rather than fail, they will defy  
That which they love most tenderly;  
Quarrel with *Minc'd-pies*, and disparage  
Their best and dearest Friend *Plum-porridge*.

Cf. Chambers, *Book of Days*, II, 755-756, who quotes the following verses:

The high-shoe lords of Cromwell's making  
Were not for dainties — roasting, baking;  
The chiefest food they found most good in  
Was rusty bacon and bag-pudding;  
Plum-broth was popish, and mince-pie —  
O that was flat idolatry.

In *Spect.* 629 E. H. declares in his petition that he "is remarkable in his Country for having dared to treat Sir P. P., a cursed Sequestrator, and three Members of the Assembly of Divines, with Brawn and Mince Pies upon New-Year's Day."

177 29-30 **Pope's procession**: It was the custom to observe the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's coronation (17 November) by a procession escorting an elaborate effigy of the Pope, which was duly burned with great Whig rejoicing. The procession of 1711, if one may believe the Tory accounts, was to have ended in something little short of wholesale arson and rapine. On the eve of the procession, however, officers seized the entire paraphernalia of the show. See Wills's note; Scott-Saintsbury, *Dryden*, VI, 237 ff. (opp. p. 240 is a curious old print of the procession of 1679); Swift's *Journal to Stella*, 17 and 26 November, 1711. Swift was more or less concerned in the writing of the *True Relation of the Several Facts and Circumstances of the Intended Riot and Tumult on Queen Elizabeth's Birthday*, etc. (1711), which is printed in Nichols's edition of Swift's works (London, 1803, IV, 307 ff.).

The *Post-Boy* of November 22, 1711 (see *Annals of Queen Anne*, X, 279 ff.), charges the Kit Cat Club with complicity in the plot to demolish houses and so on, "whereas," according to Boyer, "the Lords and Gentlemen who were at the Expence of the Effigies before mention'd, had no other Design than to have them carried in Procession, and afterwards burnt with the like Solemnity as was remarkably practised on the 17th of November, 1679." Cf. the following lines from a ballad entitled "Plot upon Plot," which appeared about 1713:

You for your bonfires mawkins dress'd  
 On good Queen Bess's day,  
 Whereby much treason was express'd,  
 As all true Churchmen say,  
 Against the Devil and the Pope,  
 The French, our new ally,  
 And Perkin too, that youth of hope,  
 In whom we all rely.

Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, 1860, II, 121.

178 6 **Baker's Chronicle**: see No. 329 and the notes thereon.

178 12 **Squire's**: "Fulwood's Rents [in Holborn, a narrow court leading into Gray's Inn Walks] was so called from a Mr. Squire, a noted coffee man in Fuller's Rents, who died September 18, 1717. It was patronized by the benchers and students of Gray's Inn." (Wheatley and Cunningham, III, 297-298.) It is mentioned in *Spect.* 49 and 271.

178 19 **The Supplement**: see note, p. 35, l. 30, to *Tat.* 155.

But Womankind that never knows a Mean  
 Down to the Dregs their sinking Fortune drain,  
 They live beyond their Stint; as if their Store  
 The more exhausted, would increase the more.

179 **Motto**: Juvenal, *Sat.*, vi, 362-365.

179 **2 Great climacteric**: According to the *Oxford Dictionary (Climacteric, B. 1)* the climacteric was "a critical stage in human life; a point at which the person was supposed to be specially liable to change in health or fortune. According to some, all the years denoted by multiples of 7 . . . were climacterics; others admitted only the odd multiples of 7 (7, 21, 35, etc.); some included also the multiples of 9. *Grand Climacteric . . .*: the 63rd year of life ( $63 = 7 \times 9$ ), supposed to be specially critical." See Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, bk. iv, chap. 12 ("Of the great Climactericall yeare that is 63"); Dryden's preface to Virgil; Dunton's *Supplement to the Athenian Oracle*, pp. 404 ff.

180 **6 Grotius**: Hugo Grotius (1583-1645), Dutch jurist, poet, etc., founder of the science of international law. His chief work is *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, 1625. For a list of his other works see Watt, *Biblioth. Brit.*, I, 445 w-446 l.

180 **7 Puffendorf**: Samuel Puffendorf (1631-1694), German civilian (i.e. student of political economy, international law, and allied subjects) and historian, wrote *Elementa Jurisprudentiae Universalis*, the Hague, 1660; *De Jure Naturae et Gentium*, London, 1672; and other works.

182 **19 Socrates**, in Plato's *Alcibiades*: ed. Steph. 122. Jowett's translation (New York, 1873, IV, 539) renders it: "Why, I have been informed by a credible person who went up to the King [at Susa], that he passed through a large tract of excellent land, extending for nearly a day's journey, which the people of the country called the queen's girdle, and another, which they called her veil; and several other fair and fertile districts, which were reserved for the adornment of the queen, and are named after her several habiliments."

183 **Motto**: Horace, *Epist.*, i, 2, 27: "Born to drink and eat."

183 **13 Augustus**: "Supremo die identidem exquires, an iam de se tumultus foris esset, petito speculo, capillum sibi comi, ac malas libantes corrigi praecepit, et amicos admissos percontatus, ecquid iis videretur mimum vitae commode transegisse, adiecit et clausulam:

εἰ δέ τι

Ἐχοι καλῶς τὸ παλγυρον, κρέτον δέτε  
καὶ πάντες ἡμᾶς μετὰ χαρᾶς προπέμψατε."

Suetonius, *Augustus*, c. 99.

185 **9 Mr. Nisby**: The Reverend John Nesbitt (1661-1727) is supposed to be the original. Nesbitt, at the time of this essay the pastor of an Independent church in Aldersgate Street, London, seems to have

been a good scholar and a most useful minister. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, XL, 225; John Dunton, *Life and Errors*, p. 375.

185 28 **Twist:** The *Century Dictionary* (*twist*, 16) defines it as "a mixed drink, generally named from the spirit with which it is compounded."

186 29 **Purl:** Bailey (1730) defines purl as "a Sort of Wormwood, Ale, or Beer"; Dr. Johnson (1755) has it "a kind of medicated malt liquor, in which wormwood and aromaticks are infused." Cf. *Spect.* 88. On purl-houses, see Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, I, 234.

186 32-33 **Laced Coffee:** usually defined as coffee strengthened with a dash of spirits. Dr. Johnson, however, says that *lace* is here a cant word for *sugar*.

187 5 **Brooks and Hellier:** Thomas Brooke and John Hillier (or Hellier) were well-known wine merchants. In No. 260 of the original issue of the *Spectator*, Mr. Estcourt gives notice that he has "chosen and laid in to the Bumper Tavern in James-street, Covent Garden, . . . neat natural wines, fresh and is perfection, being bought of Brooke and Hellier, by whom the said Tavern will from time to time be supplied with the best Growths that shall be Imported." See also Nos. 261 and 283. Steele puffs Brooks and Hellier in No. 362.

188 **Motto:** Ovid, *Met.*, iv, 280: "Now man, now woman."

188 6 **Mohock:** The "Mohocks" were bands of ruffianly young men who roamed the London streets at night, beat the watch, and insulted or even dangerously wounded unlucky wayfarers. They were especially active in 1712. For an excellent account of the Mohocks and their predecessors, see Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, chap. 37. Cf. Gay's *Trivia*, bk. iii, and Swift's *Journal*, letter 43. The ballad "Plot upon Plot" has these lines on the Mohocks:

You sent your Mohocks abroad,  
With razors arm'd, and knives;  
Who on night-walkers made inroad,  
And scar'd our maids and wives:  
They scour'd the watch, and windows broke,  
But 't was their true intent,  
(As our wise ministry did smoke)  
T' o'erturn the Government.

Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, II, 121.

189 8 **A very pretty fellow:** For the "character of a Very Pretty Fellow," see *Tatler* 24, which Bohn prints (V, 232 ff.) as Addison's, although Tickell did not include it in the edition of 1721.

189 19 **A new head**: a new way of dressing the hair.

189 29 **Basset**: According to the *Oxford Dictionary*, "An obsolete game at cards, resembling Faro, first played at Venice." One of the *Town Eclogues* (1716) was "The Basset Table" by Pope.

189 32 **Punted**: a term in the game of basset.

189 33 **Aurenzebe**: *Aureng-Zebe: A Tragedy Acted at the Royal-Theatre, written by John Dryden*, 1676, is the last of Dryden's rhymed tragedies (see the Prologue). *Aureng-Zebe* was extremely popular at Court: Charles II, indeed, pronounced it the best of all Dryden's tragedies. Some idea of its popularity at the beginning of the eighteenth century may be obtained from Genest's *Account of the English Stage*, II, and from the advertisements in the original issues of the *Spectator*.

190 4 **Tire-woman**: lady's maid. A trusty tire-woman to communicate gossip and to carry notes from the heroine to her confidante was something which few eighteenth-century novels could get on without.

190 6-7 **Her monkey**: see the note on *Spect.* 343.

190 16 **Cupid, Veny** [= Venus]: common names for lapdogs, as appears from the verses, perhaps by Swift, entitled "Bounce to Fop. An Heroic Epistle from a Dog at Twickenham to a Dog at Court."

190 21 **Skuttle**: a hurried, mincing gait.

190 25 **From three to four. Dined**: In *Tatler* 263 we find Steele writing: "In my own memory the Dinner has crept by degrees from Twelve a Clock to Three, and where it will fix no Body knows." Cf. Swift's *Journal of a Modern Lady* (1728).

190 27 **Crimp**: a game at cards. Cf. Jonson: *Magnetick Lady*, ii, 1; *Tatler* 250; *Spect.* 457; Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, p. 70.

190 34 **Indamora**: the captive queen in Dryden's *Aureng-Zebe*.

191 22 **Mobbs**: caps of a loose, informal shape. Cf. Fairholt, *Costume in England* (Bohn edition), I, 394, 400; *Guard.* 65 (Steele).

191 22 **Dumb man**: Duncan Campbell (1680?-1730), the dumb astrologer. Cf. *Tat.* 14; *Spect.* 474, 505, 524, 619; Defoe, *History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell*, 1720; *A Spy on the Conjuror*, 1724; *Secret Memoirs of the late Mr. Duncan Campbell*, 1732. The following letter "from a Gentleman at Bombay" (*Secret Memoirs*, p. 220) will serve to show the respect in which Mr. Campbell's powers were held by his clients:

"Sir,

"This brings you an Account that I have unfortunately lost that excellent *Talisman*, to which, under Heaven, I certainly owed my Relief

from all those Calamities I laboured under at my first Acquaintance with you, and to entreat you will prepare another, and send it by the first Ship, for I look for nothing but Ill-luck while I am without one.

"I also beg your Advice concerning my Son *John*, who is very desirous of going to Sea, and tells me, *He has been promised strange Things in a Dream, and that he is sure of being a great Man if he follows that Employment.* I own I am very averse to parting with him, but if his Desire be really the Impulse of a good Angel, I would not oppose it: I depend on you, dear Sir, to set me right in this Matter, and as you have so wonderfully raised the Father out of his Troubles, vouchsafe also to direct the Son. Capt. *Tho. E*—, who brings this, will pay three Guineas for the *Talisman*, which I once more conjure you may be sent with all possible Speed."

192 10 *An uncertain author*: probably Ben Jonson. Peter Whalley, who edited Jonson in 1756, printed these verses with the note, "This delicate epitaph is universally assigned to our author, though it hath never yet been printed with his work." Whalley took the poem from Seward's edition (1750) of Beaumont and Fletcher. It has also been assigned to William Browne.

193 Motto: Horace, *Epist.*, i, 6, 27:

For we must go

Where Numa and where Aucus went before.

193 22 *My paper*: *Spect.* 26.

193 9 *Widow Trueby's water*: Similar waters are advertised in the original issues of *Spect.* 113, 120, 356, etc.

193 22-23 *Sickness . . . at Dantzick*: the plague, which raged there in 1709. In Prussia and Lithuania, it is said, 283,000 persons died; Hamburg and Dantzic suffered very severely.

194 16 *One of the new monuments*: This, as Dean Stanley suggested (*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 264), may well have been the cenotaph of Major Creed, killed at Blenheim. It was "enriched with military trophies" and with an inscription which might well have caused Sir Roger's exclamation. See Coombe, *Westminster Abbey*, II, 55-56, and the plate opposite page 50.

194 20 *Busby's tomb*: in the south transept on the west side of Poet's Corner. Richard Busby (1606-1695) was the famous headmaster of Westminster School from 1640 to 1695. See Coombe, *Westminster Abbey*, II, 74 (plate 25, fig. 80).

194 18-19 *Sir Cloudesly Shovel*: Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel (1650-1707); see *Spect.* 26. His tomb is in the choir, south aisle, just before you reach the south transept.

194 24 **The little chappel:** of St. Edmund.

194 27-28 **The Lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head:** Sir Bernard Brocas (1330?-1395). As a matter of fact, the origin of Sir Bernard's crest, "a Moor's head orientally crowned," is not known.

194 29 **The Statesman Cecil upon his knees:** Sir Roger seems to have wandered for the moment into the adjoining chapel of St. Nicholas, where (see plate 31 in Coombe's *Westminster Abbey*, II, opposite p. 119) William Cecil (Lord Burleigh) is represented kneeling in his robes of state.

194 31-32 **That Martyr, etc.:** Elizabeth Russell, daughter of John Lord Russell, who died of consumption in 1601. Her monument (see the plate opposite p. 112, vol. II of Coombe's *History of Westminster Abbey*) represents her sitting asleep in a chair and pointing with her finger to a skull beneath her right foot. The pointing finger gave rise as early as 1680 (see Stanley, *Westminster Abbey*, p. 220) to the legend that she died by the prick of a needle. Goldsmith's guide (*Citizen of the World*, Letter xiii) "told, without blushing, a hundred lies. He talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger."

195 4 **The two Coronation-chairs:** the one made for the coronation of William and Mary and the ancient one made for Edward I to inclose the famous Stone of Scone. The Stone of Scone was supposed to have been Jacob's pillow at Bethel, and thence to have been successively taken to Egypt, Spain, Ireland, and Scotland. It was brought to London by Edward I.

195 13 **Trappanned:** so in the original issue and in Tickell; Baskerville's, Hurd's, and most of the later editions have "trepanned." The earlier reading seems better. The noun "trapan," a trap, occurs in South's *Sermons*, III, iv; the verb "trapan," to entrap, is not uncommon; see, for example, Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, VI, 179. Steele's *Lying Lover*, however, has "trepan" (ii, 1).

195 18-19 **Edward the third's sword:** in the chapel of Edward the Confessor. Sir Richard Baker (ed. 1696, p. 133) records that Edward's body was "solemnly interred within Westminster Church; where he hath his Monument; and where it is said the Sword he used in Battel, is yet to be seen, being eight pound in weight, and seven foot in length."

195 20-21 **In Sir Richard Baker's opinion:** see his *Chronicles*, ed. 1696, pp. 116-135.

195 25 **The Evil:** Perhaps Sir Roger had read in Sir Richard Baker (ed. 1684, p. 18): "One ability he [i.e. King Edward] had which raised him above the pitch of Ordinary Kings, and yet at this day is ordinary with Kings, That by his only touching and laying his hands upon it, he

cured a Disease, which from his curing is called, *The King's-Evil*." For a discussion of the belief that "the evil," which is of course scrofula, could be cured by the royal touch, see Lecky, I, 67 ff. On the office for healing the evil, which was included in the Book of Common Prayer at the time of George I, see Lathbury's *History of Convocation*, p. 437. Cf. *The Ceremonies for the Healing of them that be diseased with the King's Evil, used in the Time of Henry VIII*, London, 1686; Becket's *Inquiry into the Antiquity and Efficacy of touching for the King's Evil*, London, 1722; Wilson's *Defoe*, II, 15-21; Evelyn's *Diary*, 28 March, 1684; Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, II, 495-504; *Athenian Mercury*, II, No. 24, Q. 22; *Macbeth*, iv, 3, 146. In his *Brief Relation of State Affairs*, Luttrell notes, 8 May, 1705: "On Fryday last, the queen touch't above 200 for the evil in the open court yard at St. James."

195 25 **Henry the fourth's**: Henry IV is buried at Canterbury Cathedral; perhaps Henry III is meant. Cf. Stanley's *Westminster Abbey*, pp. 152-153.

195 26 **Fine reading**: The paragraph headed "Casualties happening in his time," in the chapter on "The Reign of King Henry the Fourth" (ed. 1684, p. 165), although too long to quote here, is indeed worth reading.

195 29 **One of our English Kings**: Henry V, whose effigy was carved in oak and plated with silver, except the head, which was of solid silver. This was stolen, probably at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries (*circ.* 1536-1539).

196 2-3 **Doing justice to Sir Richard Baker**: For Baker on Henry V's reign, see ed. 1696, pp. 169 ff.; on Elizabeth, pp. 329 ff.

196 15 **Norfolk-buildings**: "Formerly," says Strype (1720), "the Bishop of Bath's Inn: Which in Process of Time came to the Family of the *Howards*. . . . The said House and Grounds was some Years since converted into Streets and Buildings, and contains four large Streets graced with good Buildings which are well inhabited and resorted unto by gentry" (bk. iv, p. 117).

196 Motto: Horace, *Ars Poet.*, 317-318:

Study the Manners and the Lives of Men,  
And thence by Imitation form the Scené.

196 21 **The Committee . . . a good Church-of-England Comedy**: *The Committee*, acted as early as November 1662, a comedy by Sir Robert Howard (1626-1698), is an exaggerated satire on the members of a rural Committee of Sequestration under the Commonwealth, who are

corrupt and fanatic in depriving rightful owners of their estates. The last scene of the second act is a good specimen of the more serious part of the play. The comic scenes are admirable, especially the humors of the Irish servant, Teague, who among other things "takes the Covenant" (ii, 1) by knocking down a bookseller and snatching a copy of the Covenant from him.

196 18-19 *The new Tragedy*: This was *The Distrest Mother*, a version of Racine's *Andromache*, by Ambrose Philips (1671-1749). In addition to this puff Addison apparently helped Budgell with the epilogue of the play, and Steele certainly did the prologue. Its first performance, 17 March, 1712, is advertised in *Spect.* 328; later performances are advertised in Nos. 329-339. No. 290, by Steele, also puffs the play. In 1712 appeared a pamphlet called *A Modest Survey of that Celebrated Tragedy the Distrest Mother, so often and so highly applauded by the Ingenious Spectator.*

197 2 *The Mohocks*: cf. p. 190, l. 11.

197 26-27 *The battle of Steenkirk*: On August 3, 1692, at Steenkirk, near Brussels in Belgium, the French under the Duke of Luxembourg defeated the allies under William III.

198 8 Upon the entring of Pyrrhus: act i, nearly half through (page 19 of the play as printed in Bell's *British Theatre*, VI, London, 1793).

198 14 One while, etc.: These hints of the plot, it will be observed, are made vaguely tantalizing, so as to whet one's desire to see the play.

198 18 *Andromache's obstinate refusal*: near the end of the first act (Bell, pp. 25 ff.):

Such dreams of greatness suit not my condition:

No; thou imperial city, ancient Troy,  
Thou pride of Asia, founded by the Gods!  
Never, Oh, never must we hope to see  
Those bulwarks rise, which Hector could not guard!  
Sir, all I wish for, is some quiet exile,  
Where, far from Greece remov'd, and far from you,  
I may conceal my son, and mourn my husband.  
Your love creates me envy. Oh, return!  
Return to your betroth'd Hermione.

198 22-23 Upon Pyrrhus his threatening: at the end of the second act (Bell, p. 39):

I'll give her cause  
To hate me! her Astyanax shall die—  
What tears will then be shed! How will she then,

In bitterness of heart, reproach my name!  
 Then, to compleat her woes, will I espouse  
 Hermione: — 'T will stab her to the heart!

• • • • •  
 Oh! 'tis a heavy task to conquer love.  
 And wean the soul from her accustom'd fondness.  
 But, come: — A long farewell to Hector's widow.

198 31-32 Not a single sentence, etc.: cf. Partridge at the play (*Tom Jones*, bk. xvi, chap. 5). Addison is chiefly desirous to commend the excellence of Philips's play; Fielding, to commend the acting of Garrick. Addison considers Sir Roger's observations upon the play to be of the greatest value because they are "a piece of natural criticism"; Fielding, in like manner, tells us that Jones "expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge; from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated, by art." Just as Sir Roger artlessly commends the clearness of Philips, so Partridge comments upon the naturalness of Garrick's acting. "He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer: 'Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same.'

199 1 I suppose, etc.: naturally, because the third act had closed with the following speech from Andromache:

Come, my Cephisa, let us go together,  
 To the sad monument which I have rais'd  
 To Hector's shade; where in their sacred urn  
 The ashes of my hero lie enclos'd;  
 The dear remains, which I have sav'd from Troy;  
 There let me weep, there summon to my aid,  
 With pious rites, my Hector's awful shade;  
 Let him be witness to my doubts, my fears;  
 My agonizing heart, my flowing tears;  
 Oh! may he rise in pity from his tomb,  
 And fix his wretched son's uncertain doom.

199 5 For Astyanax: who does not appear.

199 9 Hermione's going off: act iv, about two thirds of the way through (Bell, p. 61):

*Her. [to Pyrrhus.]* Have I not lov'd you, then ! perfidious man !  
 For you I slighted all the Grecian princes ;  
 Forsook my father's house ; conceal'd my wrongs,  
 When most provok'd : would not return to Sparta,  
 In hopes that time might fix your wavering heart,  
 I lov'd you when inconstant ; and even now,  
 Inhuman king, that you pronounce my death,  
 My heart still doubts, if I should love, or hate you ;  
 But, Oh, since you resolve to wed another,  
 Defer your cruel purpose till to-morrow !  
 That I may not be here to grace your triumph !  
 This is the last request I e'er shall make you —  
 See if the barbarous prince vouchsafes an answer !  
 Go, then, to the lov'd Phrygian ! Hence ! Begone !  
 And bear to her those vows, that once were mine :  
 Go, in defiance to the avenging gods !  
 Begone ! the priest expects you at the altar —  
 But, tyrant, have a care I come not thither.      *[Exit. Her.*

**199 20-21** The old fellow in whiskers : Phoenix, counsellor to Pyrrhus. Altogether he speaks about sixty-five lines.

**199 23** Smoke : scent out, discover ; cf. *Guard.* 49.

**199 26** The account : early in act v (Bell, pp. 70-71) :

Pyrrhus a-while oppos'd their clashing swords,  
 And dealt his fatal blows on ev'ry side  
 With manly fierceness ; till opprest by numbers,  
 Streaming with blood, all over gash'd with wounds,  
 He reel'd, he groan'd, and at the altar fell.

**199 29** Afterwards : towards the end of act v (Bell, pp. 75 ff.).

**200** Motto : Ovid, *Met.*, xv, 165-168 :

From Seat to Seat the wandering Spirit strays,  
 From Man to Beast at certain times it roams,  
 Thence back to Man, its former Mansion, comes.

For the general scheme of this essay Addison may have been indebted to the *Mamurrae*, *Parasitico-Sophistae*, *Metamorphosis* and the *Vita Gargili Mamurrae*, *Parasitico-Paedagogi* of Gilles Menage (1613-1692), whom Bayle calls the Varro of the seventeenth century. These pieces were published in Menage's *Miscellanea*, 1652. Social satirists of the Queen Anne period agree in ridiculing the absurd fondness of the fashionable lady for her monkey, parrot, or lapdog : cf. Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, ii, 155-158 :

Then flashed the livid lightning from her eyes  
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.  
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,  
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last.

And again, *ibid.*, iv, 119-120 :

Sooner let earth, air, sea to chaos fall,  
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots perish all!

Hogarth satirizes the fashion also: see the lapdog in his *Marriage à la Mode*, plate 2, and the monkey in *Taste in High Life* and in plate 2 of the *Harlot's Progress*.

200 13 Sir Paul Rycaut: *History of the Present State of the Ottoman Empire*, bk. ii, chap. 26 (ed. London, 1686, p. 319), "Those who would appear of a compassionate and tender nature, hold it a pious work to buy a Bird from a Cage to give him his liberty." But, as Arnold notes, "this was from a principle of charity and benevolence, not on account of any opinion as to transmigration. On the other hand, in an earlier chapter [chap. 12, ed. 1686, pp. 251-252] Rycaut tells a curious story illustrating the belief in transmigration entertained by the *Munashi*, a small Turkish sect. Addison's memory appears to have mixed up the contents of the two chapters together."

201 24 Brachman: Brahmin.

204 8 Jack-a-napes: see Greenough and Kittredge, *Words and their Ways in English Speech*, p. 387, n.

204 28 Shock-dog: shaggy-haired dog, shough.

205 Motto: Juvenal, *Sat.*, i, 75: "To Crimes they owe their Gardens."

205 8 Spring-garden: Vauxhall Gardens, originally New Spring Gardens in distinction from the older gardens at Charing Cross, was none too reputable a place. Pepys, who went there in 1668, thought the people "loose company . . . though full of wit," and the Restoration drama is full of passages which make one agree with the character in Vanbrugh's *Provok'd Wife* (1697) who says, "'T is infallibly some intrigue that brings them to Spring-Garden." See Wheatley and Cunningham's *London*, III, 426 ff.; Boulton's *The Amusements of Old London*, chap. 7; Wroth's *The London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century*, pp. 286 ff.; Austin Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, First Series.

205 17 Temple stairs: landing stairs on the bank of the Thames, within the Temple grounds. There is a picture of them in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1768.

**206 2-3 At La Hogue**: The original issue has "in Bantry Bay." The change would be agreeable to British readers: at Bantry Bay (1 May, 1689) the French fleet repulsed the English; at La Hogue (19 May, 1692) the English and Dutch under Russell defeated the French under Tourville, thus checking what threatened to be an invasion of England. *Tatler* 4 alludes to the battle of La Hogue.

**206 17 The fifty new churches**: In 1710 (9 Ann. cap. 22) was passed the "Act for granting to her Majesty several Duties upon Coals for building fifty new Churches in and about the cities of London and Westminster, and suburbs thereof, and other purposes therein mentioned." (*Statutes at Large*, iv, 470 ff.)

**208 Motto**: Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, i, 925-927:

The Muses' close Retreat I wander o'er,  
Their unacquainted Solitudes explore,  
At the Spring-head it charms me to be first,  
And in the untainted Stream to quench my Thirst.

This paper is first in a series of which the other parts are Nos. 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, all by Addison; in No. 421 is a synopsis of the series. The original draft of the series, perhaps written as early as Addison's Oxford days, was discovered in 1858 and published in 1864. The following extract from this original draft corresponds to *Spect.* 411: . . . [the beginning is lost] "prospect delights ye Soul as much as a Demonstration; and a description in Virgil has *perhaps* charm'd more readers, yn a Chapter in Aristotle. Besides, the pleasures of ye Imagination have ys advantage above those of ye Understanding, yt they are more obvious & more [easily] easy to be acquir'd. It is but opening ye eye, and ye scene enters; the colours paint ym selves on ye fancy without [any] muck [in] attention of thought or application of mind in ye beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with ye symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to ye beauty of an object without being able to give a reason for it. On this account [*probably*] [*also, because ye pleasures of fancy are so great & require so little labour of ye brain, as well as because they excite agreeable motions in ye Animal Spirits,*] S<sup>r</sup> Francis Bacon in his essay upon *Health* has not thought it improper to prescribe to his reader a prospect or a description [*among his other rules for Health;*] where he particularly dissuades [*his reader*] him from knotty & subtile inquisitions, & advises him to pursue Studies, that fill ye mind with splendid & illustrious objects, as Histories, Fables, & Contemplations of Nature."

**209 3 The Fancy and the Imagination:** This distinction was dwelt upon by Akenside in his *Pleasures of the Imagination*, 1744, and especially by Coleridge (*Biographia Literaria*, 1817, chap. 4), and by Leigh Hunt (*Imagination and Fancy*, 1844).

**211 1 Sir Francis Bacon:** *Of Regiment of Health*: "As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, anger fretting inwards, subtile and knotty inquisitions, joys and exhilaration in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth rather than joy, variety of delights rather than surfeit of them; wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects; as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature."

**211 Motto:** Homer, *Iliad*, xxi, 195: "Vast is the Force of the deep rolling Sea."

**211 14-15 Concerning the pleasures of the imagination, etc.:** *Spect.* 411-421. The three sources are set forth in No. 412: "all [such pleasures] proceed from the sight of what is great, uncommon, or beautiful."

**212 12 Longinus:** *On the Sublime*, x. The passage in Homer is *Iliad*, xv, 624-628.

**213 18 The following description:** Psalm cvii, 23-30.

**213 32 Virgil:** in *Aeneid*, i, 34 ff., for example, where a storm raised by Juno is stilled by Neptune.

**213 9 A Gentleman:** Addison himself.

**215 Motto:** Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi, 878: "O Piety! and oh! the Faith of old!"

**215 4-5 Sir Roger de Coverly is dead:** Eustace Budgell, in his *Bee*, No. 1, started the tradition that "Mr. Addison was so fond of this character that a little before he laid down the *Spectator* (foreseeing that some nimble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it) he said to an intimate friend, with a certain warmth in his expression which he was not often guilty of, 'By God, I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him.'" It has been conjectured that this decision arose chiefly from Addison's anger at Tickell's venturing in *Spect.* 410 to make Sir Roger ridiculous with the help of Will Honeycomb and a woman of the town. Remembering, however, that to its editors the end of the *Spectator* was now clearly in sight, it is probably safer to consider this essay as simply the first in the series which disposes one by one of the most important members of the Club.

**217 29-30 The Act of Uniformity:** Acts for securing uniformity in the conduct of public worship were passed in 1549 (3 and 4 Edward VI,

c. 10), 1558 (1 Elizabeth, c. 2), 1662 (13 and 14 Charles II, c. 4), and 1706 (5 Anne, c. 5, § 1). It is impossible to tell which act is referred to here.

**218 5 Rings and mourning:** a regular custom. See Pepys's Diary, Appendix (ed. 1825, II, 305 ff.) for "A List of all the Persons to whom Rings and Mourning were presented upon the Occasion of Mr. Pepys's Death and Funeral."

**218 Motto:** Ovid, *Met.*, ii, 430: "And laughs to hear himself prefer'd before himself."

**218 14 The Valetudinarian, etc.:** For the Valetudinarian, see No. 25; Inspector of the Sign-posts, 28; Master of the Fan-exercise, 102; Hooped-petticoat, 127; Nicholas Hart, the Annual Sleeper, 184; Sir John Envill, 299; London Cries, 251.

**219 4-5 The Lion, etc.:** For the lion, see No. 14; for the wild boar and the flower-pots, No. 22. Both papers are by Steele.

**221 11-12 Tully's observations:** *Spect.* 541 (Hughes) draws some of its material from Cicero's *De Oratore*.

**221 14-18 Poor Sir Roger is dead, etc.:** Sir Roger's death is announced in No. 517; the serious illness of the Clergyman in No. 513; Captain Sentry's succession to Sir Roger's estate in No. 517; Will Honeycomb's marriage in No. 530; and the Templar's retirement in No. 541.

**222 Motto:** Horace, *Sat.*, i, 1, 1-19:

Whence comes, my Lord, this gen'ral Discontent,  
Why do all loath the State that Chance has sent,  
Or their own Choice procur'd? But fondly bless  
Their Neighbours Lots, and praise what they possess?  
The weary Soldier, now grown old in Wars,  
With bleeding Eyes surveys his Wounds and Scars,  
Curse that e'er I the Trade of War began,  
Ah me! the Merchant is a happy Man.  
The Merchant, when the Winds are high,  
Cries happy men at Arms, for why,  
You fight and strait comes Death, a joyful Victory.  
The Lawyer wak'd, and rising with the Sun,  
Cries, happy Farmers that can sleep, till Noon.  
The weary'd Client thinks the Lawyer blest,  
And craves a City Life, for that's the best.  
So many Instances in every State,  
Would tire e'en bawling Fabius to relate.  
But to be short; see, I'll adjust the thing:  
Suppose some God should say, I'll please you now,  
You Lawyer leave the Bar, and take the Plough;

You Soldier too shall be a Merchant made,  
 Go, go, and follow each his wish'd for Trade.  
 How? what? refuse? and discontented still?  
 And yet they may be happy if they will.

The reader is reminded that here and in the following papers he is in the second series of the *Spectator*. The first series, Nos. 1-555, ended on December 6, 1712; the second series, Nos. 556-635, ran from June 8 to December 20, 1714. Of these eighty papers Addison is supposed to have written twenty-four. Steele wrote none.

**224 30** *My face . . . the shortness of it*: see p. 238, ll. 8-9.

**225** *Motto*: Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi, 493: "The cry begun deceives their gaping throats."

**225 12** I have indeed observed of late: "Great numbers of printed papers," so the grand jury of Middlesex reported in 1709, "are continually dispersed in and about this city, under the names of 'The Female Tatler,' sold by A. Baldwin, the 'Review of the British Nation,' and other papers under other titles (the authors and printers of which are unknown to the jury), which, under feigned names, by describing persons, and by placing the first and last letters of the words and otherwise, do reflect on and scandalously abuse several persons of honour and quality, many of the magistrates, and abundance of citizens, and all sorts of people; which practice we conceive to be a great nuisance, does manifestly tend to the disturbance of the public peace, and may turn to the damage, if not ruin, of many families if not prevented." (Quoted by Andrews, *British Journalism*, I, 114.)

**225 17** *An M and an h, etc.*: Of these syncopated words those that are not obvious are hoaxes. The succeeding essay is of course the key to this; that is to say, the design here is to prepare the way for some mistaken ingenuity on the part of the gentlemen in the next paper. We may be sure, then, that there is the least significance in those words which to them seem most portentous. *Marlborough, Treasurer* [i.e. the Lord High Treasurer, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer], *Queen*, *Parliament*, and so on, are thinly disguised; *Monsieur Z—n*, *my Lady Q-p-t-s*, *B—y*, *T—t*, and the starred names are all hoaxes. The editors cannot help thinking that *Q-p-t-s* is a more elaborate hoax than the others, formed by taking the vowels and the *m* out of *Quem putas*.

**226 11-12** *By T-m Br-wn of facetious memory*: Tom Brown (1663-1704) was a profane wit and writer of miscellaneous pamphlets. The best edition of his works, of which the *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, 1702, are perhaps the most familiar, is that in four volumes, 1760.

227 Motto: Martial, *Epig.*, i, 38, 2:

— That Verse of mine  
Which you rehearse, is thine.

228 16 How he abuses: see the note on the previous essay.

230 8 The whole Duty of Man: see Notes, p. 87, l. 7.

230 8-9 Had written . . . names . . . at the side: Any one who reads the character books of the seventeenth century in contemporary editions will find frequent manuscript identifications, and will notice that different prototypes are often suggested for the same character.

231 Motto: Virgil, *Ecl.*, x, 42-43:

Come, see what Pleasures in our Plains abound,  
The Woods, the Fountains, and the flow'ry Ground,  
Here would I live, and love, and dye with only you.

234 Motto: Virgil, *Ecl.*, v, 62-64:

The Mountain Tops unshorn, the Rocks rejoice,  
The lowly Shrubs partake of human Voice,  
Assenting Nature, with a gracious Nod,  
Proclaims him. —

## THE GUARDIAN

The *Guardian* was published daily from March 12, 1713, to October 1, 1713. There were in all 175 numbers, of which Addison wrote 51; Steele, 82; Pope, Berkeley, Tickell, Budgell, and others, each a few. In the preface to the collected edition Steele thus acknowledges Addison's assistance: "All those papers which are distinguished by the mark of an hand were written by a gentleman who has obliged the world with productions too sublime to admit that the author of them should receive any addition to his reputation from such loose occasional thoughts as make up these little treatises. For which reason his name shall be concealed." (Cf. Pope's letter to Caryll, 23 June, 1713.)

238 Motto: Virgil, *Georg.*, iv, 444: "To himself returns."

238 4 Books: favor, good graces. Compare the pun which Vellum makes on this phrase, in Addison's *Drummer*, act. iii (Bohn ed., V, 186): "Mrs. Abigail, your name seldom appears in my bills—and yet—if you will allow me a merry expression—You have been always in my books, Mrs. Abigail. Ha, ha, ha!" The reader will of course recall *Much Ado*, i, 1, 79.

**238 8-9 Shortness of his face and of his speeches :** The Spectator's shortness of speech, first noted in No. 1, is carried out in No. 37 and especially in No. 550: "It is very well known that I at first set forth in this work with the character of a silent Man; and I think I have so well preserved my Taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three Sentences in the space of almost two Years." See also *Guard.* 141. Addison himself is known to have had this characteristic.

The "short face" of the Spectator is probably aimed at Steele: see his portraits, especially the one by Kneller. See also the note in Aitken's life of Steele, II, 342-343, and cf. *Theatre*, No. 2. The "short face" is mentioned in Nos. 499 and 558. Both characteristics, of course, are employed by Addison and Steele alike, who naturally made the most of any detail, whatever its source, that would vivify the personality of the character in which both were writing.

**238 17 Rather to give than take :** probably an allusion to the attitude of Addison and Steele under the often severe strictures of the *Examiner*. Cf. *Spect.* 160, 556; *Guard.* 90, 160, 170; *Whig-Examiner* (the design of which was "to censure the writings of others, and to give all persons a rehearing, who have suffered under any unjust sentence of the *Examiner*") 1-4; *Freeholder* 19; *Count Tariff* (Bohn, IV, 368): "The *Examiner*; a person who has abused almost every man in England, that deserved well of his country."

**238 22 Above a hundred different Authors :** See Drake, *Essays*, V, 490 ff., who gives—not including the *Tatler* and *Spectator*—twenty-four periodical publications between 1709 and March, 1713, when the *Guardian* appeared. Very valuable also are the lists of early periodicals in Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, IV, 33-97, and in the catalogue of the Hope Collection of early periodicals and essays in the Bodleian (Oxford, 1865). There are shorter lists in Carpenter's *Selections from Steele*, pp. lv-lx and in Aitken's *Steele*, II, 424 ff.

**239 18 Ulysses his :** Cf. Nos. 409 ("Æneas his Voyage") and 207 ("Diomedes his eyes," "Socrates his rule"). According to the *Oxford Dictionary* (under *His*, 4) the construction was "found already in O[ld] E[nglish], but most prevalent from c. 1400 to 1750; sometimes identified with the genitive inflexion -es, -is, -ys, esp. in 16-17th c., when it was chiefly (but not exclusively) used with names ending in -s, or when the inflectional genitive would have been awkward. Archaically retained in Book-keeping and for some other technical purposes."

**240 25 A Lion's head :** The notion of the lion's head is introduced in *Guard.* 71. In No. 114 Addison reported: "I think myself obliged to acquaint the publick, that the Lion's Head, of which I advertised

them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at Button's Coffee-house, in Russell-street, Covent Garden, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand [i.e. Hogarth] in imitation of the antique Egyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the Coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin, upon a box, which contains everything that he swallows." The figure of the head is reproduced in Thornbury and Wolford's *London*, III, 277; Timbs, *Club Life of London* (ed. London, Bentley, 1866), vol. II, opposite p. 1; and in Ashton's *Social Life during the Reign of Queen Anne*, I, 222. The subsequent history of the Lion's Head is discussed in Charles Richardson's *Notes and Extracts Relating to the Lion's Head*, London, 1728.

### THE FREEHOLDER

**242** Motto: *Velleius Paterculus, Hist. Rom.*, ii, 73, 1: "Rude of Education, barbarous of Speech, vehement in Opposition, quick of Hand, and rash of Thought."

"Addison's periodical, the *Freeholder*, was essentially a political paper, written on behalf of the Hanoverian dynasty. The first number appeared on the 23rd December, and it was published twice a week for six months. . . . The *Freeholder* contains excellent arguments, and a great deal of humour in Addison's best style, including the character of the immortal Tory Fox-hunter. But some of the discourses are of rather an academic nature, and there are so many references and appeals to the fair sex, that we can understand how Steele might think, as it is reported that he said, that the Government had made choice of a flute when they ought to have taken a trumpet." (Aitken's *Steele*, II, 81-82.)

**243 10** One of the Rump: The "Long Parliament," which met November 3, 1640, was cleared ("Pride's Purge") in 1648 of those members who favored compromise with Charles I and his supporters. The members remaining constituted the so-called "Rump Parliament."

**243 14-15** Taking off the duties upon French claret: 9 Anne, c. 9, "An Act to repeal the Act of the third and fourth year of her Majesty's Reign, intituled, *An Act for prohibiting all Trade and Commerce with France, so far as it relates to the prohibiting the Importation of French Wines.*"

**243** 18-19 **Act for preserving the game:** 4-5 William and Mary, c. 23, "An Act for the more easy Discovery and Conviction of such as shall destroy the Game of this Kingdom."

**244** 18 **Ride the great horse:** affect an air of superiority: see *Oxford Dictionary* under *Horse*, III, 21-22.

**246** 4 **Our wooden walls:** The story is that at the time of the second Persian invasion the oracle at Delphi told the Greeks that their only refuge should be the "wooden walls." Themistocles interpreted these to mean the ships. Most of the Greeks therefore took to the ships and defeated the Persians at the battle of Salamis. But some, interpreting the oracle literally, built palisades on the Acropolis and were destroyed. (Herodotus, viii.)

**246** 16 **Sneaker:** a punch bowl.

**246** 20 **All foreigners:** Addison had made much of this idea in *Spect.* 69.

**247** **Motto:** Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi, 285-294:

Of various Forms unnumber'd Spectres more,  
Centaurs, and double Shapes, besiege the Door:  
Before the Passage horrid Hydra stands,  
Briareus with all his hundred Hands:  
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple Frame:  
And vain Chimæra vomits empty Flame.  
The Chief unsheathe'd his shining Steel, prepar'd,  
Tho' seiz'd with sudden Fear, to force the Guard,  
Off'ring his brandish'd Weapon at their Face;  
Had not the Sibyl stop'd his eager Pace,  
And told him what those empty Fantoms were;  
Forms without Bodies, and impassive Air.

**247** 7 **Rosamond's pond:** in the southwest corner of St. James's Park. It was filled up in 1770.

**248** 3 **One of the rebels:** one concerned in Mar's Rising, 1715-1716, for a good short account of which see Gardiner, *Student's History of England*, pp. 705-706.

**248** 7 **A running footman, etc.:** These of course are people of fashion returning in costume from a masquerade. The *Spectator* (see Nos. 8, 14, 22, 158) takes many occasions to ridicule masquerades, which in Addison's time and later were notoriously disreputable: see Fielding's *The Masquerade, Inscribed to C-t H-d-g-r*, 1728; Heidegger in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*; Tailer 18; Hogarth's "Large Masquerade Ticket"; and the two chapters "Of Masquerades" in the second volume of *The Humourist*, 1725.

249 8 **Somerset-house**: in the Strand. It is mentioned in *Spect.* 77. For a considerable account of it, see Wheatley and Cunningham's *London*, III, 268 ff. Strype (1720) has a large plate of it (vol. II, bk. 4, opposite p. 105).

249 11 **Mob**: In Addison's time the word *mob*, originally *mobile vulgus*, then *mobile*, then *mob*, was so new as hardly to be in good use. In *Spect.* 135, Addison says: "It is perhaps this Humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our Words, that in familiar Writings and Conversations they often lose all but their first Syllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous Words make their first Entry into a Language by familiar Phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our Tongue." Compare *Taller* 230 by Swift, who is probably the person alluded to in the essay just quoted from as "one of the greatest Geniuses," etc.; and see also Swift's *Polite Conversations*, I and Introd. North's *Examen* (ed. 1740, p. 574) tells us that "the rabble first changed their title and were called 'the mobile' in the assemblies of this [*i.e.* The Green Ribbon] Club [about 1680]. It was their beast of burden, and called first *mobile vulgus*, but fell gradually into the contraction of one syllable, and ever since is become proper English." Note, however, that *mobile* appears in Shadwell's *Libertine* (1676). In a note on Dryden's Preface to *Cleomenes*, 1690, Malone says (*Dryden's Miscellaneous Works*, II, 185): "The word *mobile* . . . was first introduced into our language about this time [*i.e.* about 1690], and was soon abbreviated into *mob*. T. Brown, in 1690, uses both the Latin word at length and the abbreviation; and in the Preface to *Cleomenes*, two years after, our author [*i.e.* Dryden] uses *mob* with a kind of apology, — 'as they call it.'" *Mob* appears in Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia* (1689); *mobile* is in Swift's *Tale of a Tub* (1704).

Roughly speaking, *mobile vulgus* was in use as late as 1602; *mobile* from about 1676 until at least 1704; our present word *mob* occurs as early as 1689.

249 30-31 **Their . . . convents in Drury-lane**: Grose's Glossary defines "Drury-lane vestal" as "a jocular appellation for a lady of pleasure of the lower sort; many of whom reside in that neighbourhood."

250 2 **Holder-forth**: preacher. The modern connotation of the word, which implies that the discourse is too long, too violent, or in some other way objectionable, seems not to have been the original implication, for Hearne writes (*Reliquiae Hearnianæ*, ed. Bliss, I, 94): "The non-conformists took up the word *hold-forth* in the year 1642, which was never known before."

**251** Motto: Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi, 102: "At length his Fury fell, his Foaming ceas'd."

**251** 14-15 King Charles I. on horseback, at Charing-Cross: erected in 1674. See Waller's poem "On the Statue of King Charles I, at Charing-Cross, in the year 1674."

**251** 18 ff. New Church . . . in the Strand . . . fifty more: see the note (p. 206, l. 17) on *Spect.* 383.

**251** 28 Screw-plot: The rumor was that by removing a number of the screws and bolts from the roof of St. Paul's the enemies of the government intended to bring the whole affair about the heads of the Queen and Court on the occasion of a meeting there for public thanksgiving, probably that on August 19, 1708, to commemorate the victory of Oudenarde. In the ballad "Plot upon Plot" (quoted in Scott's *Swift*, 2d ed., III, 70-71) the second stanza runs:

Some of your Matchivillian crew  
From heavy roof of Paul,  
Most trait'rously stole ev'ry screw,  
To make that fabric fall:  
And so to catch her Majesty,  
And all her friends beguile;  
As birds are trapt by boys most sly,  
In pitfalls with a tile.

Wilkins, *Political Ballads*, 1860, II, 121.

**251** 29-30 City-sword: the sword bearer to the Lord Mayor.

**252** 4 The Lions: Until 1834, when it was removed to Regents' Park, the Tower Menagerie was one of the sights of London. Indeed the use of "lion" in the sense of a social attraction, a person or spectacle important or considered desirable to be known or seen, is probably derived from this source. It was a popular belief that the lions, who were named from English kings, sickened and died upon the death of their namesakes.

**252** 6-7 Taking of Perth; flight of the Pretender: Early in the rebellion of 1715 the Earl of Mar seized Perth. Upon the approach of the Duke of Argyle, however, the Pretender—James Francis Edward, younger brother of Anne—abandoned Scotland (5 Feb., 1716) and returned to France.

**252** 12 ff. The Monument . . . an English inscription upon the basis: In Monument Yard, Fish Street Hill, built to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666. The number of steps, which the Tory Fox Hunter was so particular to register, is 345. The inscription as given in Wheatley and Cunningham's *London* (II, 558) reads: "THIS PILLAR WAS SET UP IN

PERPETVALL REMEMBRANCE OF THAT MOST DREADFUL BURNING OF THIS PROTESTANT CITY, BEGUN AND CARRYED ON BY YE TREACHERY AND MALICE OF YE POPISH FACTIŌ, IN YE BEGINNING OF SEPTEM. IN YE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1666, IN ORDER TO YE CARRYING ON THEIR HORRID PLOTT FOR EXTRIPATING THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND OLD ENGLISH LIBERTY, AND THE INTRODUCING POPERY AND SLAVERY." "These offensive paragraphs" (Wheatley and Cunningham, *ibid.*) "formed no part of the original inscription, but were added in 1681 by order of the Court of Aldermen, when Titus Oates and his plot had filled the City with a fear and horror of the Papists. They were obliterated in the reign of James II, recut deeper than before in the reign of William III, and finally erased (by an Act of Common Council), January 26, 1831." Hogarth's sixth plate ("The Industrious Prentice out of his time and Married to his Master's Daughter") in the series "Industry and Idleness" introduces in the background enough of the monument to show a portion of this inscription.

**252** 13 **Well-breathed:** of good wind.

**252** 33 **Basis:** Of the examples given in the *Oxford Dictionary* of this use of *basis* for *base*, the latest, with the exception of one case in Carlyle's *French Revolution* (1837), is in Pope's *Homer*, 1718.

**253** 23 **Stocks Market:** in Walbrook Ward, on the site of the present Mansion House. Before the Great Fire of 1666, the Stocks Market was principally for the sale of fish and meat; when rebuilt, says Strype, "instead of Flesh and Fish sold there before the Fire, are now sold Fruits, Roots and Herbs; for which it is very considerable and much resorted unto, being of note for having the choicest in their kind of all sorts, surpassing all other markets in London." Strype (1720), bk. ii, p. 199.

**253** 23 **The Meuse:** "so called," says Stowe, "of the king's falcons there kept." In falconry, hawks are said to *mew* (from *mutare*) when they change their feathers, during which time they are confined in *mews*. "But in the year of Christ 1534," Stowe goes on, "the king having fair stabling at Lomsbery . . . , the same was fired and burnt, . . . after which time, the forenamed house called the Mewse, by Charing Cross, was new built and prepared for stabling of the king's horses . . . , and so remaineth to that use." Rebuilt in 1732, the Mews was finally taken down in 1830.

**253** 33-34 **Had . . . the wall given them:** To "give the wall" was to permit one to pass next the wall, that is, farthest from the street,—a courtesy of some significance in the days of narrow, muddy streets without sidewalks. Cf. the opening scene of *Romeo and Juliet*.





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